

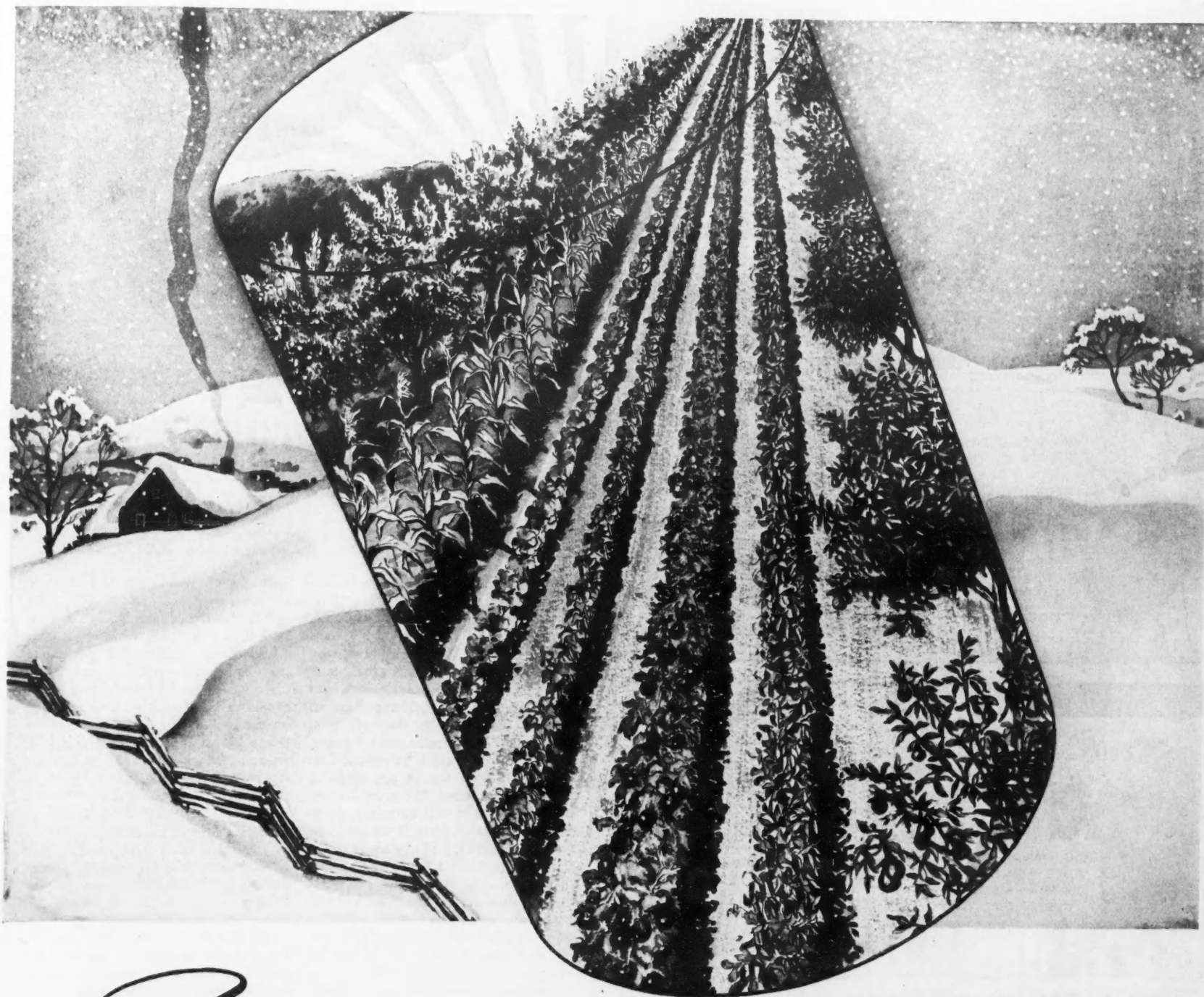
# CHATELAIN

1938  
TEN CENTS



Special "Could You Be A Hollywood Wife?" by Grace Mack





## Summer for sale .. IN CANS

What an amazing thing it is to be able to go to a pantry shelf in the dead of winter, take down a can—and open *Summer*.

Canned foods bring to your winter meals precious vitamins and minerals so desirable for rugged health of all the family. For canned vegetables and fruits, harvested at their most perfect stage of maturity, are prepared and canned so quickly that all of their delicious summer goodness and flavour are captured and sealed in.

How fortunate is our present generation, living in an

age of such wonders, of such convenience; when nutritious summer vitamins, minerals and fresh deliciousness can be enjoyed all winter long. Canada's great canning industry has made this an ordinary, everyday *economy* for you, too.

Next time you visit your grocery store look at the shelves, and think for a moment what an extraordinary, truly wonderful thing canned foods are . . . and take full advantage of them. AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, Montreal, Que.; Hamilton, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; American Can Company, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

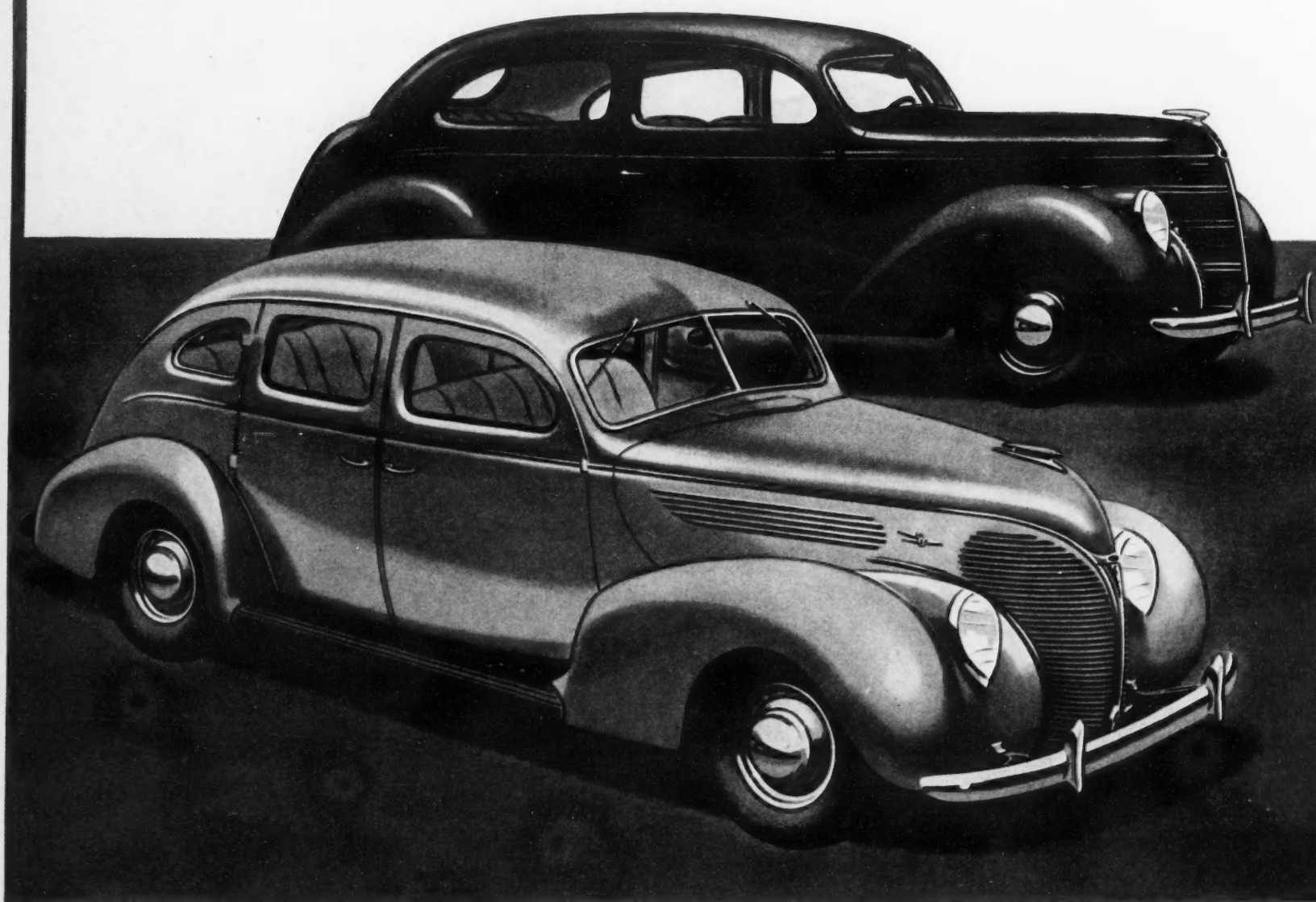




FOR 1938

# FORD OFFERS TWO NEW CARS

## and keeps their PRICES LOW



**T**HERE are two new Ford cars for 1938—the De Luxe and the Standard—differing in appearance, appointments and price—but built to the same high standard of mechanical excellence.

Both are big, impressive cars, and thoroughly modern in appearance. Both have the famous Centre-Poise Ride, Ford Easy-Action Safety Brakes, and the other distinctive Ford features.

Both bring you the basic advantages of the 85-horsepower Ford V-8 engine.

V-type 8-cylinder engines were used only in expensive cars before Ford made them available in The Universal Car. Eight cylinders give great smoothness and flexibility. Compact V-type construction leaves more room for passengers and luggage.

Both new cars are economical to operate. Economy has always been a Ford tradition. The facts of Ford V-8 economy are confirmed by the findings of owners, who report 22 to 27 miles per gallon of gasoline. Value is also a Ford tradition.

Both cars, in proportion to price, represent true Ford value. The De Luxe costs slightly more than the Standard but provides extra style. De Luxe closed Sedan body types have considerably more passenger room and luggage space.

More people bought the 1937 Ford V-8 than any other 1937 make. It was a good car. But these are better cars, because Ford improvement goes on constantly. You'll realize that when you see and drive either new Ford V-8 for 1938.



SENSATIONAL NEW \$30,000 CONTEST—GIVES YOU 10 CHANCES TO WIN EACH DAY FOR 6 WEEKS!



# \$1000<sup>00</sup> FREE

## EVERY 24 HOURS <sup>FOR</sup> 6 WEEKS

(EXCEPT SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS)

### TEN \$100<sup>00</sup> BILLS EACH DAY!

Yes—Ten First Prizes—\$100 Each, Given FREE  
Every Day For Six Weeks in Oxydol's

### NEW \$1,000<sup>00</sup> A DAY CONTEST

ENTER NOW! First contest closes midnight,  
January 17, with another daily contest each day,  
except Saturday and Sunday, through Feb. 25.



#### ALL YOU DO TO ENTER IS:—

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE:—"I consider Oxydol the perfect  
laundry soap because-----"

(Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less)

#### Purpose Of Contest:—To Induce More Women To Try This Amazing New, "No-Scrub, No-Boil" Laundry Soap— That's Really SAFE.

Now—an utterly new and different kind of contest! One that offers you *ten chances to win, each day for 6 weeks!* A new contest every day, (except Saturdays and Sundays)—three hundred chances to enter and win! Think of it! Ten \$100 bills to be given free *each day* for 6 weeks. That's \$1,000 every 24 hours—\$30,000 in all!

What you do is simple as ABC. And will take only 5 minutes of your time. Just finish the sentence, "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ."—in 25 words or less.

No fancy writing or flowery language is wanted. Just a sincere, original expression of your opinion of OXYDOL. Remember, a simple statement that pops into your mind as you read this announcement may be exactly the thing to win! (See examples at right.)

#### This Will Help You

In completing your statement, remember that

OXYDOL is the amazing new, "no-scrub, no-boil" soap—that cost the makers of gentle Ivory soap \$1,000,000 to produce. It does these 4 amazing things in a way no single soap has ever done before:—

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without hard scrubbing or boiling. Even "grimy" spots come clean with a few quick rubs. (2) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades *whiter* as proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (4) Yet so *safe* that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, *fresh!* Hands stay soft and white!

OXYDOL is economical, too. A package often goes  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  again as far as even the latest soap flakes. And furthermore—tests against popular package soaps show that, cup for cup, OXYDOL gives 28% to 60% MORE SUDS!

#### HURRY! Enter Now . . . And As Often As You Wish

Don't forget! A new contest each day for six weeks—commencing January 17th! Ten new chances each day to win a brand-new \$100 bill! Start now—and enter as many times as you wish!

Remember, only five minutes of your time may win you \$100—so get busy right away. Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today! Procter & Gamble.

MADE IN CANADA

Registered  
Trade Mark



#### CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1 Simply finish the sentence, "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ." (writing 25 additional words or less). Write your entry on the blank at the right, or on a separate sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address. Also be sure to give the name and address of the dealer who sells you OXYDOL.

2 Send in as many entries as you wish, *provided each one is accompanied by an OXYDOL box-top, any size (or facsimile)*. Mail your entries to OXYDOL, Box 123, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3 There are 30 separate contests—a new contest each day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from January 17 to February 25, inclusive. All entries received by Procter & Gamble on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received any time before January 17, will be entered in the January 17 contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on February 25 will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

4 The ten winners of each day's contest will each receive \$100. All winners will be notified by telegram and their names announced over the radio daily, beginning Monday, January 24, on the OXYDOL "MA PERKINS" program.

5 All entries will be judged on the basis of sincerity, clearness, and particularly originality. Penmanship and fancy entries do not count extra. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. All entries, ideas and contents thereof, become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble and of their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States, Canada, Hawaii and are subject to all Dominion, Provincial and local laws and regulations.

LAST (30th) CONTEST CLOSING AT 12 MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 25, 1938

#### Read These Hints on HOW TO WIN:

First, decide what things you like best about OXYDOL. Then complete the statement to include your points. For example, if you like the way OXYDOL soaks *whiter* and *saves work*, you might say:—"I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . . it gets my clothes so white without scrubbing and I never have those nagging Monday night backaches anymore."

Or, if you like OXYDOL's *speed* and *safety*, you might say:—"I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . . it works so much faster, yet never hurts my hands—and colored things come fresh and bright as a new dollar!"

Remember, *simple*, original statements are what we want. No fancy writing—no high-flown language of any kind. Just your own honest opinion of OXYDOL, expressed in everyday language as though you were talking to a friend.

The above statements are merely examples. You can probably think up dozens of better ones without half trying. For additional hints and ideas, read descriptive matter on package of OXYDOL.

But the *big* thing is to get busy right away. And—don't make the mistake of thinking your statement is not good enough. Send it in! Let the judges decide.

#### ENTRY BLANK 25 WORDS WRITTEN HERE MAY BRING YOU \$100! DO IT NOW!

"I consider Oxydol the perfect laundry soap because . . . . ."

(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less)

OXYDOL, Box 123, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: On this entry blank, I have completed the sentence which begins, "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ." I am enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).

Name-----

Address-----

City-----Province-----

Name and address of dealer from whom I purchased OXYDOL:-----



# "MARY'S BIG RADIO CHANCE

Threatened  
by a COLD"



## The simple, speedy way to ease pain and discomfort of colds

One of the best and quickest ways to relieve the misery of a cold is this: Ease aches and soreness with "Aspirin"—if you do not improve at once see your family doctor.

The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 "Aspirin" tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions on the box.

If you have a sore throat with your cold, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice.

The "Aspirin" you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and relieving pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from feeling of rawness and pain, acting

like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Many doctors endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief.

• "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.



Demand and Get

# ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK  
REG.



## CHATELAINE

A MAGAZINE FOR  
CANADIAN WOMEN

BEHIND THE haunting personality of "Jimmie" who writes to his "Nell of the Red Hair," on page eight, is James Francis Dwyer, the noted English writer . . . Grace Mack, who lives, of course, in Hollywood, is a friend of many of the stars she writes about on page ten. Her picture of what it means to be the wife of a famous star is authentic and revealing. It's a trite reiteration to repeat that the penalties of wealth are often so much harder than the penalties of poverty. But it still surprises me to find, continually, that it seems to be true. This article will explain many of the divorces which seem so much a part of the fantastic Hollywood existence. Have you ever, by the way, seen so many photographs of stars' wives on one page, before? Whitney Williams, our Hollywood correspondent, scurried around and located them all for us . . . By the way, speaking of Mr. Williams, don't forget that he'll be only too glad to find out any special information you'd like to have about your favorite stars—or your "hates" too. Drop him a note, through this magazine, telling him what you'd like to hear about, and he'll do the rest, if it's humanly possible . . . (It's remarkable, isn't it, when you think that for the ten-cent price of a magazine like *Chatelaine*, you can get information on your own beauty care, on the upbringing of your baby, on movie gossip, on redecorating or furnishing your home—and plenty more besides!) . . . Whatever you do, don't miss "False Face" by Constance Foster, another new *Chatelaine* writer. It's one of the funniest small-boy stories I've read . . . Regrettably we say good-bye to the series, "The King's Daughters," to appear now in book form. There's an interesting feature by Kathleen Bowker, the Canadian woman now living in London, on what is being done to train Princess Elizabeth for the role which she may one day have to play. You'll find it doubly interesting, with the background Cynthia Asquith's book has given you. I'm delighted to report that some exceptional features are coming in early issues. Isabel Dingman, the young Canadian newspaperwoman,

formerly of Winnipeg, and now of Toronto, describes what is being done as "First Aid for Marriage." You'll be astonished to learn of the definite improvement which is being made in training young people for happy marriages—and in helping to salvage some of those which seem to be going on the rocks. Good medicine for the pessimists who feel the world is getting worse . . . You'll find absorbing reading, too, in learning what has been discovered about the dreaded "polio," now that the worst epidemic in Canada's history is a matter of record . . . In the short story field comes a thriller from Nova Scotia, Martha Banning Thomas, who lives on the Fundy's shore, at Victoria Beach, has one of her memorable stories, essentially Canadian, in the March issue. Coming too, is without question the most affecting story about divorce as it seems to a child, that I have ever read. And it's the first story of a brand-new author, too — Marion Brown. "Time to Part" is one of those short stories I urge you to watch for—you'll agree with me I know when you've read it. It's only very very rarely that an editor can be as positive as that!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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## Poor Lucy Anderson

by MARION VALENSI

CASSIE MILLER was driving home from Sewing Circle when she saw old Doctor Whipple come out of the Anderson house on High Street. She pulled up and waited to ask him about Lavina. But even before he spoke, something in the gravity of the old doctor's white face told her that Lavina was dead.

"Yes," he told her heavily, "Lavina's gone. Poor Lucy is alone."

"Oh," cried Cassie, her eyes quickly filling with tears. "Poor Lucy! And yet we both know, Dr. Whipple, that it is really a blessing. Lavina suffered so long. And now Lucy will be free. She and Will Bentham can get married at last."

Old Doctor Whipple sighed. "Fifteen years of sacrifice and waiting!"

Cassie Miller counted. "Yes, it will be fifteen years on the eighth, since the company failed. And fifteen years on the tenth since Lucy's father died. You know I was there with Lavina when it happened. We were in the dining room when we heard the shot. We ran into the library together and Lavina fainted. She was always frail. I was the one to send the wire for Lucy to come home from school."

Doctor Whipple nodded. "I'll never forget it. Nor how brave she was—that frail slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, coming home to disgrace and suicide and poverty and the burden of an invalid mother!"

Cassie openly wiped the tears from her eyes. "Well, now Lucy and Will can get married. There's nothing to stop them. Poor Will—he has had his share too. I don't know as it wouldn't have been harder to live with Will's mother than with Lavina, bedridden and all as she was."

"Will's mother was a hard and bitter woman," Doctor Whipple said slowly. "She blamed the company failure, and Lucy's father, for her husband's death. That's why she hated Lucy."

"And yet," said Cassie, "you might say it was all that tragedy that brought Will and Lucy together. Lucy told me about the night she met Will. He came up to the house with some private papers belonging to her father. They had been in his desk at the office. She was tired and worn out from a long day going through her father's things. And when Will spoke to her about him, she broke down."

"Well," said Doctor Whipple, moving toward his car, "it's all over now. There's nothing to stop them."

"Nothing but Lucy's health," sighed Cassie. "All those years of sewing for other people, and nursing Lavina, and making ends meet on nothing, have taken



"I wanted you then," said Will, "just as I want you now."

their toll. She looks as frail almost as her mother did. I wish Will had made her marry him when his mother died. But you know Lucy—always thinking of others! She wouldn't hear of it. She said she wouldn't sacrifice him to that house of sickness and tragedy—that he'd had enough sadness and burden. That when she went to him, she would be alone and free and ready to do her share. Oh, poor little Lucy!" Cassie caught a sobbing

breath. "I must go right in now and comfort her—do something to help."

BUT IT wasn't until a week after the funeral that Cassie Miller tried to talk to Lucy sensibly.

Lucy sat in the dark library with its marble mantel and walnut furniture, wearing a little black crepe dress with a white organdie collar outlining her slender throat.



# ONE THING ONLY IMPROVED SLEEP

in these ELABORATE EXPERIMENTS

*Of all the things that were tested in this Three-Year University experiment, Ovaltine was the only thing that improved the QUALITY of Sleep*

## 36 MEN AND WOMEN TOOK PART— SLEEPING FOR 6,800 TEST-NIGHTS

### Men Noted for Sleep Research Conducted Tests

**I**n a leading American University an important investigation has been conducted, concerning the subject of Sleep.

Thirty-six men and women took part in this investigation: sleeping for an aggregate of 6,800 test-nights, under the supervision of a group of scientists noted for their researches into sleep.

We believe that certain results of this test will be of outstanding interest to *everyone* who would like to get better sleep at night.

After the normal sleep habits of the sleepers were determined, they were required (in one phase of the investigation) to "take" various things at bedtime—for example:—

On some nights they were given a sandwich.  
On other nights they received a cup of hot milk.  
On other nights they were given one or another of two well-known and widely-used sleep drugs.  
And on some nights the sleepers received a cup of hot or cold Ovaltine. (Ovaltine was included in the test at the wish of the investigators.)

The results of this test were as follows:

1. Food at bedtime did not aid sleep.
2. Hot milk likewise did not improve sleep.
3. One of the two sleep drugs put the subjects to sleep more promptly. The other one *prolonged* their sleep. (Both these results were anticipated from medical experience, thus confirming the accuracy of the experiments as a whole.) *Neither* drug, however, improved the *quality* of sleep!
4. Ovaltine, and Ovaltine only, of all the things



The sleepers were naturally interested because a record of their movements during the night was made on a chart connected with their beds. This gave a scientific measure of the quality of sleep.

tested—cut down the restless movements of the sleepers during the night and increased the number of mornings on which they awoke well rested . . . as indicated by a statistical tabulation of the records.

Thus Ovaltine *alone* gave a definite improvement in the restfulness of sleep. It did this whether taken hot or cold, in milk or in water. Thereby establishing that it was *Ovaltine* which improved sleep.

Ovaltine is not a drug. It is a food—as pure and wholesome as any food in Nature!

A study of the investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefit from Ovaltine, it should be taken *regularly*—not just "once in a while." Since it is not a drug, it will not form a habit. But it is a mighty good habit to form.

So take it tonight and every night for several weeks. See how delicious it is—how easy to prepare! And, see if you don't sleep better . . . See if you don't wake up feeling more *refreshed*!

You can get Ovaltine at all grocers and druggists. Get a can today! Or mail the coupon printed at the right for a sample can. Why not avail yourself of this trial offer *immediately*?



All sleepers move more or less at night. No one sleeps in one position all night long. But too many movements indicate poor sleep.

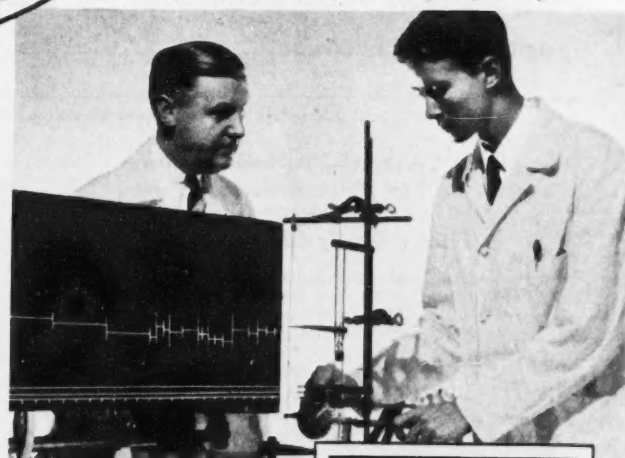


Here you note that the sleeper has moved . . . A special apparatus attached to each bed kept a record of all such movements . . .

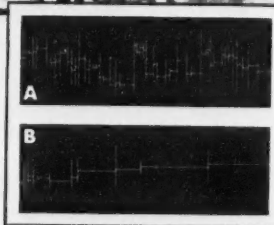


"Tossing and turning" movements were cut down by Ovaltine . . . thereby indicating that Ovaltine improved the restfulness of sleep.

(LEFT) On certain nights the sleepers were given a sandwich at bedtime—on other nights a cup of hot milk—one of two different sleep drugs—or a cup of Ovaltine . . . Ovaltine, alone, improved the quality of sleep!

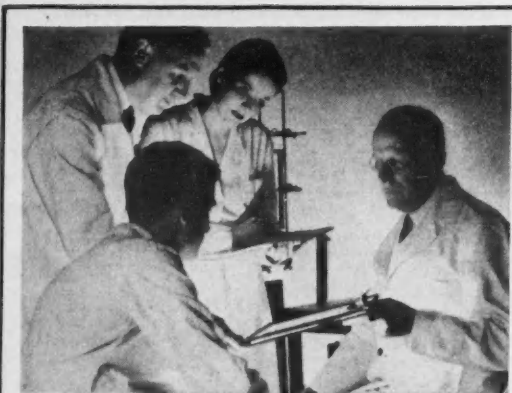


Photograph above shows moving chart by which sleepers' movements were recorded. Ovaltine cut down "tossing and turning."



(RIGHT) Chart "A" shows the restless movements typical of a poor sleeper, whereas chart "B" shows the fewer movements, which are an indication of better sleep! . . .

• Ovaltine was originated over 40 years ago. Used as a restorative and protective food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers and the aged; and as a building food for children. Helps to nourish you while you sleep. Rich in vitamins and minerals. Doctors approve it. Hospitals use it. It is used in 57 countries!



An idea exists that "Almost any hot drink will aid sleep." A tabulation of the results of this investigation showed that apparently this popular idea is not true. Ovaltine was the only thing tested that improved quality of sleep!

## TRIAL-SIZE CAN!

Mail this coupon to A. WANDER, Ltd.  
Dept. S8-C-2C, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada

Send me a trial-size can of Ovaltine. I am enclosing 10c, to cover handling and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... Province .....

Ovaltine is now made in Canada

(or buy this regular-size can at your dealer's)







Illustrated by  
Joseph Nussdorf

## *the self-sacrificing martyrdom of a community saint*

"Mary, I think you're getting too darned smart!" "Well, I'm smart enough not to do it. I'm tired of trying to fix other people's lives. Besides, it isn't right. I don't like it."

"I wish I didn't like him so well," Jim Boyd went on. "He'd go a long way if he had the chance. He has a fine mind. He ought to get out of this place."

"One of these days," Mary Field told him, "you're going to get your fingers burned; but I'm not going to have a hand in it. When is the next train back to town?"

"I don't know," he said. "He has worked in that bank for fifteen years, waiting for her."

"Any man fool enough to wait fifteen years for a woman isn't worth saving!"

"Will Bentham is worth saving," he told her shortly.

"I came up here to nurse a patient with a nervous collapse. Now I'm to make her appreciate her fiancé. It's a trifle muddled. What is he like?"

"He's brilliant and lacks confidence," Jim Boyd told her slowly. "If he were ruthless he'd be powerful. But he's kind. If he'd put on thirty pounds he'd be handsome. He needs roast beef and common sense and belly laughs."

"Now darn it," Mary Field growled, "I feel as if I had a mission."

"On the left," he pointed out, "is the Anderson

mausoleum. Like brown wallpaper?" He lifted her bag out of the car and followed her up the stone steps. As they went in, musty air touched their faces clammy after sunshine.

LYING IN the big bed, her fair hair held back with a pale blue ribbon, her lovely eyes wide and dark, Lucy held out her hand. Against Mary Field's, faintly pink from March wind and too many antiseptic washes, it was fragile as a white flower.

"Now I've got to race back to the office," said Doctor Boyd. "But you'll like each other." He smiled.

"Oh," Lucy said softly, "everyone is so good to me!"

Mary Field unpacked and got into a starched uniform. She let in some March sunshine and finally coaxed Lucy to sip some warm milk. When her patient drifted off into a light sleep, Mary tiptoed out of the room. She was halfway down the front stairs when Will Bentham let himself in. For a startled second they faced each other, a tall man with a half-shy smile, and a girl with dark hair and level blue eyes. All the light from the small dusty transom fell directly on Mary so that she stood out almost radiantly against the dun-colored background.

Will Bentham said, "You are the new nurse?"

Mary smiled and put her finger to her lips, cautioning

him to silence. When she reached the bottom step, she held out her firm young hand. "Yes, I'm Mary Field. And you are Mr. Bentham? Let's go out here—"

In the kitchen Mary pulled all the window shades to the top. "She has just drifted off to sleep. If we talked out there we might waken her. Besides, this is the sunniest part of the house. And I want to make some custard."

Will Bentham said, "You're sure she's not worse?"

Mary's wide, pleasant smile was reassuring. "Of course not. She's having a grand little nap."

Will kept staring at Mary Field. Then he grinned. "You seem so young after Miss Titus."

"Don't worry. I'm not as young as I look. I'll never see twenty-five again."

Will's eyes darkened. "Twenty-five!" he repeated. "If I were twenty-five—" he stopped short.

Mary, moving competently from the icebox to the stove, breaking eggs, measuring cream, looked up sharply for a second. Then slowly she let the curtain of her lashes hide her eyes. She said casually, "I imagine we all say that when we reach ninety. If I were seventy again—or eighty! And the chances are we'd never change a thing." She laughed.

Will said, pulling out a kitchen chair, "Mind if I stay here until she wakes?"

"I'm glad to have you," Mary told him. "I want to know all about my patient. Why don't you go ahead and smoke?"

Will smiled and colored. "How did you know I wanted to smoke?"

Mary said, "You reached into your pocket for your pipe."

Will laughed shyly and brought out his old pipe. He said, "You know I believe you will be good for her. You're so friendly and pleasant. I don't mean with words, like most doctors and nurses, but with a kind of spirit. You should make her feel as if she ought to hurry up and get well—and just live." He stopped suddenly in a sort of warm confusion. "You'll think I'm crazy, talking to you like this. But don't you see," he fumbled, hesitating in his eagerness, "it's what she needs. She needs someone young and alive."

Mary said, "Well, she must want to get better. Patients have to cure themselves, mostly. They don't know it, but they do. All at once, one day the will to live is stronger than the disease."

Faintly through the long hall came the tinkle of Lucy's bell, thin and clear, like her voice.

Mary nodded. "You go right up. If she wants anything, call me." When his steps had died away, she went about putting the kitchen to rights, fixing Lucy's tray. When everything was in order, she crossed to the window and looked out. March winds chased fleecy clouds across a high blue sky. And there was a damp lushness to the ground, and green to the patches of browned grass, and a sharp brightness to everything that meant spring. In a few minutes Will's step sounded again and she turned to greet him.

"I suppose," he asked shyly, "it will be all right for me to come back this evening. I usually do."

Mary crossed to the table. Her eyes were very blue and intense, her warm smiling mouth suddenly sober. A flush of color mounting in her cheeks, she said, "Yes, of course. But I'd like to talk to you now, for a minute."

Something in her earnestness must have communicated itself to Will. He said anxiously, "You're worried about her. You know she doesn't take any interest."

"That's true," Mary said. "But Doctor Boyd is very clever in these cases. Only he needs your help."

"But if there is anything I can do—" There was a clumsy eagerness to the tumbling of his words.

Mary Field grinned suddenly. "You may balk. You may think we're crazy. But the doctor wants you to take a sudden interest in health and good spirits. You might even talk to her about other girls—young lively girls, admire them."

"But that is crazy! Lucy knows I'd never see another girl."

"Of course. And so does Doctor Boyd. And so does everyone else. That's the trouble. She doesn't even have to fight for you. ♣ *Continued on page 22*



Her big brown eyes seemed wide with fright when Cassie mentioned the right to happiness.

"But I'm one of your oldest friends," Cassie told her. "I wouldn't advise you wrong. You ought to get out of this house."

"Oh," cried Lucy tremulously. "Not yet. Mother loved it so. She wouldn't give it up. And I've some sewing promised."

"I should think, Lucy, you'd be glad to lay all that down—let Will take care of you."

Lucy shook her head. "It's not good to lay down a heavy burden too suddenly. It may help to keep me from missing mother so much." Tears filled her eyes.

"But Will can look after you now," Cassie persisted.

Lucy smiled softly. "No, I can't have Will come here. Too many memories. We want a place of our own—a garden and a sunny kitchen with geraniums in the window." Her lashes glistened.

"Well, you and Will deserve the best, Lucy. But I can't help feeling that your bad time is over." Cassie smiled encouragingly.

"Oh, I know everyone wishes us well," Lucy cried. But her eyes seemed shadowed with terror. "I'm almost afraid to think about it. So often when happiness is just within reach something comes to take it away. I—I'm afraid."

"Poor darling," Cassie soothed her. "You're tired and worn out. But you must be sensible."

The next day Cassie went to Sewing Circle. "Mark my words," she told them, "her troubles aren't over. That girl will have a breakdown, the same as her mother."

And almost at once everyone in Martinsburg knew that Lucy Anderson was on the verge of a breakdown. And on Thursday when Cassie Miller stopped to take Lucy for a little drive, she found her white and shaken with sobs on the library couch. Too ill to go out. Cassie called Will Bentham. Will hurried from the bank and called Doctor Whipple. Doctor Whipple put Lucy to bed in the big front room that had been her mother's and sent for his best nurse. He said he wasn't surprised. The thing that surprised him was Lucy's keeping up for fifteen years.

"Well," everyone said, "it just doesn't seem as if Will and Lucy were ever meant to have any luck!"

Helpless, Will Bentham sat hours in the big front room on High Street, his kind eyes grave and troubled, while Lucy smiled up at him bravely, and insisted she'd be well again very soon.

"If anything happened to Lucy," they said, "it will be the end of Will too. He'll never have the heart to go on."

AND LUCY got no better. She lay, fragile as a flower in the big walnut bed, smiling at them all—effortless and listless. Nothing seemed to rouse her.

Then old Doctor Whipple had a stroke. And they had to call in young Dr. Boyd. It was too bad. He was new to Martinsburg, and even if he had studied in Vienna, most people had more faith in old Doc Whipple. Miss Titus, the nurse, said afterward, that if she had known that instead of prescribing, he would just sit and talk to poor Lucy about her mother and Will and goodness knows what else, she'd never have let him be called! But that's what he did—just talk. Then he went off downstairs, taking Will Bentham with him.

In the lower hall Doctor Boyd stood looking up at the ceiling. He stared at the red and blue hall lantern. "I haven't seen one like that since I was a child," he said. "Nor wallpaper like this for twenty years. Not very cheerful. Come on, Will, I'll drop you at the bank."

Will Bentham wound his long legs into the doctor's shiny roadster. When they were opposite the bank, the doctor said, "I don't see how the girl is going to get well in that house. It's as gloomy as a morgue. Why don't you get married and take her out of it?"

Will's color deepened. "But great guns," he said, "that's exactly what I'd like to do. And she won't hear of it. She has her mind set on making a whole fresh start. She won't be a burden. When I try to convince her, she just cries. She's worn out."

"Um—hum—" Doctor Boyd stared at Will, and



## Here, told the first time, is the strange story behind

suddenly through him. "Then we'll have to get some life into that house. I'd like to let Miss Titus go. We need a different kind of nurse."

"I'll agree to anything that may help," Will said.

"And I think I know the girl," Doctor Boyd broke in. "I think we have a chance." He held out his hand to Will.

Fifteen minutes later he had Mary Field on the long distance telephone.

"No, Jim," she said. "I'm not coming. I don't want another of your special cases! If it were a good diphtheria, or pneumonia, or a couple of broken legs, you'd never send for me. It's something queer and special and psychological and I'm not taking it!"

"You can get a train at ten-forty that gets you in here early in the afternoon," he told her.

"You know I wouldn't do it for anyone else," she snapped.

"Mary, you're a swell sport! I'll meet you." And Doctor Boyd hung up the receiver, his eyes suddenly alight and pleased.

That evening he stopped to see Lucy Anderson. In the shaded glow of a bedside lamp, pale and ethereal, Lucy looked up at him with frightened brown eyes. "But why," she begged weakly, "why are you taking dear Miss Titus away?"

He looked down at her for several seconds before he spoke. "Well, you've just got to have confidence in me, Miss Lucy. If I thought taking Miss Titus away would hurt you, I wouldn't do it. But you aren't selfish. You wouldn't keep her here when I need her on a serious case." He watched Lucy closely.

"No, of course not," she said quickly. "But will I like the new nurse?"

"Miss Field?" Doctor Boyd looked thoughtful. "I think so. She's very pleasant."

DOCTOR BOYD met Mary Field at the train next day. "So there really is a case," she said. "Let's hear about it."

His mouth turned grim. "It's called for want of a better name, a nervous breakdown. Years of self-sacrifice. She can't be pulled out unless she wills it. That's your job, Mary."

"Mine?" Mary looked up suspiciously.

"There's a man," he said slowly. "They've been engaged for fifteen years. This fellow is nice, Mary. I'm sorry for him. He has sacrificed the best part of his youth to a selfish mother, and now he's preparing to sacrifice the rest of it, unless—unless we help him out."

"I see," she said. "I take it you want her to feel her romance is in jeopardy?"



*From a welter of manuscripts on the Editor's desk came this one, signed, "by Jimmy" . . . so vigorous and fresh in its interest, that we rushed it into print at once . .*



Nell saw what I wanted to do, and she grabbed my hand and held it. Her fingers were softer than anything in the world.

On another day in the fall a small circus came along the road, heading southward like the gypsies. There were two elephants, and the smaller of the two held the tail of the other as they went by our farm. The man in charge of them told my father that the small elephant was afraid, and when my father asked what he was afraid of, the man came close and whispered: "Mice, mister. He's terribly afraid of mice."

My father laughed, and the man became angry. "If that little elephant heard me whisper the word mice he'd bolt," he said. "That's the worst of you country hicks. You know nothing, and when anyone tries to make you wise, you grin."

I didn't like him saying that to my father and I hoped a mouse would hop out of the barn to show that he was not telling the truth, but it was a cold day and all the mice were in their holes. I watched the elephants till they turned Levett's Corner, the little one holding the tail of the other and walking solemnly. Now and then, during the weeks that followed, my father would say at odd times: "Danged if I believe that a teeny weeny mouse could frighten an elephant. Danged if I do!"

I would sit for hours on the top of one of our big

gateposts, watching the road, hoping and hoping that strange folk and animals would come along it. The point where it surged over the hill always excited me when I looked at it. I thought anything might come over that hill. Knights and princesses, and possibly a dragon or something like that.

My mother died, and in a little while my father married again. This new wife didn't like me very much, and she became angry each time she found me perched on the gatepost watching the road. "The road has bewitched the fool," she would say to my father. "He hurries through his chores so that he can sit on the post and stare at it."

After her coming it seemed to me that the road called me in the moonlit nights. I would hear soft sounds from it, sounds like the marching feet of armies, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the jingling of bits and chains, and the creaking of wagons. I would climb quietly out of bed thinking I would see lots of folk, but the road was always empty. A great silver snake swirling by the farm, but it was full of the whispers left by gypsies and circuses, and brave gallants, and tall, slim ladies who had ridden by in the long-dead years, holding their soft bridles with white hands.

Then, one summer morning in the stillness before sunrise, the road whispered my name. I was thrilled. I dressed hurriedly, crept out of the house and started down the wide stretch toward Levett's Corner.

I WAS quite close to the Corner when our dog, Huckleberry, caught up with me. I wanted Huck to go back, but he wouldn't. He'd sneak along in the ditch till he thought I had forgotten all about him, then he'd climb out and walk beside me.

Huck had been a great favorite of my mother's, and I knew that he didn't like the new wife of my father. She never laughed when Huck did a trick that I taught him. If I rested a bone on his nose he would leave it there till I counted three, then he would toss it into the air and catch it in his mouth as it came down. My mother wouldn't scold if Huck missed the bone and made a greasy spot on the kitchen floor, but the new woman set up an awful holler when Huck fumbled. She got him so nervous that he missed four times out of six, so, thinking how upset he would be with her, I let him come with me.

The road was sweet in the early morning. It seemed to be running with us like a river, slipping by fields and clumps of trees, and now and then it made a half turn, as if it was trying to look back over its shoulder to see if Huck and I were coming along. And when the sun came up, there was a nice hot smell of dust like roads always have.

When we saw a cart or an automobile on the road, Huck and I would rush into the bushes and sit quiet till the vehicle went by. Old Huck knew we were running away. He wouldn't bark or growl when we were hiding, and he'd watch the people in the vehicles as if he thought they were red Indians. He was an awful wise dog, and he wasn't conceited a bit.

About noon we came to a house on the road, and at the gate was a nice fat woman. She spoke to me and asked how far we were going. I told her I didn't know exactly but I thought we would go as far as New York, and she laughed and laughed, thinking it a great joke. She brought me a glass of milk and a bag of doughnuts, and when I showed her how Huck could toss a bit of bread off his nose and catch it in his mouth, she was tickled.

"He can do it much better if he has a bone," I said, and she laughed some more and went into the house and got a big bone with a lot of meat on it. Huck was hungry, not having any breakfast, but he was patient and he did that trick five times without missing once. The woman patted him like my mother used to pat him. She was a nice woman. Huck carried the bone along with him after he had eaten the meat off it. He was beginning to think himself an actor.

When it got dark I would have been a bit scared if Huck wasn't along. He liked the road better than our farmhouse. It was Huck that found the haystack and helped to scratch out a bed for both of us. He wasn't a bit afraid. We were awful tired and went right to sleep, not waking till the sun was up.

The man who owned the haystack saw us when we were climbing back onto the road. He questioned me a lot while I was drinking a cup of coffee that he gave me. He said he thought he ought to send me back to my father, so while he went upstairs to talk with his wife about me, Huck and I sneaked away. We ran till the farmhouse was out of sight. Huck was still carrying the bone the fat lady had given him.

We had walked about three miles from that farm when I saw a small girl on the road ahead of us. She was going in our direction, but we were walking faster. We started to overhaul her, and when we were about five hundred yards from her, she looked around and saw us. For just the time you'd take to count ten she stood and stared, then she rushed to the side of the road and plunged into the bushes.

It was very quiet on the road, and it sort of got more silent still as Huck and I came up to the spot where the girl had dived into the bushes. I couldn't see her, but Huck thought that he knew exactly where she was hiding, and he whined softly, sort of asking permission to go in and tell her to come out. I wouldn't let him do that. Old Huck was so excited that he dropped his bone and forgot all about it.

The creepy silence made me speak. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I started to tell the girl who I was and why I was there on the road. "My name is Jimmy," I said. "I'm nearly twelve, and I've run away from home because I don't like my new maw."

The silence was worse than ever. I started to tell her about Huck then. I said he was about the best dog in our county, and Huck pounded the dust with his tail, knowing I was talking about him. I told her how he could do the trick with the bone on his nose, and I said if she came out of the bushes he'd do it for her as many times as she liked. And Huck drummed the road to tell her I wasn't bragging.

I stood scuffling the dust, and Huck sat on his tail watching the spot where he thought she was. And the road was listening, and the trees, and the whole world. Then, suddenly, the bushes started to move this way and that; Huck barked, I gurgled like as if I was choking, and there she was.

Oh, Nell of the Red Hair, if you read this you will know what I thought when I saw your face!

SHE WAS the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Prettier than any girl I have seen during the five years that have passed since that wonder morning. Her face was creamy, sort of, and she had big brown eyes that always looked as if they saw things that no other eyes saw, things like dragons and witches and knights on horseback. And her mouth was so small that you'd wonder how she could eat anything larger than a ground-nut, it being mostly red lips that sometimes parted a little and showed you teeth so white that you felt a little funny about the color of your own.

I started to tell all over again who I was and how I had run away from my new maw, but she began to sob and I stopped. "Your—your new mother should have—should have married my new father," she sobbed. "They—they seem to be like each other."

"Why," I stammered, "are you—are you running away too?"

She nodded her head, then she started to cry in real earnest. Huck and I tried to stop her but we couldn't. She just tumbled down in the grass alongside the road and cried and cried till I began to wonder where she got all the tears from. I felt awful miserable watching her. So did old Huck. He put his head down on his paws and whined.

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## To Nell of the Red Hair

WHEN I was a very small boy I lived beside a wonderful road. It surged up over the brow of a hill to the south of my father's farm, swept by the farmhouse like a great dusty serpent, charged straight ahead for a mile, then swung suddenly eastward, as if startled, and disappeared behind a clump of big trees.

That was Levett's Corner where it swung eastward. Folk said that old Simon Levett wouldn't sell the land for the road to go through his property, so the road swung away from the Levett Place as if it was mad. It looked like that to me when I was small.

A man who worked on our farm told me that the road went right to New York, streaming through big towns and not caring anything about them. Roads, the man said, were awfully independent, and this road looked strong enough to do what it wanted. It was a big wide road, and when you looked at it on moonlit nights it seemed to be moving. Moving silently southward.

Along the road came strange people. One hot summer day seven gypsies appeared over the brow of the hill. Four men and three women. One of the women had a large green mole on her cheek, and she led a bear that

danced. The women wore bright-colored petticoats with many flounces. Two had scarlet petticoats, one had a petticoat of bright yellow, and the youngest gypsy, who was only a girl, wore one that was blue. Such a gorgeous blue that it made me feel a little queer to look at it. Its color, and that was curious, troubled me. Troubled my stomach.

The bear danced for us, and my father gave the gypsies some peaches and two melons. That was before my mother died. Mother often spoke of the gypsies while she was sick. When she was very close to death, she said to me: "I wish I could see those gypsies again, Jimmy. Wasn't the dancing bear grand? I wonder where they are now, Jimmy?"

I had often wondered where the gypsies went after they turned Levett's Corner. I had watched their petticoats fluttering in the white sunshine like banners, especially the blue one that had upset me, then the turning in the road hid them and a queer lonesomeness came to our farm. I have never seen a blue like the blue of that petticoat. I told my mother how it troubled me and she understood. I was eleven years of age at the time.





Mrs. Muni



Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor



Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter

## HOLLYWOOD WIFE?

*You'd need the maximum of faith . . . the diplomacy of an ambassador . . . the disposition of an angel . . . a tolerant and understanding nature . . . and an elastic sense of humor . . . for "the toughest job in Hollywood"*

By GRACE MACK

little smile and pretends not to mind being shoved aside. After a while two lady tourists from Iowa edge over to her and look her up and down as though she were something in a zoo.

"So you're a movie wife," one of them says, with the same inflection she might use if she were saying, "So this is a gnu!"

The wife smiles graciously.

"Doesn't it make you feel very unimportant to stand here by yourself, while all those folks make such a fuss over your husband?" the other woman asks.

The movie wife assures them that she doesn't feel unimportant at all, and listens patiently while they tell her how marvellous they think her husband is, and how they simply adored him in "Pent House Love." She may even agree with them when they say, "My, but you're lucky to be married to him."

What she thinks in private may be a very different story, but we won't go into that. In the opinion of some fifty million women who think that being married to one

of the screen's ace heart-throbs would be the equivalent of heaven, she is lucky.

But a movie wife's life is no bed of roses. It is, in fact, the toughest job in Hollywood, and the woman who handles it successfully needs a maximum of faith, the diplomacy of an ambassador, the disposition of an angel, a tolerant and understanding nature, and an elastic sense of humor. Nearsightedness or a good pair of blinders also comes in handy.

Put yourself in her place. How would you like to have thousands of women writing love letters to your husband every week, giving intimate descriptions of their charms, even sending locks of their hair and pictures of themselves in fig-leaf attire? What would be your reaction if some girl tried night after night to get your husband on the telephone, and, upon discovering that she was talking to his wife, and not one of the servants as she had imagined, slammed up the receiver?

If you stepped out to a night club for an evening of dancing, how would you like to have some girl whom you had never seen before throw her arms about your

star husband and kiss him full on the lips? And if you accompanied him to one of Hollywood's super-colossal premières, could you smile pleasantly when a crowd of grabbing women swooped down upon him, tearing at his coat buttons and his necktie, trampling you underfoot, and completely ruining your favorite frock?

If you were a movie wife, you would have to take it and like it. One of the first things a movie wife learns is that the success of a leading man or male star depends to a large extent upon his appeal to women. If he possesses that magic something which causes the fair sex to pursue him, then he is definitely box office.

That is why, when you ask a Hollywood wife whether it doesn't make her jealous to think of the number of women who are crazy about her husband, she dusts off stock answer Number 99 and says:

"But of course not! I am flattered that other women find my husband attractive. The only time I'll worry will be when they cease to find him so."

Actually, the movie wife is, as a rule, much less disturbed by unsolicited

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Mrs. Fred MacMurray



Mrs. Bing Crosby and the Twins



Mrs. Spencer Tracy, John and Louise



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie



Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone



Lili Damita and Errol Flynn



Paul Muni and



Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper



IT IS midnight at the Trocadero Hollywood's most glamorous and most expensive night spot. On the curbing outside, a handful of the never-weary autograph hounds wait hopefully. Suddenly, as though impelled by a single impulse, they all swoop forward. A handsome man in top hat, white tie and tails has just emerged from the restaurant. With him is a woman who is unquestionably on the wrong side of thirty, but she is smartly gowned, with an ermine wrap flung about her shoulders, and in your town—or mine—she would be considered a most attractive young matron. The autographers, however, pay no attention to her. She is of no importance to them—just the movie star's wife. They shunt her aside and crowd knee-deep about her husband, begging for his autograph. She may, unless she has learned to close her ears against such remarks, hear someone say, "Is *that* his wife?" in a tone which plainly implies, "Well, I can't imagine what he ever saw in her!"

But the wife has learned to do a bit of acting, too. All this is a part of the game, and so she pins on a gallant



"Oh, they don't believe in 'em, of course, but even the best minds are susceptible to a well-planted suggestion."

"You mean—you don't mean," she said breathlessly, "that the things I said made trouble between you and your fiancée?"

He smiled down on her grimly. "I can't prove it, naturally. And I doubt if Miss Minor would admit it—she probably doesn't even know it—so you're safe."

HE MADE a lunge toward his coat and hat which he had left on a chair just inside the living room, but she followed and seized his arm. "But I don't want to be safe," she said. "Don't you see, I couldn't bear to think I'd done such a thing—" and there she stopped, her breath coming quick and hard, remembering. "I fixed 'em!" she had told her mother that autumn day, never for a moment meaning it, never dreaming that she had. She said, looking up at him piteously, "I don't blame you for being so angry, oh, I don't—but now you can tell her the truth, can't you? If you tell her I was a fake, that I don't know any more about telling fortunes than I do about gypsies—then everything will be all right, won't it?"

"Tell her," he said vaguely. He hadn't thought of that. Yes, to be sure he could tell Ellen now that her gypsy was a little nobody in a shabby polo coat and mauled-looking felt sports hat; a girl with no more mystery or occultism about her than an ice cream soda. Yes, he could tell her, but would she believe him? Would it make things any better? He doubted it. She would be furious at the implication that she had let a fake fortuneteller influence her, her chagrin would only make her the more angry with him. He shook off Marta's

hand. "No, I'm afraid telling her wouldn't help matters."

"But I could," she pleaded. "I could go to her and explain—apologize. I wouldn't mind—I'd be glad. It was I who caused the trouble, I should do something to—to make things right."

He had stooped to pick up his coat, now he straightened and looked at her again. There were tears in her eyes and her lips were trembling, and her obvious distress moved him in spite of himself. He said wearily, "Thanks, but there's nothing you can do, I'm afraid—except swear off telling fortunes. It's a dangerous pastime—"

"Oh, I will. I'll never—"

"Or," he said, "if you must have your fun, plant something pleasant in people's minds. You know, tell 'em they're going to inherit a million dollars or—well, marry a hero like Lindbergh—something nice and harmless."

He was reaching for his coat again when Sue's voice stopped him. "Are you two still standing out here?" she said, coming, running, down the stairs.

She took Marta by the arm and led her into the living room and Dave said, "We had a good deal to talk about. It's been weeks since we met—"

"Met!" Sue said. "Have you two met before?"

"Oh, my yes," said Dave. "We met in our last incarnation—when she was a gypsy fortuneteller and I was a stooge."

Sue looked at Dave, frowning. "Fortuneteller! What are you talking about?"

"That's a side line of Miss Ross'," Dave informed her, pulling on his coat. "Telling ♦ Continued on page 28

Illustrated by Charles Bryson



Marta lifted her eyes to Dave's. "Do not believe him," she whispered to Ellen. "This man loves only gold."

When Dave Ramsey and his fiancée, Ellen Minor, stop at a farm placarded "Palms Read," a beautiful girl with Romany features tells Ellen she is attracted to someone who is not worthy of her and she will meet a dark, distinguished man. She sees in Dave's band "a shop window filled with pretty trifles but in the shop itself little of value."

Dave is something of a New York playboy. He has a soft job in a bank, Ellen's banker father giving him the job because he is in love with his daughter, who is wealthy in her own right. Victor Cass, Dave's friend, terms himself a social parasite and admits that he sponges on New York society. He gives a party, to which he invites Paul Davis, an opera singer. Ellen becomes attracted to the dark and distinguished Paul Davis and this leads to a row between her and Dave. Dave is annoyed with the gypsy, for he feels she is the cause of the trouble.

But Marta Ross is no real gypsy. The farmhouse at which she read the palms of the engaged couple belonged to her parents and it had been occupied by gypsies. She happened to be there helping her parents to clean up after the gypsies had left, when Dave and Ellen dropped in. Marta is a dancing teacher in New York and at her classes for children, Robbie Pederson, her schoolteacher friend, plays the piano for her lessons and they room together in the big studio.

On the evening of Vic Cass' party Marta is taking home the young son of Mrs. Sue Price. She arrives to find Mr. and Mrs. Price worried about their son not yet being back from his dancing lesson. Dave is there with them, having come home from Vic's party with Sue, who is offering him motherly condolences for his amorous troubles. Dave gets a surprise when he sees the "make-believe gypsy."

**T**HE TALL figure suddenly filling the doorway on her right, drew Marta's attention momentarily from the noisy family reunion. Her glance had brushed him briefly and come back again to little Carl before memory stirred in her. Sue had dragged her child's hat off; his fuzzy yellow hair was all on end. Sue's own hair was tumbled, her eyes red, she couldn't leave off hugging Carl nor thanking Marta.

"But I didn't do a thing—we adored having him." Marta's cheeks were scarlet, she was as agitated now as the Price family. She stooped and kissed Carl's cheek. "Good night, darling—"

"Oh, but you mustn't go," Sue protested. "I haven't begun to thank you. Please take off your coat—I'll just run up and dump him into bed—"

"I do' wanna go to bed!" Carl announced.

Marta said breathlessly, "I really must get back home—"

"Stay for a second, anyway," Jim said, and caught sight of Dave in the doorway. "Hello, I'd forgotten you were here, Dave!" He swung his son up on his shoulder. "The lost is found, you see—hope our parental heroics didn't scare you. He looks kind of white around the gills, doesn't he, Sue—Oh, this is Miss Ross, the heroine of our little domestic drama. Mr. Ramsey, Miss Ross—"

Neither Dave nor Marta spoke, Sue saved them the trouble. "Dave, what do you think that wretched woman—"

"He heard it all, darling," Jim reminded her.

"And she had really marvellous references," Sue said.

"But thank goodness she left him with Miss Ross!" and she smiled, shining-eyed, on Marta. "Don't you dare go away! It won't take a minute to put the brat away. Come on, darling. Daddy will carry you up—please, Jim, it's hours past his bedtime—"

"I really must—"

"Righto! Come on, mister—I'm a bronco—hold on! Whoopee!" The bronco went galloping down the hall and up the stairs, Carl shouting and clinging fast. Sue followed, laughing over her shoulder.

"We'll be right down—take care of Miss Ross, Dave"—the reunited Price family made a hilarious exit up the stairs.

Marta started hastily to pull on her gloves. She was terribly hot and uncomfortable for her memory had identified Dave, to her ineffable confusion, as the man whose palm she had read. She had never expected to see him again and here he was, staring down at her, his grey eyes gleaming through his narrowed lids, his mouth twitching. She said, quick and light, "It's too bad they were so worried—they needn't have been. They should have known the baby would be all right with us—still it was a dreadful thing for that nurse to do—"

"Well, well, well, well," he said, taking a step toward her, bending his head a little to peer into her face, "Esmeralda, as I live! Fancy seeing you here." She

backed away from him, her cheeks flaming and he said, "Come, come, don't pretend you don't remember me!"

She made a heroic attempt to laugh. "I—I was hoping you wouldn't remember me."

"Not remember you!" he said. "Why, no more than five minutes ago I was speaking of you—not by your right name, of course. It isn't Esmeralda, after all, is it?" He came closer and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "Between ourselves, I never believed it was." He thrust his hands in his pockets and wagged his head back and forth. "My, my, what a good laugh you must have had after we'd gone that day."

She had never been more uncomfortable in her life. She said, dragging off the glove she had just put on, "No, I—I didn't laugh. I was very sorry and ashamed, but I'm afraid I wasn't in a very good humor that day and then when you came—and took it for granted I was a gypsy—"

"You just couldn't resist the temptation," he said. "I know how that is."

"Well," she said, "now you—now you can laugh."

"That's right. Now it's my turn to laugh," and he did so, a harsh guffaw. "It is pretty funny, when you stop to think of it, isn't it? Here you turn out to be a harmless little schoolteacher."

"Dancing teacher."

He laughed again. "It's still funny. Tell me, how did you ever think up all those exciting things you told us?"

She shook her head, lashes fluttering against her scarlet cheeks. "Please! You're making me feel sillier every minute."

"I make you feel silly! My dear Esmeralda, coming

from such a master hand at the art of making people feel silly, that is a compliment."

That contemptuous drawling voice roused her to her own defense. She lifted her chin. "I'm very sorry—if I made you feel silly, I've apologized. I didn't realize until afterward what a horrid thing it was for me to do, but I never would have done it if you—well, if you had been a little more polite."

"So that's it," he said. "I wasn't polite! Well, you've had your revenge. It may interest you to know that the young lady—who happens to be my fiancée, as you probably guessed—was very much impressed by the things you told her." She looked up at him quickly and he nodded his head. "Yes, indeed. So much impressed, in fact, that I shouldn't be at all surprised to see your interesting prophecies come true."

She continued to look at him, her eyes widening. "You don't mean—you can't mean that she—that she took it seriously! That she really believed—"

"I imagine," he said, "that it isn't hard for a woman to believe that her man isn't worthy of her—especially if you promise her one who is. A real distinguished fellow, for example."

His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, his shoulders weaving a little, and now she sensed the savage fury that was seething in him and stepped back. "You're joking! You must be joking!"

"Didn't know your own strength, did you?" he said. "Didn't know you had the power to change the course of human destiny and all that—or did you?"

"No—I mean, you can't be serious. Why, nobody believes in fortunetellers—even when they're genuine fortunetellers!"

## Make-Believe Gypsy

*In which Marta tries to right a wrong—  
and finds it a dangerous undertaking*

By REITA LAMBERT







Suzy's soft little double-brimmed toque with its graceful thrush veil will be a popular favorite of the new season, as it was of this. Photograph by courtesy of Howard Hodge, New York.

**S**TYLES don't change suddenly, overnight. Right now there are many features of your February clothes—your midwinter frocks and hats and jackets—that will be found in the new fashions. One of your present dresses has a collar, another a waistline or a pocket or a bit of trimming that makes it a good bet for spring. Perhaps by adding some simple touch to a frock you think is getting winter-weary, you can give it a fresh flare. Pairing off two colors you didn't think of before will spell smartness that is definitely new season.

For instance, in the photographs on this page you'll see some very attractive present-day styles. Many of them have touches that are important in the new fashion picture. In hats, crowns may come down and new basic styles be evolved, but the soft, manipulated shape which is so becoming to feminine faces, will stay. Tunics are staging a tremendous comeback, after a very brief absence. So that one you've had hanging away will be just the thing—particularly if you can add a few gathers or tucks, and belt it in smartly. Stripes are top-style notes, and there will be literally millions of blouses worn. You may be able to cut an older one off to make the new smart waistline lengths or just below (outside or inside the skirt, as you like).

And who hasn't got, or can't make, a bolero? Since Schiaparelli talked about them as the most important coming spring fashion, you'll be wise to have at least one. Embroider or appliqué it with bright designs—and wear it over a dark frock. Sleeveless, if you like, and short and festive.

**WOMEN** won't give up their veils. They've found them too alluring—and too valuable for those tiny hats and calottes that would look pretty startling otherwise.

Generally speaking, the vogue for ultra-femininity will slowly give way before a more tailored version. But tailoring with lots of frivolous touches, to keep it from being severe. So your brightest nosegays and most softly folded and tied collars will add the right touch to your suit. By the way, if you have a blouse with a fussy jabot, take it off and make a soft tie or scarf collar instead. Softly draped lines will be better than frilly ones. If you're really clever enough with your fingers to turn an old frock into a skirt and short bolero, make a blouse with a sash tie at the waist or underneath it.

A fairly wide, light fur collar on your spring coat, if it's narrow-collared, will be a new touch. Too many curves in the silhouette will indicate that your mind is still of the old season. Don't pull your belt so tightly or emphasize your bustline quite so much. Lines are straighter for spring, and short skirts and neater, slicker coiffures tend to emphasize them.

High necklines in blouses and frocks promise to hold their own. Five strands of pearls, two gold clips or a bright choker will give no end of verve to your high, plain-necked frock. All sorts of tie and scarf collars are very good.

You can get a smart new effect in an old suit or coat by having a gay lining put in it—something the new season will sponsor. For instance, line a grey tweedy suit with olive green silk crepe, and get a pocket-hankie or a scarf in the same shade as your lining. Or try a brown suit with a deep wine-toned lining, or black with royal blue.

**EVENING CLOTHES** will be soft and fragile looking, so keep that chiffon or georgette or crepe de Chine frock, make a smart little bolero for it, and wear it on into the parties of the new year.

To go with that nice plain skirt of yours, make a knitted sweater in a fancy rustic or exotic wool. It will fit into the scheme for interesting fabric surfaces.

A bright scarlet jacket and calotte with your navy blue frock, a daffodil yellow bag and bolero with black, or a pink flower and sash with a black frock are grand ideas for giving your winter dresses a springlike look.

As for color—all the fresh floral shades will do wonders in perking up your winter clothes. Pinks are being highlighted in Paris and New York. Even felt hats and bags in icing and dusky pink, are being worn

with the ordinary black and navy winter frocks and coats.

Try lovely greeny-toned yellow to give your brown or dark green costumes color, and a touch of greyed blue with a bright blue, grey or navy dress. A touch of rosewood is lovely with browns, and a light iris shade with purples.

And this is a perfect time to get a pair of gaily-colored gloves and a scarf or bag to match to wear with dark clothes.

**IT'S AMAZING** the things you'll be able to do with old blouses and dresses. For instance, you can take a blouse you've been wearing until you feel it's practically done. Get a sleeveless sweater and wear the blouse under it. You'll be in line with the new sport styles. If you have a bright silk blouse and a dark skirt, you can appliqué a little of the dark color on your blouse—perhaps across the pocket tops, or around the collar, or in a design down the front. It makes a grand combination—and if you use suede or braid the effect will be spring, 1938.

Fasten one of your gayest scarves to the jacket of a suit or two-piece dress so that you can drape it softly around your throat, and fasten it with a clip at the right shoulder. It will be extremely new and interesting.

What you can do with bits of print, velvet, braid, suede and ribbons as the new season approaches! Take the collar off a winter frock and cut a deep V-shaped piece in the front, stitch velvet in a little deeper shade than your frock in, with a high, folded neckline, and make a velvet bolero to match. Take a black bolero and stitch gold braid or bright paillettes on it in a gay design. Be daring enough to stitch little ribbon bows or long ribbon streamers all over an old evening frock. Again, a deeper tone of the same shade as your dress will be perfect.

Make a brief little polka dotted or small print blouse for a dark suit. If you have a coat or jacket or suit with revers, use a bright figured fabric to cover them. Match it with a bag or scarf or belt. It's a sure-fire touch for spring.

**HAVE YOU** one of those little stiff sailors that were so good last spring? Fasten ribbon streamers from the back of the brim and bring them around to tie under your chin. If you're quite young, of course. If you have a cape, line it with the brightest plaid you can find, so that it will fly cheerily in the March winds.

Slit a tight skirt slightly up the right side. Get a veil in crisscross design for a little hat—it will make your eyes more shadowy and alluring. Sew a perky pompon on the top of your beret or calotte.

Nothing makes you look lovelier at this time of year in your winter outfit than a set of fresh accessories. There's a grand soft turquoise blue that would be lovely with dark blues and blacks. Scarf, handbag, belt and jewellery (or any one or two of them) in violet would be another popular accessory outfit for just before spring. Gold continues to be important, and it lends a glamorous touch to dark dresses that nothing else can. Get a new collar for an old frock in the just-out shrimp pink shade. An Irish lace bib will put you right in the front rank of fashion firsts.

Tucking, stitching, pleating, embroidering of all kinds will be greatly in vogue on frocks or blouses, so don't discard your winter things if they're hand worked. And it's going to be one of the biggest seasons yet for knitting—knitted skirts with suede jackets, knitted jackets and sweaters with plain woollen skirts, even finely knitted dinner dresses. So tend to your knitting and keep your knitted outfits, intact or in pieces.

Make a chiffon overdress for your satin evening gown—tack little bright stars all over the skirt—fashion a bodice of lace for over your sleek, black, low décolleté dinner gown. Make a collarless white and silver brocade coat, fingertip length, to go with a long tight-skirted frock for dinner. Shorten your skirts to six inches from the floor—and get out your mother's cameo. ♦



Gail Patrick can go right on wearing this high neckline and smart little hat. They're both tops for spring.



Tie collars will be featured in the new fashions like this one worn by pretty Jane Wyman.

# Wear It Today ..

*And be Smart for Spring*

By CAROLYN DAMON



The softly folded front-slanting hat with its manipulated crown will be a continuing favorite, as it is generally flattering to many types.

Stripes carry over for spring blouses—especially in tricky designs such as this, with a vest pattern and diagonal collar effectively worked out.

Tunic revival, with Kay Francis. Her beige and black rough model is smartly full and tucked—with good-looking bracelet-length sleeves.

Brilliant little

into summer.

over dark frocks will be definitely featured well

Margaret Lindsay shows a silver and red version.





*Youth will be served*

.... WITH CAMPBELL'S

YOUTH knows its flavors, and when the tang of plump, juicy, summer-ripened tomatoes appears on the table in the depth of a Canadian winter, youthful appetites are wide awake. A gleam of summer sun is in this soup, stored within those ruby-ripe tomatoes. Golden butter adds its richness. Delicate seasonings give just the right finish to the flavor.

This soup is specially enticing when served as an extra-nourishing Cream of Tomato. It's simplicity itself to prepare . . . just add milk instead of water before heating. What an ideal lunch in the middle of the school day . . . a wholesome treat for supper! Children like it so well, and it's so good for them—two excellent reasons why you should serve it often.

## *Campbell's* Tomato Soup

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



A Sonja Henie  
I will be  
With Campbell's Soup  
Inside of me!



Look for the  
Red-and-White Label

# False Face

by CONSTANCE FOSTER



## *How a public spectacle solved a private problem*

**B**UT, DICK, he's only four—just a baby really. Surely you aren't going to be so hard on him. Suppose he does want to wear the mask? What difference does it make?"

Marion Johnson's voice, pleasantly conciliatory, had troubled undertones. She knew that in matters of child training parents ought to present a united front. But it did seem cruel to deprive Chubby of the circus when for days he had talked of nothing else.

Peter, older by three years, tugged at his father's hand, eager to be off. In his regulation navy blue reefer and Eton cap he looked manly beyond the status of second grade. Dick's eyes on him shone with pardonable paternal pride. But Chubby! Marion, staring at her younger-born, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

He stood squarely in the narrow hallway, his fat little body quivering like a puppy's with infinite hope. But whatever facial expression his infantile features wore was blotted out behind the hideous grimace of a slant-eyed Chinaman.

"This false-face business has gone far enough," Dick snorted. "The time I took him to the office he was an Indian, gory with war paint. And the night I brought our branch manager home for dinner, he came to the table in a pirate's mask. I tell you I won't be made a laughingstock, Marion. People turn to stare and point on the street."

Even a mother's instinct to defend her young wavered. It was asking too much of a mere father to expect him to play nursemaid to a monstrosity. Chubby's tender yellow curls, cascading around the edges of the bilious mask, were an anachronism. She knelt, putting both arms around the little boy's plump middle.

"Please, Chubby," she pleaded, "take it off. Leave it home just this once while daddy takes you to see the funny clowns and the elephants."

"Won't!" announced the infant, clutching firmly at his disguise.

"Then daddy won't take you to the circus," Dick reiterated. "Daddy will take Peter, and you will have to stay at home. Do you understand?"

Peter left off straining at his father's arm and began to jump up and down, emitting derisive noises.

"Ya! Ya! I'm going to the circus! Chubby's gotta stay home! Chubby can't go to the circus!"

Their mother felt her reason slipping in one of those not infrequent moments when the domestic scene resembles a lion's arena. For consolation she held Chubby tighter around his stomach, which was a miniature replica of Henry the Eighth's.

Marion was seized with apprehension. No one was looking at the bride — all eyes were on Chubby, dutifully clenching the satin train, wearing a grotesque mask!

"Stop taunting your brother, Peter, or I'll wash my hands of this whole circus business," barked Dick. He turned to glower at Chubby. "I'll give you just one more chance, young man. Take off that false face at once or you'll stay at home with your mother."

Sniffing behind the leering mask, Chubby buried it in his mother's shoulder. He shook his head stubbornly.

"Very well," Dick boomed with false cheer. "That's that. Come on, Peter. We're off."

WHEN THE two figures, the large one and the small, were tiny black specks, turning the corner at the end of the street, Marion entreated, "Why, Chubby? Oh, why? Tell mother." Baffled, she surveyed the mite of four who was flesh of her flesh but whose mental processes were already so strangely secret to her.

At first Chubby's inexplicable passion for the false faces had amused the family. His "what did you bring me?", hauntingly familiar to all mothers who return from a day in town, could always be happily satisfied with a new mask. The little stationery store at the corner, complying with the law of supply and demand, obligingly stocked false faces long past Hallowe'en as trap for Chubby's pennies.

Playing in yard or street with the other children, most of whom were lads of Peter's age with an awkward gap or two where baby teeth were missing, Chubby stuck out like a sore thumb. Short, square and inarticulate, his baby's body was invariably topped by a grotesque head that made him look like a malformed dwarf. Sometimes the face grinned stupidly. Again it wore a fierce expression, insolently challenging the world. But always it was a disguise for Chubby's own sky-dyed eyes and placid mouth.

Wordless even under the smart of his disappointment, he stood now with Buddhalike impassibility, only an occasional hiccough emerging from behind the mask to testify to his grief. Marion wanted to shake him soundly, as a child rattles a toy bank, striving to dislodge a coin. But Chubby remained inviolate and inviolable. She knew suddenly the sad separation of motherhood.

Shaking off her feeling of frustration, Marion suggested brightly, "Let's try on your pants for the wedding. You're going to be Cousin Mary's page-boy, you know."

Chubby's apathy vanished. He sparkled as suddenly as an electric light bulb when the switch is pressed.

"Is there pockets?" he demanded.

Marion frowned. Pockets were a complication quite beyond the scope of her amateur dressmaking. She had managed to cut out the tiny black satin trousers by using a pair of his everyday ones for pattern. Artfully fashioned of jersey with an elastic in the waist, they had been Chubby's regulation uniform ever since he had graduated from diapers. But they boasted no pockets.

"Little boys," Marion laughed, "don't wear pockets." "Big boys do," mourned Chubby in a very small voice. "They call me 'Bloomers.' That's a sissy name."

His mother concentrated on tugging him into the abbreviated satin breeches without ripping a seam. Around the pins in her mouth she murmured absently, "Mercy, names won't hurt you. There, these need a two-inch hem" + Continued on page 33



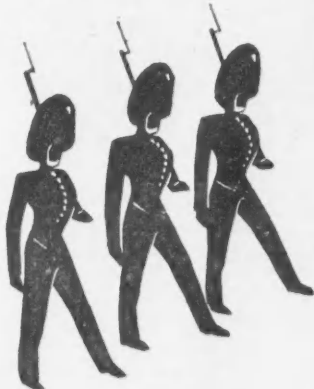


A new portrait of Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, by Marcus Williams.

It is with great regret that we bring to a close this fascinating study of the children of our King and Queen, which has been appearing exclusively in Canada in Chatelaine. This month, Lady Cynthia Asquith gives us an intimate glimpse of Their Majesties' simple country house, Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, taking us into Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret's own charming rooms.

Having brought their story up to last year, we must, of course, leave them to grow up a little more, and so we end with the greatest event of their young lives—the Coronation of their Father and Mother.

As our readers will observe, one of the photographs shown on this page was taken by the King himself, and we are indebted to His Majesty for permission to reproduce these charming pictures from his own collection.



IT WAS a great relief to the Princesses when their father became King to be told that, though Windsor Castle must now of course be occupied for State occasions, there was to be no question of Royal Lodge—their parents' cherished little private country home—being given up.

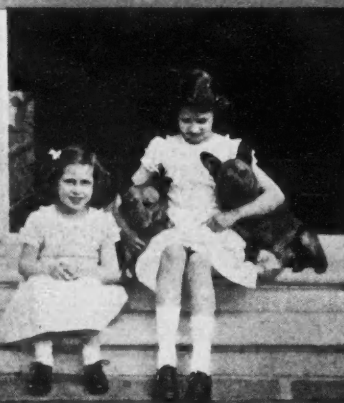
It would indeed have been too sad if the Princesses had had to leave their very own gardens and their old friend the toad who inhabited the flower beds.

And the Queen has made "indoors" so delightful, too. Let us glance inside the children's own rooms, beginning with the nursery which looks out onto the Welsh Cottage and the sunken garden.

In the color scheme of this room the prevailing note is a warm cream. The carpet is a pale fawn. The curtains have a design of scattered pink flowers on a cream foundation. In the walls there are lovely toy cupboards that light automatically when their doors are opened, several very comfortable diminutive easy-chairs and a nice soft sofa to sprawl on. The fire-screen is embroidered with music and nursery rhymes. Standing on the mantelpiece a picture of Queen Elizabeth presides over a room pleasantly populated with divers toy animals, especially with stuffed lions and their cubs. The walls of the schoolroom are also painted cream



The Princesses are presented with bouquets when they arrive at the Coronation Concert.



The King himself took this happy snap of his daughters and two of their dogs.



The Princesses show keen interest in the Swimming Championships at the Bath Club, London.

and its carpet is fawn colored. The centre table—easily scrubbed—is of plain oak; the chairs are of white apple wood, and all the chintzes are pink. Almost the whole of one side of this room is taken up by a model farm, all the livestock of which has been gradually collected from Woolworth's toy department.

On the other side of the room is a bookcase filled with very special books, many of them given by Queen Mary, including a set on poets, musicians and artists, which belonged to Queen Alexandra.

Colored maps of the world adorn one wall. Each Princess has her own special clock, and Princess Margaret has already learned that most difficult lesson, that it is the small and not the big hand that tells the hour.

In Princess Elizabeth's lovely cream and pink bedroom all the chintzes are quilted. The heart-shaped dressing table has an apron made of the chintz that covers the chairs, and on it, symmetrically arranged, gleams the pink enamel set of brushes, combs, mirrors, boxes, hand-glass, etc., given by Queen Mary. The large cupboard for the Princess's clothes is of walnut wood. It is scarcely necessary to say that the pictures on the walls are of horses.

The color scheme of Princess Margaret's bedroom is very much the same as her sister's. The armchairs are covered in a chintz of pink and blue flowers on a cream background. The lovely little wooden bed is carved with thistles at its four corners, and a York Rose adorns its top.

Besides all the old outdoor attractions at Royal Lodge, there is the new hard tennis court that had just been made. The Princesses love to watch their parents playing a single, and are soon to learn to play themselves, but Princess Margaret must wait until she is a little higher than the net!

Yes, it is lovely to know that in spite of all the exciting changes in their lives, there will still be those peaceful family week-ends, undisturbed by officials or

visitors, when they will be able to watch their mother carefully cultivating her "wild garden" and applaud their father reviving himself from the labors of the week by wielding his axe with all his old energy and dexterity.

But, blessed sanctuary though it be, even Royal Lodge cannot protect the children it has in its keeping from the inevitable sorrows of life, and recently the Princesses suffered a very sad bereavement. The life of Peggy, the darling, rather temperamental pony, on whose sturdy back they had both learned to ride, came to an end.

"Are you going to ride Peggy today?" asked someone, who had not heard of the tragedy.

"No," answered Princess Margaret. "Peggy's dead. Peggy's gone to Heaven, and I expect Jesus is riding on her now, instead of on that donkey Mummie told us about."

A new pony called Comet has joined the others in the stables at Royal Lodge. No doubt he will be as dearly loved as his predecessors, but he still has much ground to make up.

"His countenance is not nearly so pleasant, and he is much less nice to feed," pronounced Princess Elizabeth.

IT WAS at a quarter to six on Thursday, the 18th of February, that the King's daughters actually moved into Buckingham Palace.

Sad though it had been to leave the happy home of her early childhood, Princess Elizabeth was soon obliged to admit that her new residence had some very remarkable advantages. To begin with, the gloriously large and unoverlooked garden of which they now have the full freedom, makes an immense difference to everyday life in London. Forty acres allow plenty of room for every kind of game. They can bicycle to their hearts' content, play Red Indians, race themselves to a standstill and get just as hot and untidy as they like without fear of any camera ♦ Continued on page 52



"The trick of a fine  
one-dish meal IS  
THIS BACON WITH THE  
SWEET SMOKE TASTE!"



The BRAND is  
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● Don't overlook it . . . how easily you can get variety, high food-value, and tempting flavour in winter-time dishes with Swift's Premium Bacon.

An exceptionally mild bacon . . . uniformly so because of the expert Premium sugar cure . . . Swift's Premium is also noticeably richer in flavour.

Ovenizing is the reason for that . . .

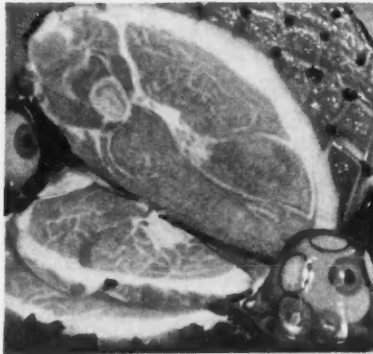
the special Swift way of smoking, in ovens. Ovenizing increases the tenderness of the bacon and, from the fragrant hickory embers, develops a wonderfully delicious flavour best described as a *sweet smoke taste*. You'll like it!

Ask your dealer today for a half-pound or pound package of this leading brand—Swift's Premium Bacon. Swift Canadian Co., Limited.

**How this luncheon ham dish is made:**

With Swift's Premium Ham baked as directed at the right and chilled, serve these gelatin molds: Dissolve 1 pkg. lemon-flavoured gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add juice of 1 lemon and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. Cool. When beginning to set, pour it over whole hard cooked eggs, thinly sliced radishes and olives in individual molds. When set, unmold on water-cress around the cold ham.

**Delicious—and all on one platter!** Fill canned peach halves with drained canned blueberries. Mix  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar with 2 tablespoons butter, 1 small egg yolk and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon; dab over fruit; heat in moderate oven, 375°. In same oven, bake 10 or 12 slices Swift's Premium Bacon, turning once. Meantime—cook, season, drain and butter one package egg noodles or spaghetti. Arrange platter as pictured.



**Ham that needs no parboiling!**

Swift's Premium Ham, because it has been given the famous Premium cure and then *ovenized* (smoked a special way, in ovens) is exceptionally mild and delicious. You bake it this easy way: Place in a covered roaster with 2 cups water. Bake in slow oven, 325°F. until done, allowing about 21 min. a lb. for a large whole ham; about 25 for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. Remove from oven, skin, score fat, dot with cloves and rub surface with bread crumbs and brown sugar. Cover with 1 cup pureed apricots. Brown in hot oven, 450°F. for 20 min.



**THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL**

The finest meats on the market are chosen for you by experts—and branded Swift's Premium!

Swift's Premium HAM and BACON  
Swift's Premium BEEF and LAMB  
Swift's Premium DELICATESSEN MEATS  
Swift's Premium POULTRY

*Eat Meat for Stamina*

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

IS THE BRAND NAME OF THE FINEST

*Meats*



# Off Pounds

Increases energy...helps  
burn up fat...*No Fatigue*  
...*No Nervous Strain*

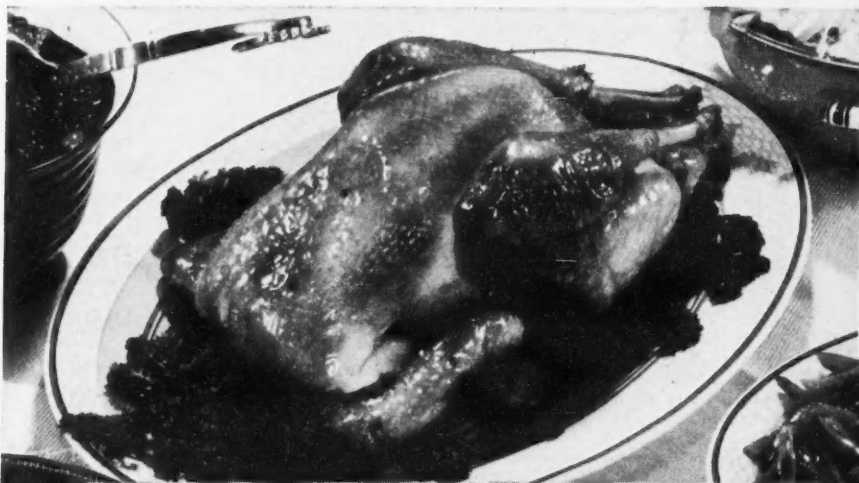
**B**READ itself is not fattening. This is a fact everyone should know—a fact proved by recent scientific tests.

Instead, bread is an important *aid* in reducing. It is a perfect combination of protein and carbohydrates—quickly turned into energy—that helps to *burn up* fat.

Not only that—bread builds up muscle and nerve tissue. On the Bread Diet, you feel strong and energetic. You avoid the weakness, fatigue and irritability resulting from extreme diets.

The Bread Diet is *safe*, well-balanced—backed by four years of research in leading universities and laboratories. By substituting bread for foods that are nearly all starch, it offers an easy, commonsense way to lose excess weight.

You can enjoy your meals and keep your health if you follow the new Bread Diet. And the pounds will vanish—one by one!



## Enjoy Delicious Meals!

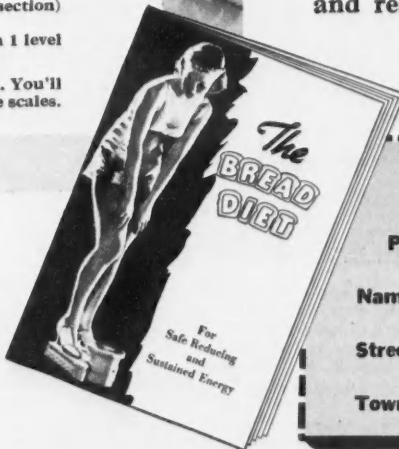
Extreme diets usually suggest uninviting, special meals—meals that take all the fun out of eating. But just read this list of foods in a typical Bread Diet dinner:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Roast Chicken (1½ slices—<br>4" x 2½" x ¼") | Toast (1 slice)                                    |
| Cranberry sauce (1 tablespoon)              | Camembert Cheese (1 section<br>with 1 slice toast) |
| Cole Slaw (½ cup)                           | 1 cup coffee or tea with 1 level<br>teaspoon sugar |
| String Beans (average serving)              |  |

Each meal is a real treat—requiring no special cooking or planning. You'll scarcely realize that you're on a diet—except when you look at the scales.

## BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.



## You can walk a mile on one slice of bread...

Bread is not just a "filler" in the diet, as some people believe. It's a vital food necessity for everybody—and especially important if you are reducing. Your baker's good white bread is the best known source of your greatest food need—energy. One slice gives you enough energy to walk a mile. To reduce safely, cut down on other foods—but eat 6 slices of bread daily. You need it, for sustained energy to carry you through the day.

## FREE! 20 PAGE BOOK COMPLETE BREAD DIET GUIDE

This valuable book tells you just what you should weigh for your age and height—how much food you should eat to reach your ideal weight. Gives complete Bread Diet menus for a whole week—and ways to vary the menus to suit your needs.

Years of time and thousands of dollars in laboratory and research expense went into this book. Many people consider it the most valuable book on sensible dieting ever printed. But you can have it FREE. Just mail coupon.

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Please send my free copy of the Bread Diet.

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# New Bread Diet *Takes*



**You can be Slim . . . Lovely . . .**  
*without starvation or jumpy nerves*

If you are reducing, it is because you want to be more attractive and enjoy better health. But you defeat your purpose if you go on an extreme diet that starves your nerves and muscles—makes you weak, tired and irritable. Extreme reducing diets may even result in nervous breakdown.

The surest safety element in a reducing diet is a liberal amount of bread. Bread is quickly turned into vital energy—and it is one of the best sources of muscle-building proteins.

Follow the safe Bread Diet and be energetic—radiant—glowing with new personality.



# Goin' Prospectin'

Dear Mom—

I've gone prospectin' for gold to make us rich. I ate 2 bowls of swell Cream of Wheat for breakfast and I'm full up with food energy! Goodbye. I may be gone a long time  
Jimmy

P.S. Fix me another bowl of Cream of Wheat for dinner tonight. Rover says goodbye too. I don't think he likes prospectin' like I do.



**M**ake-believe adventure! There's one reason your youngster burns up terrific bodily energy each day.

More than an adult in proportion to his weight! Fortify him with hot Cream of Wheat for breakfast regularly. It's jam-packed with food energy that acts fast. Gets him off to a real start. Delicious? M-m-m-m!



**F**our advantages your doctor sees in Cream of Wheat. It is digested rapidly . . . digestion starting right in the mouth. It is a factor in stimulating steady weight gains. It supplies protein for muscle-building. It gives quick food energy.

**E**conomical?

You bet! Two big helpings of Cream of Wheat for less than one cent. Each package cooks up to over 50 servings. It's a blend from best Canadian hard wheat. Heat-treated, purified, and then hygienically sealed against contamination. 3½ million bowls are eaten daily!



MADE IN CANADA FROM BEST CANADIAN HARD WHEAT. NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS . . . ONLY IN THIS BOX.

**SILVERWARE!** Wm. A. Rogers A1 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

## Poor Lucy Anderson

Continued from page 7

She needs to fight for something."

Will said, "But it's absurd—Lucy having to fight for me! She knows I've been in the hollow of her hand for years."

Mary shrugged. "Well, it is a chance. I'll have to do my part too," she added, her eyes twinkling and suddenly meeting his. "I'll have to talk about you to her, and admire you, try to stay in the room while you're there!"

Suddenly they both laughed. Mary said quickly, "That, in itself may be a good start!"

The color heightened in Will's thin face. "The only thing I think about is seeing her well again. I'd do anything."

Mary said sturdily, "That's all either of us should think about; her happiness and my job. Now I want to take this tray upstairs. Nourishment is part of the program too." She smiled.

Will followed her into the hall. "Try to make her eat," he said.

Mary nodded.

Lucy had taken only a few spoonfuls of broth when she said, "I heard you and Will laughing. It sounded so nice. It's so long since people have laughed in this house. I wonder sometimes if I'll ever laugh again." She turned her face away and began to cry weakly. "I can't eat, Miss Field! Food chokes me."

In the evening Will Bentham brought roses. When Mary put them in water, Lucy said, "They just match her cheeks, don't they?"

Mary and Will looked at each other. Then he said slowly. "Yes, you're right, Lucy, they do—match her cheeks."

Mary smiled at them both. "Never mind," she said. "In a little while we'll have them matching Miss Lucy's."

Lucy said softly, "You're so sweet to me—both of you. Miss Field, I wonder if you'd mind taking a little bit of care of Mr. Bentham too? Maybe you'd give him a glass of orange juice when you get mine?"

"I'll go right down and make it now," Mary said.

MARCH TURNED into April but Lucy Anderson continued to lie white and listless in the big bed. She seemed if anything more fragile and remote as, always smiling, she lay surrounded by the mute offerings and love of all Martinsburg.

Mary Field, bringing in a bunch of jonquils, would say, "Look, darling, what Cassie Miller just sent!" Or, holding up a glass of clear claret jelly, "Here's something from Grandma Brown!"

But Lucy's eyes would only fill with tears. "People are too good to me. You and Will and Doctor Boyd and everybody—oh, if only I were well again!" Then she would sigh and shade her eyes. But after a minute she would smile again and say, "Please look after Will. Make him get some fresh air. Fix him an egg nog. I worry about him."

Mary Field, turning sharply to the

window, would say, "Don't you worry. We're all taking care of him. But you know there's only one person can make him happy!"

Finally though one morning she followed Doctor Boyd into the library. "Well," she said, "it's no use. She's so sweet and innocent and trusting that she throws us at each other's heads! I'm going soft and maudlin over the whole thing. I'm sorry for him too. He deserves a better break. I'm leaving. And you go back to Miss Titus and some good old-fashioned tonics."

Jim Boyd shook his head. "She's holding her own. She hasn't lost an ounce. I've watched these things before. She may snap right out of it. Hold on for another week, Mary."

"Jim," she said firmly, "I'm through."

"You know darned well you'll stick," he told her shortly. "Isn't her appetite better?" He grinned.

"Nothing's any better," she told

him fiercely. "Nothing! And you may as well know it." She went to the door with him and stepped outside. Overnight it seemed all the trees had burst forth in a delicate feathery green. "It's spring!" Mary cried. "It's spring and she won't see it—she won't let it touch her."

Jim Boyd looked sharply into Mary's blue eyes for a second. "Maybe you do need a vacation," he said slowly; and turned and walked rather heavily down the steps.

For several minutes Mary stood in the doorway looking after him. Then she turned too and ran upstairs.

"Listen, honey," she told Lucy, "I'm going to muffle you up in the eiderdown and open all the windows. It's spring—real spring. You can't stay sick this weather!"

Lucy's soft tinkling voice seemed to echo with loneliness in the big room. "Poor Mary Field!" she sighed. "I've kept you here like a prisoner. You

and Will. I've been selfish and mean. Tonight when Cassie Miller comes to stay with me, I'll have Will take you for a drive along the river road. Will and I used to have a favorite apple tree out by the bend—" She didn't finish.

"Nonsense," Mary told her. "I'll have a nice walk. I need exercise."

"No," Lucy insisted gently, "I want you to go for a drive. I want you to come back and tell me all about it."

Mary smiled. "He would much rather be here with you."

"Will ought to get out," Lucy insisted firmly.

When he came at five o'clock, Mary brushed past him swiftly. His glance followed her out of the room, then slowly came back to rest on Lucy. But when he came downstairs, Mary was waiting for him in the hall. Without speaking they stepped outside and closed the door.

"Lucy wants us to go for a drive this evening," he said.

"Yes, I know," Mary returned.

"She had made up her mind. I had to promise."

They stood facing each other in a small breathless silence. Then Mary said evenly, "Some promises are better broken than kept."

Will's eyes met hers deliberately. "I wouldn't break a promise to Lucy any more than I'd hurt her. You know that."

Mary, facing him squarely, her eyes calm, said, "Yes, I know that. And if it pleases her, I'll go."

CASSIE MILLER was late. Mary Field said to Lucy, "Maybe we'd better not go this evening? We won't get back until after dark."

"That won't make any difference," Lucy insisted. "River road is lovely in the dusk. Cassie isn't in a hurry. She'll tell me all the news. I wonder if you'd bring back some apple blossoms? Bring them from our tree, they'll seem different, more fragrant. Aren't I silly?" She smiled at them.

Will stood strangely still. "I hate to leave you, honey. I wish we could bundle you up and take you with us."

Lucy turned her head. Her answer was muffled.

Mary said sharply, "We'd better start." And she caught up her blue cape, flinging it over her shoulders as she left the room. Will followed slowly.

All the way out High Street neither of them spoke. Then as they turned the bend, Mary said, "I know she's stronger. I can't understand."

"She has been through so much," Will returned quietly.

Mary gave him a strange level glance. "Yes, I know. But other people have borne trouble and loneliness. Your life has been given over to service and waiting."

Will looked straight ahead. "Nothing worth while is easy. And Lucy was always frail and helpless. Some of us are stronger."

Mary said suddenly. "Mind if I open this window? I like to feel the wind against my face. It's clean and cool; it seems to sweep away littleness." + Continued on page 26

## Away to the Snowy Hills



And dressed for skiing weather are the three smart girls in these new season's outfits. Everything this year is geared for action, in keeping with the growing skill of Canadian women skiers. No more amateur fags to catch the wind or weigh the wearer down with snow on those exciting ski slopes.

At the left is a newly designed suit from the Austrian resorts. It's in a white wool twill and buttons snugly around the throat. The hip length fashion is favored by Lanz, of Salsburg, and other well known designers this year. The cap and gloves are of weatherweight waterproof fabric.

From London comes an interesting ski suit of white Indian lamb. Snug as only an Indian lamb itself knows how to be. The ski pants tuck neatly into high boots, and the cap has a useful sun shaded brim.



A strictly tailored continental model with dark ski slacks, a waistlength tailored coat in white and a gay yellow sweater. The jacket is made of a new wind and waterproof fabric.

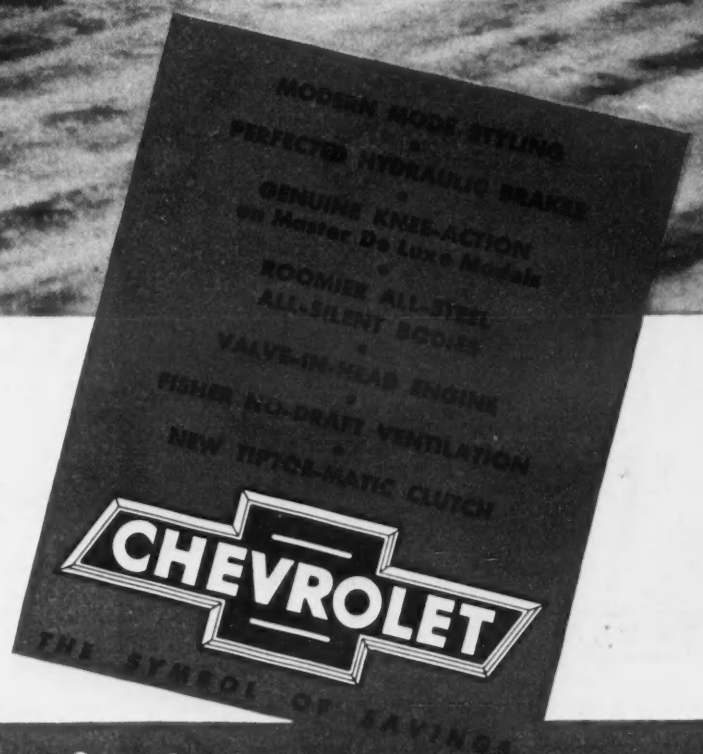




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**T**AKE a look along motor row and you'll see style-wise and value-wise Canadians thronging to see, drive and buy the new 1938 Chevrolet . . . the Car that is Complete.

They're making the right choice! For on every count, Chevrolet stands out as the "buy" of the year. It's smarter—the most beautiful Style Car in Chevrolet history . . . It's a finer performer—ace-high in comfort—unmatched in safety—away out ahead in quality . . . And Chevrolet is the only complete car of lowest price—the only car in

its class with Unisteel Bodies by Fisher, 85-horsepower Valve-in-Head Engine, perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, new Tiptoe-Matic Clutch, and genuine Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe Models.

It's wise to buy now! Because you can face winter driving conditions confidently and safely in this dependable new car . . . Because you'll enjoy easy starting and avoid tire trouble . . . Because there never was a better time to get more money for your present car in trade!



had Doctor Boyd on the wire, she said, "I'd be glad if you could come right over. We've had a little chill—and there may be more to it than that." Then she put the receiver back slowly and stood staring down at it for several seconds before she went to the kitchen. When she had the milk warmed and was back in the hall, Doctor Boyd opened the front door. Mary, cautioning him with her eyes, said loudly, "Well, for goodness sake—a visitor!" And went ahead of him upstairs.

Will sat on the side of the bed, holding Lucy's hand.

"And who do you think I found prowling around downstairs," Mary broke in, "but Doctor Boyd!"

"Yes," he said from the doorway. "I saw the lights and Will's and Mrs. Miller's cars—and I figured it might be a party."

"No," Mary laughed, "just warm milk. Miss Lucy got a bit fresh with April. You know April, doctor—she isn't to be trusted, the minx!"

Suddenly Lucy took her hand away from Will's and held it up. "Please," she cried, "let's stop pretending. Let's not try to be funny and hide things any longer. I can't stand it." And she began to weep.

Cassie cried, "Why, Lucy—Lucy darling—"

Lucy turned wide tear-dimmed eyes toward her. "It's all right, Cassie. But I want you to stay. I want you to stay so that no one can blame Will. No one must blame poor Will!"

Doctor Boyd looked quickly from one face to another.

Mary Field was the one whose expression didn't change. She stood terribly white and still, as if all at once she had changed places with Lucy. For now, oddly, two faint spots of color glowed in Lucy's cheeks. Her voice seemed stronger, more certain. She said clearly, "We all know it's a sin to love one person and marry another! And Will is in love with Mary Field. And she is in love with him. I've seen it happen. Tonight I made sure. But I forgive them both," she cried brokenly.

Will, his face drawn and white, caught her hand. "Lucy," he said "you have no right to talk like this!" "You've never lied to me, Will," Lucy said. "You won't lie now. You do love her, don't you?"

He said, "Lucy, you've got to understand. Nothing has changed between us."

"You have answered me," she said faintly. "You can't love two people. And now," she begged, "just leave me alone with Cassie."

Cassie dropped down on her knees beside Lucy's bed. Lucy's hand loosed from Will's and tightened around Cassie's.

Doctor Boyd said, "Will, I wish you'd go downstairs with Miss Field, for a few minutes."

Will got up and followed Mary out of the room. They went to the kitchen. Standing, facing each other, he spoke first. "What shall we do?"

"I don't know," she told him. "I only know that we can't build happiness on sacrifice."

"But how could she have known?" Will's eyes, dark with pain, implored her. "Until tonight, there was nothing."

"It's not finished," Mary comforted him. "If she loves you she will have faith in you again. You will explain and she will believe you." Mary stared down at her hands, strong, capable, unromantic.

Jim Boyd coming quietly into the room said, "But she doesn't want to believe him!"

They glanced up, questioning him with their eyes. "What do you mean?" asked Will sharply.

"For a long time," the doctor said, "Lucy has been pitied. She has been a martyr. Even your love for her, Will, and her sacrifice and waiting all enhanced her martyrdom. In time it came to be her life—she liked it—so well, in fact, that whenever she saw happiness ahead, she saw it jeopardizing her role. For a long time she has been poor, tragic Lucy Anderson, a sacrificing angel. She was very important. And when happiness and a commonplace life were to be thrust upon her, she escaped—into a collapse. Well, I thought there might still be a chance, if she were in danger of losing you, Will. But it was too late. She welcomed Mary Field."

"You mean," said Will slowly, "that she never really cared—that—"

"At first, perhaps," Jim Boyd said quietly.

Mary looked up at him. "Jim, I'd trust my own life to you in a minute. But how can you be sure about this?"

"I am as certain, Mary," he said, meeting her eyes with assurance, "as I am that you are deeply in love with Will Bentham."

Will didn't move. He seemed somehow lost from them, remote. Finally he spoke. "So many things are coming clear. One night after mother died—" he stopped short.

"If you want to be kind to Lucy," Jim Boyd went on, "you'll go away. You'll go away and make a fresh start. She will be once more poor little Lucy Anderson. She will be heartbroken and deserted, noble and self-sacrificing. She will smile bravely and carry on. She will be almost happy. You must believe me."

Will's eyes met Mary's. He said, "Oh, God—if we could be sure!"

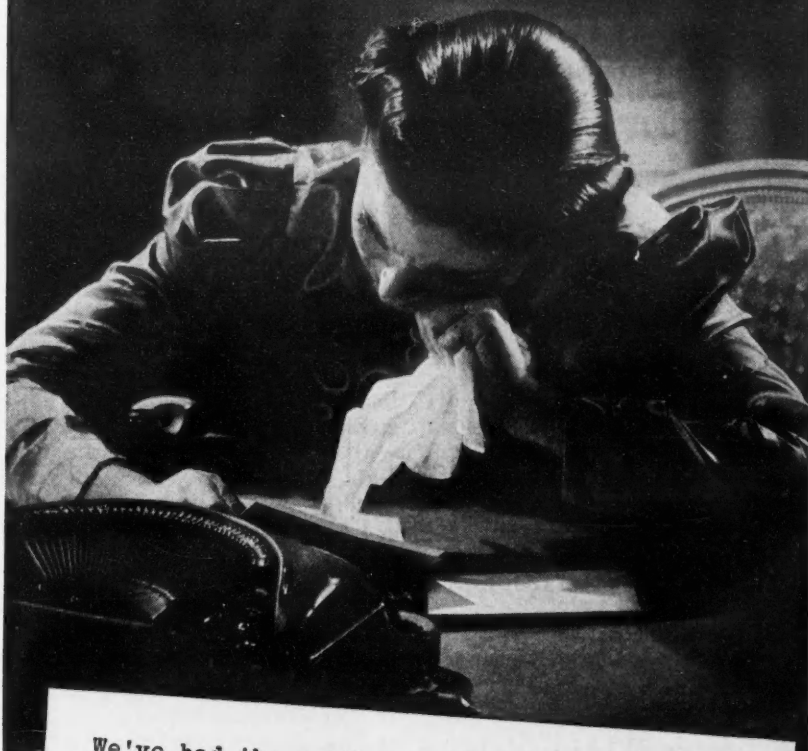
Suddenly the strong clear beauty of her face seemed to have about it a radiance, a glow of conviction. Her hands, fine and sure closed firmly against the table edge. Her eyes blue and steady looked first into Jim Boyd's, then met Will's. She said, "I am sure, Will." And, smiling she waited for him to come to her.

WHEN SEVERAL weeks later, Cassie Miller talked it over at Sewing Circle, she said, "I, for one, blame Doctor Boyd. He brought that girl here. How can we have faith in him? Call him into our homes?"

But someone said, "He pulled Joe Erman through pneumonia. You might say he brought Etta King back to life. And as for Lucy herself, she never looked better."

"That," Cassie told them, "is a demonstration of Lucy's love. She told me herself that she simply had to live. Otherwise poor Will's whole life would be shattered with remorse. Lucy is a saint if ever there was one. Poor darling, we must all help her. Poor Lucy Anderson!"

Dear Mother,  
The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,  
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!  
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did — and go on with your honeymoon!  
Mother

Dear Mother,  
That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP! { P.S. You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too! }





For  
**Better  
Driving**

## When your car skids

- ➡ Don't touch the clutch.
- ➡ Don't jam on the brakes.
- ➡ Take your foot off the gas.
- ➡ Give wheel a turn in direction of skid, if the road is clear.

WHEN your car skids crazily and your heart sinks—you're driving too fast for safety. Exactly what you do depends on your driving experience, but the instructions given above are well worth learning by heart.

Swerving suddenly or jamming on your brakes at high speed may cause skidding even on dry roads. But a slight swerve or a sharp turn even at reasonable speed on wet, slippery or icy pavements may cause a skid. Tires worn smooth and unequal brake

pressure are the cause of many serious skids. Yearly, thousands of drivers are involved in skidding accidents which cause either death or injury.

Like so many emergencies in our lives, most skids can be prevented. Good drivers try to avoid situations which require emergency actions by foreseeing them before they happen. They always adjust their speed to road conditions, obey signals and concentrate on their driving.

★ ★ ★ ★

Send for your free copy of "Calling All Drivers"

This booklet gives you valuable suggestions for safe driving.  
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## Poor Lucy Anderson

Continued from page 22

"I like the wind too," he said. "I like to walk in it, fight it. Often in the fall when it's sharp with the smell of burning leaves, I've walked miles. I used to try to persuade Lucy—" He stopped short. But the car seemed to have gained momentum, to be rushing faster and faster. Then he said, "Sometimes on a straight road, on a clear wide stretch, I wish it would never end, that I might go on and on into a strange country."

"Yes," Mary said quietly, "like when you were a child and believed in fairies. A wide road of enchantment leading to far places. I've felt it too."

"Yes, you'd have felt it too," he told her gravely.

"How far do we go this time?" she asked.

"Not far now. Do you see that little clump of woods across the river? I used to play Indian there when I was a child. My grandfather had a farm near by."

"What kind of little boy were you?" Mary asked. Then she said, "But you needn't tell me. I know. You had big wondering grey eyes and long thin legs and your sunburned hair grew in a cowlick. When you weren't fighting Indians, you were with Robin Hood, or rescuing fair princesses from enchanted towers!"

"And so you know even that," Will said slowly.

"There is so much in this world we have to know that way—without words," she returned.

Will pulled the car off the road. "There is the tree. She called it our tree."

He made no move to get out, but stared into the dusk. "Mary," he told her quietly, "I know what you meant when you said there were a lot of things in this world we had to know without words. I guess that's the way things will have to be between us—without words—just knowing. But fleeting moments in the kitchen, a few seconds at the door, passing each other on the stairs, saying goodnight, I've told you more about myself than I've ever told Lucy. You know that. At first I was frightened. I'd go over things and try to understand. It seemed unreal. Then I began to feel guilty and cheap. But now I know. Lucy is the golden-haired princess I started to rescue in my youth. And she is still the princess, none the less worthy of rescue. And in one way, I love her."

Mary said, "Yes, we both understand. Thank God for that. I want you to know that I felt shabby and cheap too. I blamed myself. Then the night we stood at the door, looking at the stars, and you said—"

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "Don't, Mary. You'll never know how I wanted you then, wanted to take you in my arms—and want you the same way now."

All at once the sun seemed to have gone down and in the bluish dusk the apple tree stood out before them cool and silent in its white purity.

Mary said, "Yes, we both think so now. But some day it may be as remote and unreal and belonging only to

memory as childhood and the woods, and the Indians. I may scarcely remember the name of this town. You and Lucy will be happy, and life will form a smooth pattern—so that you will only remember that once—" She broke off and said, "Come, let's hurry!" Opening the door of the car she jumped lightly to the ground and ran up the little slope to the tree. He followed and they started to break the delicate flowering branches.

Then, turning suddenly, facing each other in the spring dusk, Will said, "Mary—" And he took her in his arms. He held her close against his beating heart and touched his lips to her hair. Then, as she lifted her head, he pressed his mouth against hers. And when, after a moment, they parted, staring mutely at each other, it was quite dark. And the white blossoms of the tree seemed to glow and breathe above them.

THEY WALKED back to the car and Will turned it toward town. "We haven't really hurt Lucy."

"No," Mary returned, "we haven't hurt her. Lucy hasn't been touched."

He said, "Life shouldn't be like this. It's wrong. Something is wrong in the whole pattern."

And then they were back, the lighted windows in Lucy's room shining squarely and clearly in the dark. They walked close together up the brick path, their hands almost touching. Mary said, "This is really good-by, Will. I may see you tomorrow, but I'm going back to the city." She looked up at him, and he half bent toward her. Then abruptly they stepped apart.

A sound no heavier than the brush of a bird's wing touched the stillness above them. The curtains in Lucy's rooms dropped back to place.

He said, "It must have been Cassie."

Mary shook her head. "No, it was Lucy." And she raced up the steps. As they opened the door, Cassie came from the kitchen with a glass of milk.

"Lucy asked for it, Miss Field," she said. "I think it's a good sign."

"Yes," Mary said, flinging her cape on the rack, "Of course it is." But she raced swiftly ahead of them up the stairs.

Lucy lay back on the pillow with her eyes closed. Mary crossed quickly. She said, "Your hands are cold. These warmish nights are deceiving."

Lucy smiled up at her strangely. "Yes," she said, "I'm cold, I'm cold as ice all over."

Mary said shortly, "You shouldn't have done it. You got up and looked out the window. Now you're chilled and over-excited. It was foolish, but you'll be all right." She tucked the eiderdown about her, and turned to Cassie Miller. "You stay with Miss Lucy while I go down and warm this milk. She's a bit chilly and cold milk won't help."

"Where's Will?" Lucy whispered. "He's putting the apple blossoms in water," Mary called over her shoulder. On the stairs she brushed past him without speaking, going directly to the telephone in the library. When she





Bathe the eyes regularly with a two-per-cent solution of boracic acid in tepid water.



Spraying the mouth with an antiseptic is an important part of the daily routine.

## DETAILS IN BEAUTY

By ANNABELLE LEE

**A**LL YOU see is shining, smooth hair, well-groomed hands, and a general air of immaculateness—but it's obvious that the girl with the pearls is beautifully turned out. You know she's well dressed, although the photograph reveals only the details that tell of her attention to beauty rituals.

Did you ever see a girl with carefully tended hands—and run-down heels? Or glossy hair, with dubious neckwear? Most attractive women find their good looks in their attention to details. When busy women complain that they have no time to care for their looks—I wish they could see how really busy most very attractive women are! And I wish, too, that they could realize, once and for all, that most of the aspects of beauty culture can be tended to in the little minutes

during the day. Don't feel you have to find hours of time—even half hours—for the little routine of beauty. It's the regular moments, organized here and there, that will give you an increased joy in living. For life is far more interesting when you feel you look your best!

There's a growing popularity among attractive women for the use of the half hour or so after lunch, when most of them have a nap. It's an excellent chance to cream your face, to apply some of the nourishing skin food to work for your good looks while you nap. Dip a couple of pads in a tonic lotion and lay them on your eyes as you rest. Once a week use one of the new mask treatments which do so much for the refining and stimulation of your skin. Or take this time for your manicure. There's not the sense of weariness most

women feel at the end of a busy day—and there's a pleasant sense of privacy and time. Even if you can't do all that you'd like to, make sure the nourishing cream is on your face and the pads on your eyes. You'll feel like a new woman afterward. If you use the mask—be very sure you follow directions. Don't leave it on longer than instructions describe. Don't use it too often. It will do wonders for your skin—if you stick to the rules.

Learn, too, to relax in this midday period. It isn't always easy, but it's your big hope for retaining a youthful serenity. As you lie on the bed, feel yourself getting heavy and inert from your heels clear up to the back of your head. Look deeply at blackness under your closed lids—it will help + Continued on page 31

# How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

**IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE  
COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY,  
BUT START NOW TO FIGHT  
THEM WITH A PENETRATING  
FACE CREAM**

## BLACKHEADS?

YES..... NO.....

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

## OILY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

## COARSE PORES?

YES..... NO.....

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

## DINGY COLOR?

YES..... NO.....

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

## DRY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

## TINY LINES?

YES..... NO.....

Can you see faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

## Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, Toronto, 12, Ontario.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads..... Dry Skin..... Oily Skin.....  
Coarse Pores..... Tiny Lines..... Poor Color.....

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

2-24

## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 13

fortunes—she's darned good at it, too. Puts on a darned good show."

Sue looked at Marta with interest. "You do! What fun!" Then she said to Dave. "She does look a little like a gypsy, doesn't she—with that dark hair and those eyes. It would be fun to have her do it for one of our parties, wouldn't it? You know, in costume, just wander around telling people—you're not going, darling?"

Dave said, "I guess I better go back and help Vic wash dishes and empty the ash trays."

"But I thought you were going to stay."

"I thought so, too," Dave said, "but I had a change of heart—"

Sue shook her head over him and said well, if he must, and Dave said, "See you some time," and went.

Sue said, "Bye, darling," and then to Marta, "Sit down in one of those comfy chairs, Miss Ross. Fancy your knowing Dave."

"I don't—not really," Marta said.

"Oh!" Sue sat down and sighed and smiled. "Heavens, I'm dead. Jim will be down in a minute—you've no idea how upset he was—of course, we both were—but he was all right, after all, wasn't he? I mean, the infant. But that abominable nurse—of course I'm going to discharge her the minute—"

"Do you know him well?" Marta asked, leaning across the table, looking intently at her hostess. "I mean Mr.—I don't know his name. The man who just left?"

"Dave? Know him? Oh my, yes. He's a lamb—I mean, he's usually perfectly sweet, but tonight he wasn't in very good form. You see, this afternoon he had a fight with the girl he's engaged to—"

Marta let out an involuntary, "Oh!"

And Sue nodded energetically, for she dearly loved a little harmless gossip. "Yes, I really was sorry for him. Ellen—she's the girl he's going to marry—got furious with him and walked out on his party with another man."

Marta leaned a little farther over the table. "Was he—a dark man, by any chance?"

"Who? Oh, why, yes. Yes, he was dark—and terribly good looking. Paul Davis, the singer, it was." She looked curiously at the girl who was Carl's dancing teacher. Now that Carl was safe, her access of gratitude had somewhat abated. Oh, she was still grateful, but it was rather a nuisance having this frowzy little thing on her hands when she still had a thousand things to do. She hadn't, she realized, thought that Marta was frowzy when she had gone round to interview her about Carl. She had been impressed by the girl's neat appearance and brisk, businesslike manner. At the moment she looked ghastly, with her cheekbones shiny, her lipstick smeary, her shabby hat askew from Carl's loving farewell. But Sue was a warm-hearted creature and she thought, knowing her child pretty well, "I suppose she's had a ghastly afternoon."

Marta said abruptly, "Maybe you can help me, Mrs. Price. You see—it's all my fault." ♦ Continued on page 44



*The Calendar said:*  
**"GIVE IN"**  
**MIDOL**  
*said: "GO ON!"*



DON'T live in *dated* dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it *on the counter*. Handy purse-size tin, 50c.—and well worth it when periodic suffering *must* be relieved.

♦ To try Midol free, just send your name and address to General Drug Co., Windsor, Ont. Trial box will be mailed prepaid.



MADE IN CANADA



eyebrows, jaw and lens. The pointed oval, in five, is best with a lens which follows every line of the face. The full pointed lens will give a larger appearance to the eyes if the features are small.

As a general rule, normal faces take symmetrical lens shapes, long faces deep lenses, short faces shallow ones, square faces angular lenses and pointed faces, lens shapes that are pointed at the bottom.

Your optician will help you with your style of glasses. But you'll have to go to work on your general appearance yourself. Begin by studying your make-up.

The great danger of glasses is that they may detract from the sparkle and glamor of the eyes. You can overcome this by extra and clever make-up. Use eye shadow and mascara at all times, carefully applied. Shape your eyebrows above the line of your glasses. Draw a little brush over the hairs from the far corners, the wrong way, add your touch of eyebrow pencil, and smooth them carefully back into line. Always wear a little tissue oil in the corners of your eyes and apply a touch of eye shadow and a bit of mascara to take away any hardness or severity the reflection of the glasses may cause. Place your rouge a little higher, so as to break the line made by the rim of

the glasses on your cheekbone. Be careful about using powder around the eyes, as it will be magnified.

Then there's the question of hats. Once it was believed that the only thing a girl with glasses could do was to cover as much of her face as possible with a brim. Today, couturiers will tell you that if the face and hair are done to their best advantage, and the lens shapes are becoming, almost any type of hat may be worn to advantage.

But the hair is extremely important. Few are the women with glasses who can brush their hair back off ears and forehead, and still appear enchantingly feminine. Soft rolls and curls at the sides of the head and a line which may leave the forehead clear but not too bare, are good. And an extremely important point is to watch the line of your curls and waves at the side, so that they won't extend and emphasize the glasses line. See that there is no deep wave or part where the hook meets the ear. Otherwise, you will draw attention to it in the strongest possible way.

And if you're really after the latest, trickiest slants in glasses—you can get them with colored rims to match your costumes!

(Lens figures from the American Optical Company, by courtesy of Fred Shorney, Ltd., Toronto.) +

## Details in Beauty

Continued from page 29

you "let go," and will be an excellent rest for your eyes themselves.

In applying your lipstick, see that your lips are dry first. Press them lightly on a tissue afterward—it takes away the excess color and leaves your lips looking natural. Older women often powder lightly over their lips, after applying the lipstick as it gives a softening effect.

PROPER CARE of your hair does not mean the regular visit to your favorite hairdresser only. Nor does a permanent wave mean a permanent coiffure. All through the day, you are given endless opportunities for making your hair beautiful—in what you eat—in the regular, up-swinging brushing—in the steady coaxing of your waves into place. If you have oily hair, remember that brushing will correct it, just as it will a too-dry scalp condition. Maybe for the first two or three days after you have brushed it thoroughly, you will feel it is a bit oilier than ever, and give up in disgust. But I can assure you that the increased oiliness will only last a day or so. The improved condition of the scalp will quickly be felt in the oil glands, and a more normal condition restored.

If you live in a "hard-water" district, and take your shampoos at home, use rain water or one of the commercial water softeners. They are a great boon. I still find women who apply soap in a cake form, although most of you know that it is infinitely wiser to use a proper shampoo. It is practically impossible to get the soap out of the hair by rinsing when you use it in the cake and your hair is left dry and dull.

Don't imagine that sudden splurges of interest will do your hair any good.

It's the daily, steady up-brushing that will bring beauty. Sometimes a little brilliantine is good for dry hair, and helps to keep it well groomed. Apply a little to the palm of one hand and pass the brush lightly over it. Brush the ends of your hair first always, as this will take off the excess.

Don't overlook the use of an eyebrow brush in attending to the details of your toilette. The extravagantly arched brows of some years ago are disappearing, as beauty experts and women themselves realize now that the smooth wing of an eyebrow adds immeasurably to the effect of the eyes, and the whole face. Have your eyebrows shaped, of course, if they need it, and brush them carefully after every application of powder. A drop of oil or cream smoothed on will give that gloss which looks so attractive. If they're thin and pale, apply a little hair tonic and massage it in well. Bathe your eyes regularly with a little tepid water in a two per cent boracic solution. It's very restful for the eyes—and keeps them shining.

Finally, be extraordinarily careful never to forget your deodorant. There is absolutely no excuse for offending—and I believe it is easier to offend in the hot crowded rooms of winter than in the summer—bad as that is. With the various types of liquid and cream deodorants, no woman should ever go out in public without making absolutely sure that she is protected. The various strengths are so graded that every type of skin can be treated. If you forget to apply it at night—there is the instant type which can be applied just before you go out. Deodorant powders are proving of inestimable benefit and should be a part of every bath routine. +



"I'M THRILLED WITH THE  
*New Improved Palmolive*"

SAYS: *Mrs. Clarence Beairsto*

lovely Winnipeg matron

"It's so much milder—the new perfume's lovely—and the new Palmolive seems harder, lasts longer."

"Of course I'd used Palmolive before," continues charming Mrs. Beairsto "but not regularly. From now on though, Palmolive is the only soap for my skin. It's so much milder. Now my daily Palmolive beauty treatment is really a thrill, especially since the new perfume is so lovely. I've noticed too, that the new Palmolive is harder. So it's thrifty to use."

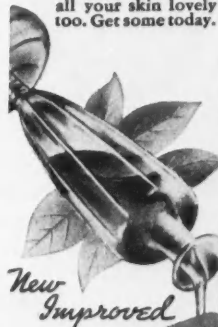
There's lasting loveliness for *your* skin too, in this new improved Palmolive. The new blending of Palmolive's famous Olive and Palm Oils makes its lather more effective than ever before. It penetrates deeply, floats from your pores every particle of dust and cosmetics. And as Palmolive cleanses, it soothes your skin, brings out a new, delicate loveliness.

Get three cakes of the new improved Palmolive today. See for yourself how gentle its new mildness is to your complexion. Enjoy its new, thrilling perfume. And save money, because with its new hardness, Palmolive lasts so much longer.



Gentle Palmolive,  
made with Olive Oil,  
is the Quins' only  
beauty treatment

Palmolive is so good, so safe, so mild, it was selected exclusively by Dr. Dafoe, for the famous Dionne Quins. And you know, because they were premature babies, their skin has always been extremely tender and sensitive. Surely if Palmolive keeps the Quins' skins smooth and perfectly healthy, it can keep all your skin lovely too. Get some today.



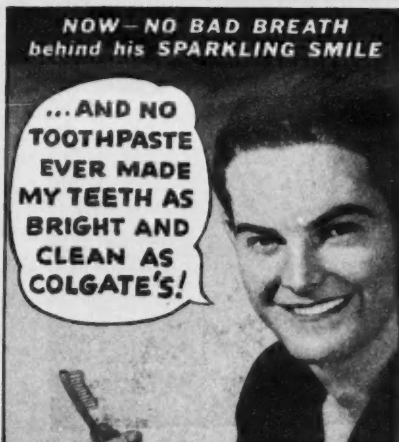
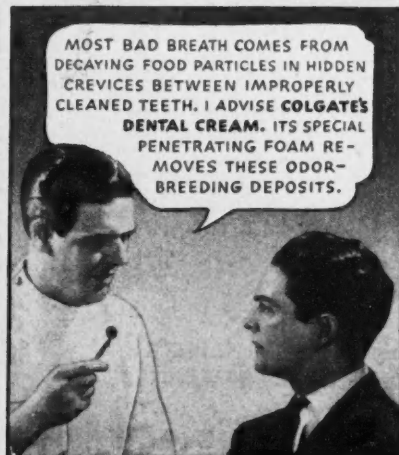
New Improved



There's lasting loveliness in this simple  
Palmolive Beauty Treatment

For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty.





## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth!

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish the exposed surfaces, fail to remove decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth. And these deposits, tests prove, are the source of most bad breath ... dull, dingy teeth ... and much tooth decay.

But Colgate's Dental Cream has a special penetrating foam which gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away

odor-breeding food and acid deposits.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

• For those who prefer it, Colgate's Tooth Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large Tin 20c.



LARGE SIZE 20c  
GIANT DOUBLE SIZE 35c  
MEDIUM SIZE 10c

## Good Looks with Glasses

Here are the newest ideas in coiffures, hats and general make-up rules to follow if you wear glasses



DO GLASSES rob you of your good looks? Then you've got the wrong kind for your type of face ... or your hair or hat or make-up needs changing.

The fact that you should wear glasses means you're better with them than without. Take them off and you squint, screw up your face, frown, or get a strained and weak-eyed look. What's worse, you do your eyes irreparable harm.

But with the help of modern opticians, cosmeticians and stylists, you can not only make your spectacles blend in with your general appearance, but turn them into an actual asset.

First of all, there's the shape of the lenses. See the sketches we've drawn? Top, left, is the natural oval face line, with a lens to follow the curve nicely. Number two is the long oval face, with which an octagon lens, with slightly curved corners is a good ideal. It follows the line of chin and jaw. Third, the short oval, for which a flat-sided lens will give the face a narrower appearance. The arched top follows the curve of the eyebrows, while the cut-away sides make room for a wide nose. In figure four, is the square oval face, to which the octagon gives length and allows for harmony between lines of + Continued on next page







Boleros for any time of day.

success with—is in varicolored feather stitching. Now, isn't that an idea to brighten up a sweater you've grown tired of—or maybe an outmoded dress?

Over in London they are showing both very short and very long capes on the new spring suits, generally jacketed in single-breasted, many-buttoned fitted coats. There is a strong trend toward having the jacket and skirt in a soft pastel shade, with the cape in a darker color.

If you are one of those brave little ski-women, I hope you have a snug parka hood on your suit. Every smarter gal is wearing them—and they do keep one's ears and throat comfy when gliding up and down the snowy slopes.

Have you a "babushka?" They're

keeps the whole fashion world on its toes wondering which color in a new season is going to "click."

Felt appliqués are an attractive sort of trimming idea and you'll see them on dresses, sweaters and your cosy little wool jackets. These appliqués are oftentimes square, about two inches in size and may be in one contrasting color or in several. A easy way to sew them on—and one that Paris is

having great

all the rage where young things go in for fads. The babushka is a peasant-sort of hood you wear over your pretty curls. Grand for keeping one's coiffure intact going to the party—and then for running around the college grounds, or doing your figure skating, you tie the quaint little shawl snugly over your head. I am seeing these in velvets for the evening; striped wool jerseys and brightly colored solid wool cloths for the hours of sports.

A sensible new style, to my way of thinking, is the combined umbrella with handbag. The handbag is attached right to the handle of the umbrella and does away with the necessity of looking out for both items on a rainy day.

And another temper-saver is a smart little metal gadget which you attach outside your purse, in which to carry nickels for newspapers, etc., without having to enter the mysterious depths of one's purse for essential pennies.

Still another handbag novelty that is a blessing to women who attend lectures and like to make notes—also to you gals who work on the local newspapers. These bags open up at one side and carry a blotter, writing pad, pencils and a pen. The other side is zippered up safely over your change purse and space for cosmetics and such odds and ends.



Hooded ski-suits are snug and smart.

## False Face

Continued from page 16

and they'll be finished. Now run and play, Chubby."

Listlessly, the child went. Marion's needle flashed in and out of the black satin. Her mind was a medley of troubled mother-thoughts.

"I wish he had some children his own age to play with. The older boys tease him. 'Bloomers!' I suppose that's because of the elastic in the waistband. I must speak to Peter and forbid their making fun of him. Pockets! That means a collection of sticks and stones and lumps of tar. Boy things! And then it's such a short step to knickers. He's only a baby yet. Lord, let me keep him small and all mine for just a little longer!"

PETER CAME home ecstatic with a whip and a bag of peanuts. Grinning sheepishly, Dick produced duplicate trophies for the wayward Chubby. One glance at her husband's face and Marion knew that he had been suffering pangs of remorse all afternoon.

Wisely she made no comment. But she put both arms around his neck and kissed him. They clung together, wordlessly understanding each other. "Where's the camera?" Dick asked gruffly. "I'll take a picture of the kids with their loot."

"I can crack my whip just like the lion tamer," shrieked Peter. "Listen!" "Too bad we can't get sound effects," laughed his mother, bringing the camera.

Outdoors the neighborhood gang descended on them.

"Gosh, a whip! Lemme try it."

"Take my picture, too!"

"And mine, Mr. Johnson . . ."

"Heh, kids, line up. Mr. Johnson's gonna take all our pictures."

"Get on the end, Bloomers. You're the littlest."

The screen door slammed and Chubby edged past Marion, who was standing over the kitchen range, stirring the cream sauce for the supper potatoes.

"Don't you want to be in the pic-



## That "Other Girl" knows

A MAN LOSES INTEREST when a girl's hands grow rough and coarse—look old. But this can be prevented! Jergens Lotion goes into the skin—gives back beautifying moisture.

...then Jane learned



## Soft Hands are Lucky in Love

"Your hands are so dear!"

Does your man love your hands? Don't let water, wind and cold rob them of their thrilling softness.

Loss of beautifying moisture from the skin cells will tend to roughen and coarsen your hands—make them look old. Jergens Lotion quickly puts back that precious moisture, because this lotion penetrates down into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens' was found to go in the best. No stickiness! Jergens' two famous ingredients are so wonderful for softening and whitening the skin that many doctors use them.

One application starts to heal chapping, soothes, softens amazingly! Chapping and roughness can actually be prevented by daily use of Jergens. Yet it's only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.

(MADE IN CANADA)



FREE!

PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.  
851 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_



# Underarm Perspiration Odor

*Recognize it for what it is—  
a DANGER in WINTER  
as well as in summer*

ARE you one of the many women who complacently tell themselves they don't need to use an underarm deodorant in cold weather because they don't perspire noticeably then?

If so, you're deceiving yourself. 9 chances out of 10, you are a victim of the very thing you find so repellent in others—underarm perspiration odor.

For underarm odor can and often does occur without a trace of visible moisture.

In winter, you know, we wear heavier clothing, closer-fitting sleeves which shut the air away from our underarms. We stay indoors too much in overheated houses: we have too little exercise. Then nervous tension shows itself—in the hateful form of underarm odor.

Don't think your daily bath can keep you safe from this. All it can do is just to cleanse for the moment. It cannot protect you in advance.

But there is a short, sure way to be safe every hour of the day—winter, as well as summer. Mum after your daily bath!

**No Bother to Use.** A light fingertipful of Mum smoothed under each arm, and you can forget your underarms for the rest of the day. It's as simple as that! No waiting for it to dry. No rinsing off.

**Soothing and Cooling to Skin.** And you'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even a "touchy" skin won't mind! **Harmless to Clothing.** It makes no difference when you use Mum, before dressing or afterwards.

**Does Not Hinder Natural Perspiration.** Mum prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Recognize underarm perspiration odor for what it is—a winter danger, as well as a summer. And protect yourself from it the year 'round by the daily Mum habit!



# MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Enjoy the comfort of its protection in this way. No more worry about this source of unpleasantness.

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

## FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY



Flower tops to your hats, and feathers to your heads.

I DON'T know where all the boleros are coming from, but I've never seen so many in all my life! Bolero dresses for morning, afternoon and evening . . . little boleros on our nighties . . . bolero sweater sets. You can have a lot of fun making an old dress look like new—and a new dress newer—with the addition of a bolero.

And now they are showing separate boleros, with matching sashes, which really change the whole complexion of a dress. These come in all materials: gay cottons (it's quite smart to put a cotton bolero over your winter dress, y'know), printed silks, plain-colored satins lined with a contrasting color. Oh, pretty well anything you have lying around the house could be turned into a gay bolero. And if there is enough material left over, swathe your waist in a sash to match.

A touch of white on black or navy! What magic it brings to a winter-tired dress. Paris is using crisp white starched lace flowers as a new means of introducing that glamorous touch of white. White nailheads are very effective and smart too. Some dresses are embroidered with these white nailheads, while others have them studded on collars, pockets and belts.

The slim-through-the-waist silhouette continues to be all the rage, and an easy and smart way to obtain it is by using a deep belt or one of those girdle-belts which look like a miniature corset-lette. Many of the smoother evening gowns have these girdles studded in rhinestones or sequins, and the daytime dresses favor a colorful print for its slim-fitting waistline. The "2 in 1" dress—a smart little midwinter fashion—shows the dress with a printed top and a fitted jacket featuring the "corset-lette waistline" in matching print.

I have been seeing some of the new spring dresses and am impressed with two defi-

nite themes, the softly draped bodice which has loads of feminine charm, and the tailored type, featuring zippers as the trimming. Many of these dresses are simply laden with zippers. One dress I saw was of very sheer wool (black) with four slantwise pockets on the waist, zippered in red—the short sleeves also zippered and the slim waistline accentuated by means of red zippers on either side. It was a grand little frock, yet it would have been just-a-dress without its eight "zip" trimmings.

If you didn't get that tailored suit in the fall, to wear under your winter coat, it would be a very wise purchase at this moment. But I'd suggest you make it a three-piece suit, the topcoat to be worn as a spring coat later, the jacket suit to be worn now, under your fur coat; then when the weather warms up, you'll have a smart outfit all ready for you. Grey and nude are two very important suit colors for the coming spring, although you'll still be smart in navy or brown.

Longing for a hat right this minute? They're wearing trim little turbans made of brightly colored feathers, also dark felts with the flat crowns literally smothered in gay little flowers.

So many prints! Whoever thought of making bright little print dresses, with dark backgrounds, for midwinter wearing, certainly touched us gals on the right spot. We all fall to the lure of a colorful print dress—be it for daytime or evening wearing—and if purchased or made-at-home, you can have a lot of fun wearing it not only now but throughout the entire spring as well. Oh, yes! If you're planning on a new dress, by all means make it a print.

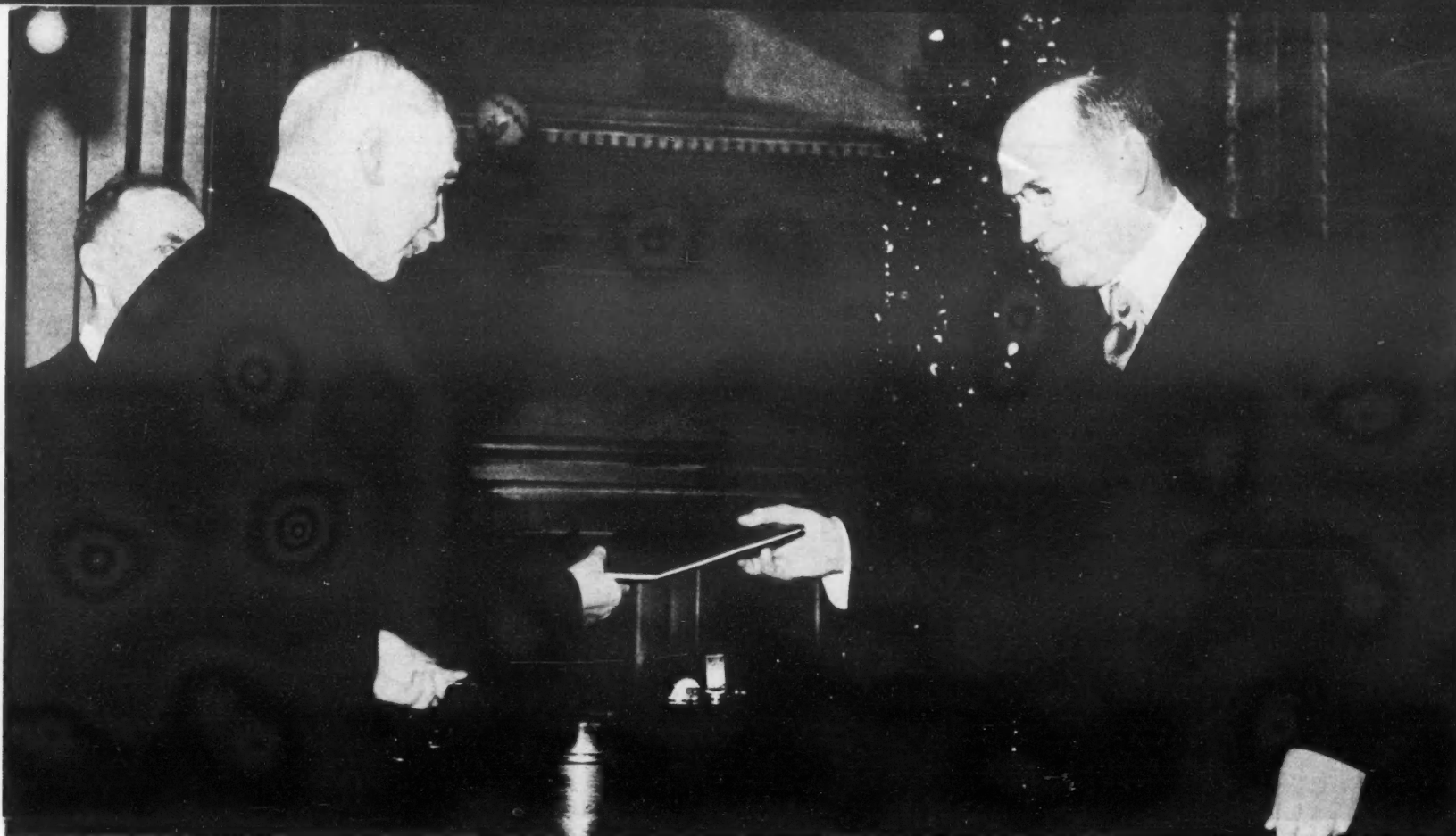
Speaking of prints—you'll be seeing a lot of print appliques on the 1938 dresses. The dresses are generally dark fabrics—crepes, silk jerseys or sheer wools—and the prints, in blazing colors, are cut out in novelty scroll effects and sewn right on the dresses.

If you're one of those lucky ladies who are flitting down south for a few weeks, you'd better tuck in several white dresses, for that is the favored color for cruise and resort wear this season. Mostly all these white dresses have vivid color contrast in the trimmings—next to white, you'll see most blues and pinks. And your bathingsuit, to be very smart, should be in either white or aqua. Funny how we all react at the one and same time to a color! It



The 2-in-1 dress, with "corset-lette" or printed crepe.





Honorable Albert Matthews, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, presents to Colonel J. B. Maclean an illuminated address signed by 900 MacLean employees.

## A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

### Staff of MacLean Publishing Company Honors Founder at Christmas Party

**A** GREAT many readers of MacLean publications have been subscribers for so many years that they regard themselves as members of the family. We so consider them.

Because of their interest in the growth of the MacLean organization and in the service it gives, we present to them this memento of our Christmas Party.

Held in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, on the afternoon of Saturday, December 11, and attended by more than 1,000 members of the staff, wives and children, it was a memorable event in the history of The MacLean Publishing Company.

We have held many Christmas parties, but this was a special one. It commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first MacLean publication, *The Canadian Grocer*, and it climaxed the seventy-fifth birthday of the founder and chairman of the board, Colonel John Bayne Maclean.

To pay tribute to the contribution Colonel Maclean has made to national and Empire unity came the Honorable Albert Matthews, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario. And on behalf of the MacLean staff, His Honor presented to the Colonel a handsomely bound and beautifully executed illuminated address signed by nearly 900 employees in token of their affection and esteem, and of their appreciation of the interest their chief has shown in their welfare.

From New York, Chicago and Montreal came representatives from the company's offices and publications. And from a balcony, Mrs. Maclean shared what the Colonel has said was the happiest and proudest time of his life.

The huge concert hall of the Royal York was filled with employees and their families when, with the singing of "O Canada," the program began.

#### The Guard of Honor

**T**O THE popping of balloons and the massed juvenile crunching of candy, the ageless drama of Punch and Judy was unfolded. Telegraphed assurances from Santa Claus that no northern blizzard could prevent his prompt arrival were greeted with cheers. On the silver screen, Mickey Mouse added to the fun.

At the tick of three came the skirl of bagpipes. In marched the pipers, and following them the guard of honor for the Lieutenant-Governor. We want to pause a moment in front of that guard of honor. Every man of the thirty-five in it was a staff man who served in the Great War. Uniform in blue berets cockaded with the Maclean tartan,

and tartan ties, wearing their medals, they marched and stood as smartly as a crack company of the King's Guards. They were men from every division of the business. Men from the pressrooms and composing room; men who are heads of departments. Men who in the army were privates; men who were officers. There were men with the Military Medal; men with the Military Cross. They had drilled together for this occasion; elected their own Officer Commanding.

A crisp word of command. The guard snapped to attention. Through the big doors of the concert hall came His Honor in company with Colonel Maclean and attended by the Governor's aide, Captain Matthews. Following came Mrs. Matthews, escorted by H. T. Hunter, president of the company, and officers and directors and their wives—Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Tyrrell (vice-president and general manager), Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Napier Moore, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brocklebank, representing the Mechanical Department, and Mrs. Chipman, whose husband, representing the Montreal office, was in the Guard of Honor.

The audience rose to its feet. The pipes played the National Anthem.

His Honor inspected the guard, pausing to speak to several of its members. It was the first guard he had inspected since taking office, and he was greatly impressed by it.

Then to the platform, where Chairman J. A. M. Livingston officiated.

The president, Mr. Hunter, introducing the Lieutenant-Governor, said:

"Your Honor, may I, on behalf of the entire staff of The MacLean Publishing Company, express to you our great appreciation of your presence here today.

"To us, this is indeed a memorable and historic occasion.

"The 50th anniversary of the founding of the company, the 75th anniversary of the birth of the founder.

"The significance of these events is not due to the span of years, but to what has been accomplished in that time.

"His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has honored us with his presence today. He has also put us under a further debt of gratitude by bringing with him his wife, who will always add a grace and charm to every event in which she participates.

"When his appointment was announced, we stated in *The Financial Post* he was the ideal man for the position.

"As a private citizen, he has given real leadership in the field of education and business.

"The prestige of the high position he now occupies will make this work even more effective.

"His Honor will now officiate on your behalf at a function in which every employee of the company has a direct personal interest.

"The Honorable Albert Matthews, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario."

Proceeding to the microphone amid prolonged applause, His Honor said:

#### The Lieutenant-Governor's Address

"It is a great pleasure to me and to my wife to be present with the members of The MacLean Publishing Company organization, their wives and children, at this Christmas Tree Party.

"I do not feel that I am a stranger here, for not only do I know personally a number of your officers and members of your staff but I am constantly brought in touch with you as I have for many years been a regular reader of a number of your publications.

"I did not realize until recently that it took a staff of 900 full-time employees to edit, print and sell these publications.

"I have known the founder and chairman of this far-flung organization for many years. We spent some time together at the first World Economic Conference held in Geneva in 1927. I also have had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Maclean, his charming wife, who has been a great help to him.

"I got some insight then of his wide interest in national and international affairs and the meticulous care he took to meet and talk to everyone whom he thought could furnish some information which could be used either directly or indirectly as background knowledge for the enlightenment and guidance of readers of his numerous publications.

"I believe the publications you produce will stand comparison with those published in U. S. A. or Great Britain, and they have the great merit of dealing with Canadian subjects.

"They are all national in scope.

"What would we do without them?

"Would the people of one province know as much about the people of the other eight provinces if it were not for the national publications which reach them from week to week and month to month?

"Ten years after Confederation, Colonel Maclean established his first publication. They are now two score in number.





Henry Fonda —  
starring in Walter  
Wanger's "I Met  
My Love Again".

## Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown



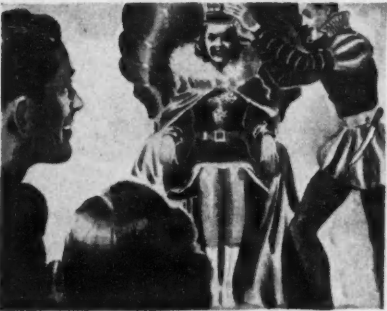
"TWO GIRLS WERE RIVALS for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win . . .



"SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips — spoiled her beauty . . .



"I TOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty-Cream base . . .



"PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty . . . and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown! . . ."



INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK. NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

# Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



SCENARIO BY HENRY FONDA

Make Every Day Your  
Lucky Day—Bake With

# PURITY FLOUR

Best for all your Baking

PF637

ture?" she wondered somewhat mildly.

For answer he returned from the dining room, wearing the false face.

"Daddy won't want to take your picture in that," she reminded him.

Laconic as the Chinaman behind whose remote stare he hid, Chubby joined the line-up in the yard, arousing no comment from the others, who took his peculiarity for granted as matter-of-factly as children accept a lame boy's limp. Even Dick raised no objection, making amends no doubt for the irritation that had cost Chubby his afternoon's outing. Marion drew a sigh of relief as the domestic crisis passed.

DICK BROUGHT the prints home the day of the wedding but Marion was too distracted to glance at them. They were due at the church at noon and she was struggling into her beige lace, praying that in the second before her head emerged, Chubby would not get any spots on his blouse. So far she had just saved him from tipping over the vase of roses and forbidden his crawling under the bed after the cat.

"I'll look at the pictures later, Dick. No, Peter, don't give him any candy. He'll get his hands sticky. Doesn't he look adorable, darling?"

Dick had to admit that his son was, for the nonce, a sort of cross between a Raphael cherub and a Hollywood child star on parade. Chubby sat on the stool where Marion had parked him, under threat of dire consequences if he moved, and looked so angelic with his flushed cheeks, starry blue eyes and sunny curls that Dick felt vaguely alarmed.

"Are you sure he's quite well?" he faltered.

Marion chuckled.

"I was on the point of fetching the thermometer myself," she admitted. "Oh, Dick, I'm nervous. The rehearsal went off so smoothly yesterday. Isn't that always a bad sign?"

"Superstitions belong to the dark ages," scorned Dick.

"So do children," she countered.

When they drove up in front of the church, an eager crowd already thronged on both sides of the canopied carpet, stretched from curb to door. Most of the noisy onlookers were children who belonged to the neighborhood gang. A shout went up when Chubby, prodded by his mother, descended from the car.

"Heh, fellers, pipe Bloomers!"

"Ain't he sweet?"

"Look at Mama's Boy!"

"Where'd you get the permanent wave, kid?"

Chubby's little fist in hers was painfully hot and tight but otherwise he seemed undisturbed by the quips. Marion decided to pay no attention to the tormentors. All children teased and bullied. Luckily Chubby wasn't the highstrung, sensitive type who minded. Sometimes Marion feared that he was almost too apathetic.

The wedding party was assembled in the vestry room, awaiting the arrival of the bride. The bridesmaids stopped their buzzing long enough to fall on Chubby with little "ohs" and "ahs" of delight.

"Isn't he precious?"

"Did you ever in your whole life . . . ?"

Marion glowed with warm pride.

+ Continued on page 39



## DON'T BE Careless WITH COLDS

• Yesterday Mother was working around the house as usual. It was only a slight cold. Today she's ill in bed.

Don't be careless when YOU catch cold. A cold should be treated quickly and effectively and treated for what it is—an INTERNAL infection requiring INTERNAL treatment.

The one best way to attack a cold at its source and drive it right out of your system is to take GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Grove's does the four things necessary to stop a cold.

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

When you feel a cold coming on go right to your druggist and buy a box of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. The large size box is the most economical to buy. Make sure you get Grove's. They're in a WHITE box and they now come sugar coated or plain.

Taken in time, GROVE'S BROMO QUININE usually stops a cold in 24 hours. This is the kind of action you need and get with GROVE'S BROMO QUININE.

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General view of the MacLean Christmas Party.

among the provinces, among all classes and religions, and particularly through the great class fields of agriculture, commerce and industry. We must help them by gathering from world sources helpful information and presenting it clearly and without bias. We can help Canada by making Canadians more successful in their undertakings, by demonstrating how they can produce things of the highest quality at the lowest cost, how they can satisfy the buyer. If more of our products are wanted, especially abroad, it means more work; more men and women employed on the farms, in our mines, fisheries, forests and factories. That in turn means more prosperity and happiness for all Canada, and particularly for all of you—my official family.

"Today is our Christmas Party. It means as much to me as it does to the tiniest toddler. It enables me to visit with the wives and children of what each year becomes a larger family. You, sir, will have observed that they are splendid wives, handsome and sturdy children. They too are part of the responsibility borne by the executives of our company. They are no small responsibility, but a very delightful one.

"It is particularly the children's party. Therefore we must not impose too long upon their anticipation by delaying the entrance of one who has even a bigger family than I have, and even more important duties than those of a Lieutenant-Governor—Santa Claus.

"So, then, may I tell you all how immeasurably proud I am of you all, how very glad I am that you are here today.

"And as for this book and the thoughts behind it—I hesitate to attempt to tell you how deeply I have been moved; how warmly I shall prize it. Perhaps it is in the simplest of words that sincerity can best be conveyed. Thank you. And God bless you all."

Loud and hearty cheers again saluted Colonel Maclean as he concluded.

The chairman next read a letter received from Honorable Herbert A. Bruce, who recently retired from the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario.

"My dear Colonel Maclean,

"Our friendship of many years and the high esteem I have always held for you combine to make me regard it as a personal misfortune that I cannot be with you on this happy occasion.

"I shall not be denied this welcome opportunity, however, to send you this most sincere, though inadequate, expression of my great admiration for the fine qualities of integrity and uprightness of character which have enabled you, while building up a great publishing Company, to make a tremendous contribution to all that is best in the life of this Province and of this great Dominion.

"Most cordially do I congratulate you upon a career so great in accomplishment and so rich in the fruits of devoted labors inspired by the worthiest of ideals. There are no greater responsibilities than those of a publisher who is also a molder of public opinion. The high standards of thought and speech which have always distinguished the House of Maclean's are sterling evidence of the manner

in which you have discharged the responsibilities vested in you. It is but natural and indeed inevitable that you should be associated in my mind always with the lady who has been your helpmate and constant companion through the years of your remarkable achievement.

"May your days be long in the land you have served with such great distinction.

"Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) Herbert A. Bruce."

The chairman then voiced our appreciation of the presence of Mrs. Matthews, and Marion Jean Tyrrell presented Ontario's first lady with a bouquet of flowers tied with the Maclean tartan.

Cheers again lifted the roof when Laura Newton handed to Mrs. Maclean, our own first lady, a similar bouquet.

The official party then left the platform.

Then ice cream and more movies. And Santa Claus. Right on the dot, and laden with gifts. We don't know why, but there was something vaguely familiar about Santa Claus. He reminded us very much of Linotype operator Jim Rodgers, or rather what Jim would look like if he suddenly sprouted white whiskers. A hard-working chap, that Santa. But even he couldn't give 300 children their presents rapidly enough. And so he had enlisted the aid of a bevy of good-looking Santa Clausesses.

And so the job was done. It was the grownups' turn now. The orchestra swung into swing, and the dance floor quickly filled. Tea appeared. Joy was unconfined. And through the crowd, Colonel Maclean moved, chatting with as many as he could reach.

At seven o'clock—"God Save the King."

A great day had ended, but the pleasant memories will last many years.

Among those who came from outside points were Mr. and Mrs. Murray Chipman, A. B. Caswell, O. M. Gilmaster, R. W. Matthews, L. Craig, of the Montreal staff; S. M. Huestis, New York Office; J. L. Frazier, editor and business manager, *The Inland Printer*, Chicago; Nathan C. Rockwood, president, The Trade Press Publishing Corporation, Chicago; George C. Williams, general manager, Trade Press Publishing Company, Chicago, and Mrs. Jack Thompson, Chicago.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### A MAN WORTHY OF HONOR

An Editorial in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*,  
December 14, 1937

SATURDAY was a great day for the Macleans. For the MacLean Publishing Company it marked 50 years of progress toward an outstanding position in the publishing business, and for its founder and president, Colonel John Bayne Maclean, who has completed his seventy-fifth year, it was the occasion of many glowing tributes from his 900-strong staff and from many other friends. When in

reminiscent mood, and recalling the humble beginning of his business career half a century ago, Colonel Maclean must be a bit astonished by what he has achieved; or being a Scot, is it just what he expected? Maclean tartan ties, evident everywhere during the celebration ceremonies, were not only individual tributes to the chief, but perhaps outward and visible signs of determination by a staff to achieve success.

Anyway, only wonderful co-operation in a spirit of loyalty can account for what has been done. And the result of 50 years of combined effort under the Colonel's direction is that the MacLean publications, voicing always the Canadian and Empire outlook, are known all across Canada and far beyond. It surely was heartening to the Colonel that, on this occasion, he was surrounded by all the company's employees and their children, and that Lieutenant-Governor Matthews was present to add his congratulations.

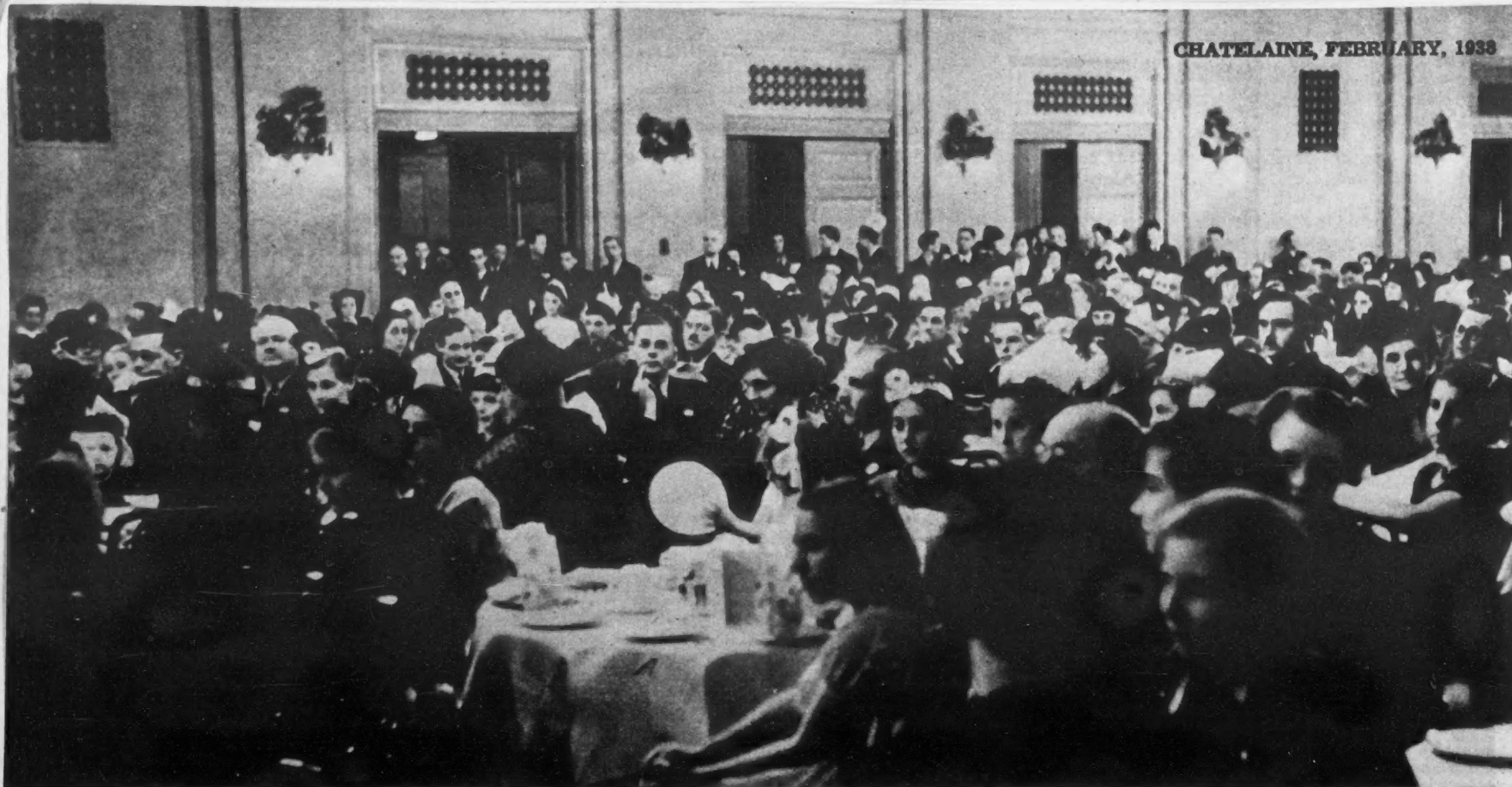
These tributes were to Colonel Maclean, the businessman, whose success has meant the establishment of a great industry that has provided employment for a host of men and women and has become something of a Toronto institution. But Colonel Maclean, the individual, also holds a warm place in the hearts of innumerable personal friends. His ability and energy command respect, and his friendship is wholehearted and enduring. Few men have a keener grasp of Canadian and world affairs. He has travelled extensively, is a close observer, and in many countries has acquaintances in important stations who place high value on his opinions.

During the years Colonel Maclean's forecasts of important world events have been amazingly accurate. He has gone far since the day he published his first trade journal, and his success is accounted for largely by a delightful personality, plus, of course, hard work and clear foresight.

The guard is piped in.







"Confederation provided a basis for development of national unity. The machinery is there but we must have an informed and enthusiastic people to make the best use of it.

"The people in the various provinces have many common interests, but they are apt to be overlooked if there is not leadership of a broad statesmanlike character. We have such leaders in each province, but it requires a national forum, a common meeting ground for discussion of the many problems which confront us. The national magazines and periodicals have done much to supply this need.

"It is a great accomplishment to build up a circulation for a group of newspapers, magazines and periodicals which ensures 3,000,000 readers.

"It is especially creditable to know that this has been achieved with a good clean type of reading matter without any cheap tawdry sensationalism. It is a tribute not only to the publisher but to the people of Canada that such a clientele could be secured in a country of 11 million people.

"It is a great responsibility to have a large and intelligent audience of this kind. I hope it may always be used for the benefit and advancement of the best interests of Canadians.

"Some of the hundreds of children whom I see before me will probably be present at some such gathering as this in another 50 years time. May they carry on the traditions of integrity, virile independence and love of country which have been implanted in this business during this first 50 years.

"Colonel Maclean, your staff wanted you to have a personal message from each one of them to commemorate your 75th birthday and the 50th year of the founding of this business. They have therefore signed this illuminated address which has been very artistically engrossed and bound, and it will always be a reminder to you of the loyalty and affection of each one of them.

"I am very happy to have the honor of presenting it to you on their behalf."

With his concluding words, His Honor handed to Colonel Maclean the Illuminated Address.

The text of the Address which was beautifully inscribed and decorated by Alexander Scott Carter and bound in blue morocco leather by Douglas Duncan, of Paris and Toronto, was read by Napier Moore. It reads:

#### Text of Illuminated Address

ON THIS eleventh day of December, 1937, on the occasion of their Christmas Party, the members of the staff of The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, their wives and children, do present

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN BAYNE  
MACLEAN, V.D., LL.D.,

Founder and Chairman of The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, this book

In commemoration of his Seventy-fifth Birthday and of

the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited.

And as a token of their affection and esteem; their appreciation of the interest he has shown in their welfare, and their recognition of his long and valuable service to the people of Canada and the Empire.

From *The Canadian Grocer*, established by him in the year 1887, has grown the institution which today publishes two score magazines, business newspapers and subsidiary publications in Canada, Great Britain and the United States; an institution which gives service to and enjoys the confidence of more than three millions of readers in Canada and abroad of the intelligent and influential class, an institution which in all its branches employs about 900 people.

It is with pride in their association with his name, and with boundless wishes for the continued happiness of Colonel Maclean and of his gracious wife, that the members of the staffs of all departments of The MacLean Publishing Company do inscribe their names.

Then Colonel Maclean rose to reply and a roar of cheers greeted him. Speaking with emotion, the Colonel said:

#### Colonel Maclean's Reply

"Your Honor,

"A man of sympathetic understanding you will, I think, appreciate the difficulty I find at this moment in adequately expressing my feelings.

"I am deeply sensitive to the honor you yourself confer upon me and upon my organization by your presence here today. And while my business is that of words, I cannot phrase the emotion kindled in my heart by this demonstration of loyalty and affection on the part of my family—I like to think of them as my family; as my boys and girls.

"Nothing could have given me greater joy than this book. Beautiful as is the craftsmanship evident in the making of it, I shall treasure it because its pages bear the personal touch of every one of my people. Some have been associated with me as long as 40 years and more. Some for lesser periods. But from all I enjoy the staunchest of loyalties, and, I believe, friendship. And in that fact lies my happiness.

"You, sir, referred to the establishment of this business 50 years ago. It was a very compact business then. It had a publisher, an editor, a business manager, a treasurer and a reporting staff. I never had any trouble with them. They agreed with me in everything. They were all named John Bayne Maclean.

"To be serious, our origin was quite simple. I was commercial and assistant financial editor of a daily—the *Toronto Mail*. Neither we nor our colleagues on other papers could get space for much of the very important news that was absolutely needed by businessmen across Canada. Daily newspaper publishers then, as today, had to give first consideration to their mass readers. So to supply that news I established two special weekly newspapers. To businessmen they gave news of value which hitherto they

had not been able to secure. Thus these papers met with unusual success.

"Shortly after, my brother, Hugh, joined me in the enterprise, and his ability and energy played no small part in its development during the following ten years.

"All our other papers are a natural growth from those first two business newspapers. They had the same genesis. They were created to satisfy demands for more specialized news, interpretations thereof and editorial policies based thereon.

"Not only that, but we have been forced to provide special free services for readers seeking helpful information. Not only is there a constant stream of people seeking information from our editors and specialists, but many thousands of enquiries reach our various departments through the mails each year.

"And now, half a century later, you see gathered in this hall the result of those beginnings of which I have spoken. Or rather part of the result. For, in years past, a great many men have gone from the MacLean organization to take important posts in this country and in other lands.

"But we have with us today those who have stayed with me and who have carved out their careers and won success with me. And in their advancement I find a satisfaction and a pride nothing can take from me.

"First comes Miss Forbes, who joined us in November, 1888, and who, I am sorry to say, is not well enough to be with us today. It is the first Christmas gathering in the history of our institution which she has missed.

"Then Mr. Tyrrell, our vice-president, who has been with us since 1897; Mr. Caswell, 1901; Mr. Wales, 1902; Mr. Hunter, our president, 1903; Mr. Spicer, 1908.

"We have also with us Fred Edge from our pressroom who worked on the first issue put out by me in October, 1887. Later, when we established our own printing department, he was a press-feeder. He left us to become a sailor but returned in 1923, and has been continuously with us since.

"Another name I would like to mention is that of one of my official grandchildren, S. M. Huestis, whose father, R. B. Huestis, has been with us—with a short interval of absence—since 1908. 'Buster,' as he is known, was recently promoted to the management of our New York Office.

"Throughout these 50 years my object has been to make my papers instruments of Canadian unity. Through them I have consistently fought for those things which will bestow understanding, tolerance, goodwill, prosperity and happiness upon the peoples of this Dominion.

"That object is the object of all the men who are today in charge of MacLean publications. I rejoice in their enthusiasm for the principles upon which I founded the business; principles which I know will be adhered to by the generations which will follow me.

"Today we all have a very responsible place to fill. Playing no favorites, we must serve all Canada consistently, no matter what our own interests may be. We must serve Canada by promoting still more aggressively understanding, unity and honest government within Canada,



## Bring New Beauty to your HAIR



Miss Jessica Ogilvie founder of Ogilvie Sisters and world-famed authority on scalp and hair health.

IT'S so easy and pleasant to keep or restore the sparkling freshness and lustre of your hair with Ogilvie Sisters' Famous Preparations . . . created to quickly correct every individual hair and scalp condition . . . too dry, too oily, dandruff, falling or fading hair. A few applications will work miracles.

To avoid disappointment insist on Ogilvie Sisters' Preparations . . . they are sold at all smart drug and department stores throughout Canada, and Ogilvie Sisters' Treatments are recommended at all good beauty salons. Booklet and diagnosis on request, also name of nearest dealer.

Ogilvie Sisters' Preparations are made in Canada.

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73 Adelaide Street West.  
PARIS TORONTO NEW YORK

## FOR LIPS OF Natural Beauty



Let Tangee's magic Color-Change Principle give your lips the freshness of youth

Tangee will always give your lips becoming youthful color. For Tangee changes on your lips to just the right shade of blush-rose for you. Its special cream base keeps lips soft and appealing. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

Also use Tangee Face Powder and Rouge for youthful skin and cheeks.

If you prefer more vivid color for evening ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



**★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT**  
Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vite St. W., Montreal, Can.  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15c in coin. CH. 2-35

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

## False Face

Continued from page 34

A moment before, troubled by taunts of the older boys, she had been half inclined to feel that she must let Chubby grow up, stop glorying in his babyhood and put him into horrid boy-clothes. But now, fortified by the purring admiration of her own sex, Marion smiled complacently. Chubby was a darling! And he was all hers—her baby! Just let her catch Dick sneaking him off to some barber to have those curls cut!

The bride's mother rustled over to drop a hasty kiss on Marion's cheek.

"Now you run along and let the usher seat you in the pew reserved for the family, dear. I'll look after Chubby. My, he did so beautifully at the rehearsal! Just a regular little man!"

The child pulled at his mother's hand. His lower lip was quivering.

"Wanta go home," he gulped.

The two women exchanged knowing glances. In sotto voice the bride's mother murmured, "Just leave him to me." Aloud she boomed brightly, "Did you see the pretty baskets of rose petals the little flower girls are going to carry?"

Marion fled.

Seated beside Dick in the front pew while the organ pealed "Oh, Promise Me," she leaned over to whisper, "Honestly I wasn't as jittery as this on my own wedding day." Dick squeezed her hand hard. For just a moment she forgot to be the apprehensive mother of two children who could be counted on only to do the unexpected. She was remembering the smell of the white roses and honey-suckle on that other June day when she and Dick had knelt under the arbor in the garden and pledged their "for better or for worse," which is always so much better and so much worse than any bride and groom expect. Babies crying, and sickness, and depression . . . But over against the worst that might happen was Dick's strength and tenderness and his steady hand over hers.

THE ORGAN swung majestically into the wedding march and instantly the crowded church was on its feet. Little prickles ran up and down Marion's spine and her arms broke out in goose flesh. Weddings, like chemical formulae, invariably reacted the same way. So far she wasn't crying though. That came later when the groom said: "I, Henry, take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward . . ."

The bridesmaids looked sweet in their pastel mauves and yellows. The maid of honor was like a tall blue spike of delphinium, swaying in a summer's breeze. The flower girls in ruffled organdie with tiny poke bonnets tied under dimpled chins were a mother's dream of good children come true.

The first page—six-year-old Cousin Bill, Dick's brother's son—never took his anxious eye from the platinum ring on its heart-shaped, white satin cushion.

And then the Bride! A breath-taking vision in a mist of white tulle with wreaths of shiny green myrtle at throat

+ Continued on page 41

READING TIME LESS THAN 2 MINUTES

AND WELL WORTH EVERY WOMAN'S TIME

# FACTS

## about sanitary napkins!

### Here are the questions women asked:



*Is there a way for me to secure greater Comfort?*



*What kind of napkin will give me greater Security?*



*Suppose my needs differ on different days . . . what can I do?*

### Here are the answers to your questions!

**W**OMEN know that the ideal sanitary napkin is one that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex\*, we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for most women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why . . . We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And, for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex . . . for

different women, different days. Only Kotex has "All 3" . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try "All 3" next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow—or maybe all 3 types for different times. If you act at once we will send you a trial supply of all 3 types of Kotex without any charge or obligation whatsoever. Simply address your request to Kotex, Dept. C2, 330 University Ave., Toronto.



All three types of Kotex have exclusive features that mean  
CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW

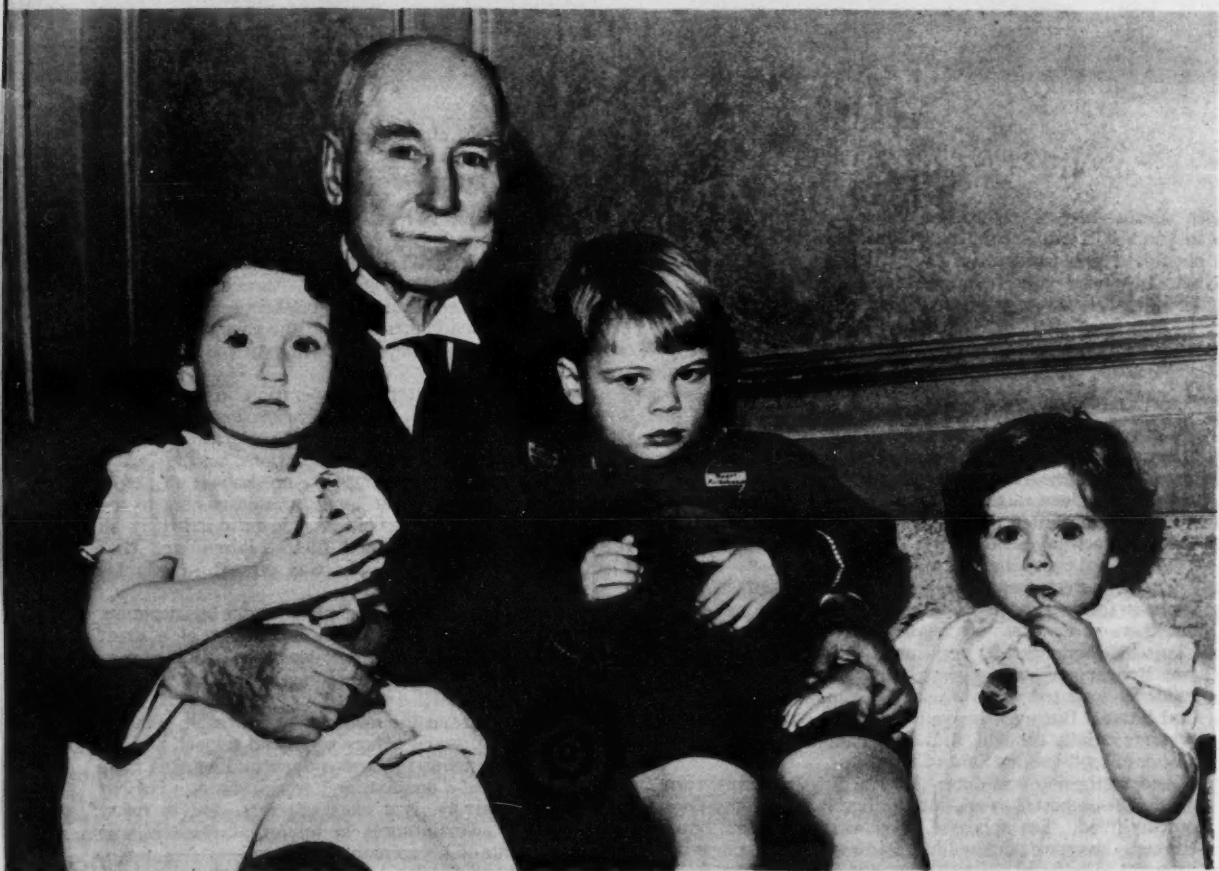
## KOTEX\* SANITARY NAPKINS

(\*Trade Mark Registered)





Left to right: H. T. Hunter, President; Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Maclean, Founder and Chairman; H. V. Tyrrell, Vice-President and General Manager.



Colonel Maclean and three of his "children's" children, Elaine Bond, Duart Farquharson and Donna Ray.

Below: The Lieutenant-Governor inspects the Guard of Honor.



#### THE MACLEAN PUBLICATIONS

FIFTY YEARS ago there was a great need in Canada for specialized information for the various trades and industries. At that time, the first MacLean trade newspaper was started, and from this commencement have followed many trade and technical newspapers with distinctive characteristics which make them of educational value to the trades and industries with which they are identified. Through specialized services to their respective fields they have become an integral part thereof.

These specialized services have been developed by trade and technical newspapers in such a large number of fields and to such a great extent during the past half century, that governments of several countries, including Canada, use the market and other services provided by these papers as the basis for price indices, commercial bulletins, etc. The price services in trade newspapers are also used by trade associations, wholesalers and purchasing agents, as well as by the purchasing departments of governments, railways and industrial concerns.

Furthermore, MacLean technical publications have played an important part in the development of manufacturing in Canada. The value of these papers was never better recognized than during the war period when they took a leading part in spreading among Canadian manufacturers vital information regarding munition manufacture.

Such publications have been an important factor in interpreting various branches of trade to each other, and in bringing them together for their common good.

MacLean trade and technical newspapers include:

*Canadian Grocer, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Stylewear, Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, Drug Merchandising, General Merchant of Canada, Le Prix Courant, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising, Canadian Trade Abroad.*

**NATIONAL MAGAZINES:** *Maclean's Magazine*—with the largest magazine circulation ever attained in Canada, *Maclean's*, in leadership and readership, matches the world's best in family journals. Its articles serve the interests of Canadians everywhere; its entertainment features are clean. *Chatelaine*—the magazine for Canadian women. Smart fiction, provocative articles; news about home decoration, home-making, diet, dress, beauty, entertaining. In the famed *Chatelaine* Institute recipes are devised, home equipment tested, rooms decorated. A staff architect advises in building design and decoration, and on home improvement.

*Mayfair* and *Canadian Homes and Gardens*—more specialized in appeal, *Mayfair* portrays the society, style and cultural life of Canada. *Canadian Homes and Gardens* creates the atmosphere of good living and parades the interior decorators, landscape gardeners, architects and painters.

**BUSINESS AND FINANCE:** *The Financial Post*—established in 1907; today a national newspaper read from coast to coast, keeping men and women "financially posted" and interpreting the broad trends of public affairs, business and finance. Supplementing its weekly issues, *The Post* provides such specialized services as *The Business Year Book, The Survey of Mines, The Survey of Corporate Securities, The Survey of Canadian Oils, The Directory of Canadian Directors and Officials, The Financial Post Corporation Service.*

**OTHER MACLEAN SERVICES:** *The Canadian Press Clipping Service*—supplying clippings of interest and value to businessmen, individuals, governments, etc.; *The Direct Advertising and Printing Division*—for those desiring fine printing; the *Trans-Canada News Company* and the *Fidelity Subscription Agency*, the facilities of which are used by other publications.

**OUTSIDE CANADA:** The MacLean Publishing Company owns a group of publications in both Great Britain and the United States. They are edited, managed and printed in the markets they serve.



## Use KLEENEX<sup>®</sup> INSTEAD OF HANDKERCHIEFS

**Check Spread of  
Colds to others...**

**Save Yourself from  
Reinfection**



**Pull-Out Package**  
(ONLY KLEENEX HAS IT)

**No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!**

● Kleenex tissues tend to retain germs, thus check the spread of colds through families, lessen possibilities of reinfection. You simply use a Kleenex tissue once, then destroy, germs and all. So put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues the instant sniffles start! You'll find them soothing, non-irritating... they save money, as they reduce handkerchief laundering.

**Keep Kleenex in Every Room.  
Save Steps—Time—Money**

To remove face creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... And in the car—to wipe hands, windshields and greasy spots.

## KLEENEX<sup>®</sup>

**DISPOSABLE TISSUES**

(\*Trade Mark Registered)

## False Face

Continued from page 39

and wrists! "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," thought Marion, thanking heaven that marriage was also dish-washing and turning sheets and having tonsils out, just to keep its feet on the ground.

But why was everyone staring suddenly? What did the awful look on their faces mean? A child in the back of the audience pointed and tittered.

Apprehension seized Marion in the pit of the stomach. For the bride was no longer the object of every eye. No one was even looking at her. The audience, as a man, had its eye peeled on some object behind her. Marion clutched at Dick's hand and instinctively closed her eyes.

"Perhaps," she thought, "a dog got in and is tagging the procession down the aisle."

With that ray of hope, her eyelids fluttered open. But she saw Dick's face first and hope was permanently deferred. Dick looked dreadful.

Anything was better than not knowing. She stood on tiptoe and craned her neck. The bride, prayerbook in hand and eyes demurely downcast, was now almost on a level with the pew. And behind her, dutifully clenching the white satin train, trudged an Ichabod, a Parent's Nightmare, a Blot on the Family Escutcheon!

Chubby! Fat, dimpled legs, adorable in white socks and patent leather slippers! Brief breeches and white blouse, caressed by flowing tie! But atop all this childish charm and innocence bobbed an ochreous mask with fiercely drooping black mustache and bristling eyebrows!

MARION did not have time to wonder what to do. She did not even have time to yearn for the floor to open and swallow her. Dick's long arm shot out into the aisle like a catapult and seized the dishonor, dragging him into the pew. Chubby opened his mouth to howl. But no sound emerged. Marion took care of that. She cupped her hand grimly over the ferocious mustache and shoved the child down below the back of the wooden bench, out of sight.

The ceremony proceeded with sonorous dignity. The bride was still blissfully unaware of the disturbance that had convulsed the audience and made the rector's spectacles all but tumble off his ecclesiastical nose. Her day, at least, had not been ruined.

Timidly Marion raised her eyes to Dick's face, fearful of what she might find there. To her amazement it was as unruffled as a summer sea. Serenity bathed his brow and composure sat lightly on his temples. Inwardly she knew that he was seething. But to the world he turned a gracious smile. What was it the Chinese called it... saving face?

Simultaneously Marion sensed the tautness of her own facial muscles and realized that she, too, was registering only sweetness and light. Her smile felt tight and unnatural as if it were a mask.

Masks! False faces! Why, even adults wore them to disguise emotions too private for the public gaze. The

+ Continued on page 43

## New Cream brings to Women the Active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

"HELPS SKIN  
IN MORE  
WAYS THAN  
EVER..."



Yes, really a new kind of cream!

Only 4 years ago, it was hardly thought of! Doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin actually healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds, and in such cases prevented infections.

Then, Pond's started research on what this vitamin might do for the skin when put in Pond's Creams.

Today—you can have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream!

### Helps nutrition of skin

You've always known that Pond's Vanishing Cream would smooth off flaky skin for powder and soften overnight.

But now!—by bringing the "skin-vitamin" right to your skin, this fa-

mous cream helps your skin more directly. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer; it keeps skin faults away more surely.

**Same jars, same labels,  
same price**

Just get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. It is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Use it regularly night and day for 3 or 4 weeks. Then consult your mirror! You'll say this really is a new kind of cream!

The vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin-vitamin." Use it and see how it helps your skin.



**SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!  
TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.  
Dept. VO-99, Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario

Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Simplicity  
2682

Simplicity 2664

## *While You Wait for Spring*

FEELING A little drab and dull in your dark clothes about now? Then it's time to make yourself a new frock—one that will lend itself to wear under your heavy coat and still look fresh and smart for spring later on. And here are four clever examples. They follow the Paris dictum of color and more color.

No. 2681 has the new short Schiaparelli bolero, a high note for 1938, and would be lovely in a fine black wool jersey with rich French sapphire or vintage wine. Work the quaint bodice-tucked frock (No. 2682) out in mahogany wool jersey with ivory embroidery at the sleeves and collar. Or do it in chiffon woollen in one of the new smoky colors—say blue, with bright raspberry embroidery.

Small prints are among the smartest of the season's offerings—try No. 2664 in black and white sheer, or blue with a yellow print. In No. 2718 you have a chance for one of those four-color combinations—smartly done. Try it in a fine wool jersey—the bodice in French violet, the full skirt and bolero in burnt clay, and the belt in a deep purple with fuchsia rose lacings. It will be effective and unusual. Back views and descriptions on page 70.

Simplicity  
2718

Simplicity  
2681

When ordering these styles, please ask for Simplicity Patterns.



## MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

It takes more than "just a salve" to relieve it. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in overcoming local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief quickly follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 30 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. *Made in Canada*, in three strengths: Regular, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. All druggists. 40¢ each.




**ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER**

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation. Without Risk, get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

**FREE:** Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Hovey Company, Crawford Avenue, Desk 251, Windsor, Ontario.

**SPLENDID for BEAUTY**

I'M TIRED OF USING MESSY CREAMS TO CLEANSE MY FACE. TRY SOMETHING A LOT BETTER—CUTICURA SOAP.

**LOOK WHAT HAPPENED**

ANN, YOUR SKIN IS LOVELY TONIGHT.

I DISCOVERED AN AMAZING, INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT... CUTICURA SOAP. FOR A BLEMISHED SKIN THE COMPLETE TREATMENT IS CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

For FREE sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 49D, 236 St. Paul St., W., Montreal

## False Face

Continued from page 41

illumination fell like a bolt of lightning. She stared at Chubby's unfathomable small person, crouched in disgrace. What grief did he have need to hide behind the vapid stare of a papier-mâché face? Too little still, too inexperienced to make his own face act a part for him, as mothers and fathers can, what childish shame must he mask with false mustachio and painted smile?

"Children are all alike," Dick mouthed with suave indulgence to a group of amused friends at the reception. (Privately he was planning a Day of Reckoning that would rattle young Chub's eyeteeth!) "If it isn't one fool notion it's another. These false faces are a regular obsession. For weeks now... but, look, I'll show you..."

From his vest pocket he pulled the snapshot of the gang, taken in the backyard the day of the circus.

"See? He won't even let you take his picture without it. Of course Marion and I had no idea he'd ever carry the thing so far. He must have tucked the mask inside his blouse and slipped it on at the last moment."

Over his shoulder Marion surveyed the glossy print with frowning concentration. She saw a line-up of tousle-headed boys with freckled faces and gaping holes between front teeth—every lad of them with hands thrust nonchalantly in trouser pockets. And at the end of the row stood the littlest boy of all, limp hands dangling at his sides, while he hid his shame and "difference" behind a Chinaman's mask!

"I'LL FIX him!" Dick muttered savagely when they were finally headed for home.

"Please, Dick. I'll handle this," Marion's voice was firm. "Stop at the barber's first. And then the boys' furnishing shop on Main Street."

Shorn of his curls, Chubby was just any ordinary boy-creature, denude of charm as an ugly duckling. But his mother set her chin and spoke across the counter to the clerk without a quiver.

"Covert shorts, with a belt and plenty of pockets. Take them with us? I should say so! He wants to wear them."

There were five pockets! Two side pockets, a watch pocket and two gloriously deep hip pockets. A fellow's hands, plunged into them, went down and down and down before they reached the bottom.

A red light flashed on at the corner and braking sharply, Dick turned to peer at his son. Ineffable content on his small, round face, both hands buried in his pockets, Chubby was struggling with pursed mouth to achieve a whistle.

"He's forgotten his false face, left it in the shop," Marion confided in a whisper.

"Why?" The question was genuinely puzzled.

In her answering smile there was wisdom and gallantry and the faint glint of a tear. The tear was every mother's farewell to the baby she may not keep.

"He doesn't need it any more," Marion said. +

# SHOCKED BY SOME OF MY NICEST CUSTOMERS



## DAINTY ABOUT GIRDLES EVERYTHING BUT

DON'T women realize that girdles and foundations worn next to the skin are constantly absorbing perspiration—soon the warmth of the body makes this stale, penetrating odour offensive to others...

Why risk offending in this way when it's so easy to Lux a girdle frequently?

Lux removes perspiration odour completely. It preserves the elasticity that keeps your girdle sleek... like new. Rubbing with cake soap—using soaps containing harmful alkali—weakens elasticity, tend to leave girdles flabby and ill fitting. Lux has no harmful

alkali. Any garment safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

Here's a tip—have two of a kind, then you always have a fresh girdle to wear while the other's being Luxed. Use rich suds, barely lukewarm. Rinse well and hang lengthwise on a towel bar to dry. You'll be surprised how easy it is!

**Removes odour—protects fit...**







Simplicity 2668

## For Very Young Valentines

DEAR TO the hearts of everyone, are the two little Princesses in England who continue as fashion arbiters for chic little girls the world over.

For general wear, they prefer simple, princess-cut frocks, but for parties and grand occasions, they love crisp ruffles and soft satin bows, as do thousands of their youthful admirers.

Very British, too, are brother and sister suits, styled in the best shirtmaker tradition. Sturdy cottons or crease-proof linens lend themselves admirably to the tailored manner of this smart young fashion, with the added virtue of easy laundering.

The young lady, just past twelve, will appreciate the sophistication of bolero frocks for dancing school or classroom. Duck blue and soft rose shades are lovely on the younger fry. De criptions on page 70



Simplicity 2676

Simplicity 2677



Simplicity 2669

When ordering these styles, please ask for Simplicity Patterns.



## New Way to Check COLDS



**THE TIME** to check a cold is *right at the beginning*. Since most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition, the thing to do is to **ALKALIZE** at the very first sign of a cold—with Alka-Seltzer, one of the most effective alkalizers known.

### Brings Relief in TWO Ways

By simply drinking the pleasant tasting, sparkling solution made by an Alka-Seltzer Tablet or two in a glass of water, you are offered relief from a cold in **TWO WAYS**. First, because this solution contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate), the stuffed-up, "grippy" feeling is quickly relieved. Then, due to its alkalizing properties, Alka-Seltzer quickly helps to restore your normal alkaline balance.

### Money Back Guarantee

Get a package of Alka-Seltzer Tablets and try them. If you are not delighted with results, your druggist will refund your money.



**ALL DRUG STORES**  
35c and 75c Pkgs.



## Alka-Seltzer

### IT'S MENTHOLIZED

A pleasant, medicated lotion that soothes and keeps the hands lovely and smooth.

For Sale at  
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200  
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**KEEP YOUR HANDS YOUNG**

## FIERY..SMARTING EYES



**SOOTHED..CLEARED** NEW SAFE WAY IN SECONDS

**THAT** dull, temporary bloodshot condition and the tired, overworked, burning sensation yield in seconds to new scientific **EYE-GENE**—or money back. Eyes feel gloriously refreshed... look whiter, more sparkling! A great new advance... acts *instantly*... winning thousands from old-fashioned solutions. Ask for **EYE-GENE** at any drug or department store. Stainless, too.

## EYE-GENE



LIKE ALADDIN'S palace, Sue's idea grew overnight from a we'll-have-a-few-people-in-for-coffee affair to a full-fledged party. This was early December, the city was already rife with Christmas spirit, store windows baited with glittering gifts, night clubs crowded, people in that reckless, spending mood which precedes the holiday. Sue had been planning to give a large, formal dinner. Now she abandoned the idea and, instead of calling up ten or a dozen friends, sent out fifty cards for her party. On each one she wrote slyly, "Palms read, the future foretold, by Her Highness the Princess Carmencita," and the next day half the recipients called her up and the Price telephone wire rang with delighted exclamations.

"They're absolutely wild with curiosity," she telephoned Marta, between calls. "But what I really wanted to say was that you needn't bother about a costume. I've found one—a heavenly thing with the most divine colors—the costumer swears it once belonged to a real gypsy queen. You'll look ravishing in it."

"It sounds lovely," Marta said. "Mrs. Price, have you heard anything more about how things are with Mr.—with—I don't know his name—"

"Oh, Dave and El. My dear, I meant to tell you—it's getting more and more exciting. El called me up this morning and asked if she could bring Paul Davis."

"That's the man who—"

"Yes, the one I told you about. And then Dave called—he sounded furious—and wanted to know who this Princess Carmencita was— isn't it a darling name? I made it up—and I told him if he knew what was good for him he'd come to the party and find out."

Marta asked her, breathless, "You think he will come?"

"Oh, of course! And, by the way, I've got a tambourine for you. I thought that would be a kind of convincing touch. And Hal Purdy—that marvellous accordion player who plays at night clubs and places, you know—is coming, dressed as a gypsy too." She laughed jubilantly over that and warned Marta, "You won't know the place when you see it tomorrow. Be sure to come early, so you'll have time to dress before people start coming."

That conversation should have given Marta some hint of what was in store for her. But, after all, she was the daughter of a country parson; necessity had governed her life and limited her pleasures. She would not know what a woman of Sue's energy and imagination could do with a generous bank account and an idea. And what Sue had done by simply permitting the words "gypsy" and "party" to fraternize without restraint in her fertile mind, was really remarkable.

By the simple process of removing the rugs and furniture from the hall and foyer and installing innumerable small tables covered with checkered cloths, Sue had transformed her Park Avenue duplex into a café reminiscent—she hoped—of those Bohemian *boîtes* she had sometimes seen—and avoided—in the more dubious quarters of Paris. She had engaged a checkroom girl in peasant costume—she wasn't

*Are you powdered  
to your satisfaction  
...and his?*



**YOUR POWDER!** What would you do without it? Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or it may even be chalky, making you look older instead of younger. Still you must use powder.

**Be sure of this**—Once you try Princess Pat powder—with its soft, caressing almond base—you will say, *not that you couldn't get along without face powder, but that you couldn't get along without Princess Pat face powder.*

**Just the beauty you longed for.** It's every woman's dream to discover a face powder that will velvet the skin, give patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat powder: *No, if you haven't.*

How, you may ask, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

**Almond base the chief difference.** Almond base is a Princess Pat powder discovery—that's why no other powder

can claim it. Millions of women know that Princess Pat powder is more soothing, more clinging. They love the true tone, living shades. On your skin you will see a pearly translucence, infinitely youthful and flattering. Almond base gives Princess Pat powder a certain "pliancy". It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect complexion. *Of course it clings amazingly longer.*

**Guard against coarse pores and blemishes.** You select face powder for immediate beauty. And this Princess Pat powder gives you. But, in addition, the almond base is good for your skin. Remember, some face powders can parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat powder, on the contrary, soothes and softens, preventing coarse pores—and blemishes.

**Free! 5 different shades PRINCESS PAT FACE POWDER**

See in your own mirror how much more beauty PRINCESS PAT almond base face powder gives your skin—observe the smart, modern, youthful shades—note how much longer Princess Pat face powder stays on.



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**She made no  
"SPLASH"  
at the  
SPLASH PARTY**

**But it helped  
heart-broken Hetty to learn  
about IRIUM!**



**NOWADAYS TO REALLY "RATE" YOU MUST HAVE MORE THAN AN ATTRACTIVE FACE AND FIGURE.**

**CLEAN, SPARKLING TEETH ARE AN ASSET EVERYONE NEEDS IN SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE!**

**SO HOW ABOUT IT, FRIENDS... WHY NOT PROVE, AT PEPSODENT'S COST, WHAT IRIUM CAN DO FOR YOUR TEETH?**



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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

(only one tube or can to a family)

## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 28

Sue jerked upright. "All your fault! You mean the nurse really didn't—"

"I don't mean about the nurse. I mean about Mr.—Dave whatever-his-name-is—and his fiancée. It's my fault that they quarrelled."

Sue's blue eyes were popping. "You mean they quarrelled over you? But I thought you said you only saw him once—"

"I did. I told his fortune—and hers, too—" and out came the story.

SUE WAS no longer bored. She listened with her eyes lively with interest, her lips parted. She kept bursting out with, "I can't bear it!" —"My dear, this is the most marvellous—" "Really, I never in all my life heard anything so funny!"

"It isn't funny," Marta said, "to make two people unhappy—to separate two people who love each other."

"But you're taking it much too hard," Sue said, almost as much amused by Marta's tragic face as by the story itself. "The thing's so absurd—"

"No, it isn't. I can see that now. If I had been that girl and someone told me the things I told her—well, I might not believe them but I—I think they would stay in my mind. Can't you see that, Mrs. Price?"

Sue considered it, her pretty face puckering with concentration. "Well, perhaps—but goodness! They'll get over it."

Marta looped a stray lock of hair over her ear and shook her head. "They might not. He seemed terribly unhappy—terribly! And so angry with me. I've got to do something about it, Mrs. Price. I've got to do!"

"But what can you do?"

"I can tell her fortune again," Marta said. Sue stared and Marta said urgently. "Don't you see, I can't un-say the things I said, but I can say other things that will—well, kind of blot out the others. If I could do that it would be like—lifting the hoodoo, breaking the spell."

Sue wagged her head helplessly. "But how could you?"

"It would be easy. Mr.—he gave me the idea—and then you helped, by saying you'd like me to tell fortunes at one of your parties. Don't you understand, if I said something that impressed her once I could do it again. And this time I could make her believe he was worthy of her."

It took a little while for Sue to leave off thinking that the idea was utterly mad and convince her that it was marvellous. She did not share Marta's tragic attitude toward the estranged lovers. She was sure that long before the party took place, they would have made it up. But the twofold temptation of having a role in this delightful intrigue and confounding her guests with a gypsy fortuneteller, was quite irresistible.

She said excitedly, "Why, yes—that really is a stunning idea. You would have to be in costume of course. Have you got one? Well, if you haven't, we can dig one up somewhere and I'm sure I've got a pair of those big brass earrings—and El mustn't know—no one

must dream you're not a genuine gypsy. Let me see, what day—I'll get my date book—Oh, here's Jim! Darling, come here quick! We've got the most marvellous idea for a party—"

IT WAS this alone, their attitude, their accent on the party for the party's sake, that troubled Marta. She said to Robbie, "They don't seem to realize how serious—"

"Oh, shut up!" For once Robbie was not calm. Throughout Marta's recital she had sat speechless with incredulity and growing indignation until now she was in a towering rage for, perhaps, the first time in her placid life. "Serious! You must be out of your mind! Listen, I'll bet right this minute they're laughing their heads off—and I don't blame them. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life!"

"Ridiculous!" Marta had told her story lying prone on her bed, now she swung her feet to the floor and sat up, her eyes blazing. "Would you think it ridiculous if you had come between two people who loved each other—"

"You couldn't come between them—nothing could—if they really loved each other!"

Marta said, low and grim. "He does love her, he must. If you had seen him today you'd know that. And she must love him or she wouldn't be engaged to him."

"Yeah, she acts like she loved him," Robbie remarked.

"She must have before—and she will again—after I get through with her."

"Well, she's welcome to him—he must be a swell guy! Talking to you the way he did—blaming it all on you!"

"Why shouldn't he? It's all my fault—and he is a swell guy. He must be. If he weren't, he wouldn't care. Why a man like that—rich, handsome, attractive—could have any girl he wanted." She sighed and pushed the untidy hair off her forehead. "But he only wants this one—and I've made her think he isn't worthy of her."

Robbie came and stood beside the bed, her hands on her hips. She said, "Listen, Mart, you can't be as nutty as you sound. You can't really believe you had anything to do with busting up that romance."

"I told you what Mrs. Price said—about the dark man—"

"You're just dramatizing the whole silly business. So is that Price woman, for that matter—only not with your noble motive. She just sees it as a swell idea to pin a party on and she's using you. Making you dress yourself up in bandannas and earrings—cheapen yourself before a bunch of silly, light-minded—"

"She's not making me. And it's not a real party. Just a few people—they'll never know who I am. I'll never see any of them again, Bob." Marta stood up. Her slender figure drooped with fatigue, her eyes were sunk in shadowy hollows. It was astonishing to Robbie that anyone who looked so soft and tractable could be so obstinate. "But I've got to do it—I've got to," Marta said. ♦ Cont'd on next page



## COUGHS...

Get After That Cough  
Today with  
**PERTUSSIN**

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, extremely fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security all day long. No gummy, goeey taste or feeling because it's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitute.



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feet hurrying, the exclaiming voices of early arrivals—"Darling! How marvellous—oh, look—how quaint—"

Suddenly, quite close to her, a man's voice said reverently, "Holy mackerel!"

Marta jumped and the little cymbals on the tambourine broke into a startled tinkle. Lounging against the wall at the stairhead was a young man with an accordion strapped to his shoulder. A droll-looking young man with an upturned nose and red hair and bright blue eyes; in high shiny boots and blousy trousers and embroidered vest. The twins to Marta's earrings were in his ears, the twin to her scarlet bandanna in his hand.

"Oh!" Marta said. "Oh—you're the accordion player."

He shook his head mournfully. "No, lady, I'm king of the Romany what-is-its—monarch of the open road and so on. Can't you tell just by looking at me?"

Marta smiled and went across to him on tiptoe. "You look fine."

"Yeah?" he said. "But the point is, do I look like a gypsy? Listen, baby, did you ever see a red-haired gypsy? I ask you."

She bit back her laughter and told him gravely, "I suppose they could have red hair—and, anyway, when you put on your bandanna, your hair won't show."

He sighed deeply, "And these pants—take a look," he said. "Don't these swells think up the worst things to amuse 'em? He eyed her up and down and sighed again. "But you're okay—right up to specifications. You been in this line long? Excuse my asking, but I don't get around much."

"Line?" Marta said.

"This gypsy fortunetelling racket?"

"Oh. No—no, I'm really not in it at all. I'm just doing it today for a—fun."

It was his turn to say, "Oh!" now, and the sceptical lift of his pale eyebrows added the "Yeah?"

"I've never done it before," Marta said. "I'm scared to death."

"Yeah? And what do you do when you're not scared?"

"I'm a teacher of—"

"A what?"

"Not a schoolteacher—a dancing teacher."

"And this is just a side line, huh?"

"Yes, this is just a—side line," she said. "Is playing the accordion your regular line?"

"Yeah, I'm at the Surf Club—maybe you been there?"

She said she hadn't and nodded toward the stairs. "I suppose we'll have to go down soon. They're coming fast, now."

He leaned on the bannisters and peered down into the lower hall. "Yeah, here comes old Fandycy—that old bird certainly does get around. That's the Rowley girl with him. You know her, don't you?"

She shook her head. "I don't know any of them. Do you?"

He chuckled. "Know 'em! Lady, I know more about these guys than you'll ever read in the Social Register."

She went closer to him. "Tell me about them. It might help—if I have to tell their fortunes."

"Sure," he said. "See that black-haired dame in the funny hat? Well, if you tell her she's going to get into

## DON'T WAIT TO—

# Alkalize

## GET AT THE TROUBLE THE INSTANT IT BEGINS



The longer you wait the more excess acid to neutralize. Take 1 or 2 small tablets you carry with you—that's the Phillips' way

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Then you are always ready. Use this way.

Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "overcrowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are

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Try this method accepted by doctors generally—especially if you now are using less natural remedies. You'll think this way is marvelous.

Be sure to ask for Phillips'—thus you get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—either in tablet or liquid form—known throughout the world for its fast action.



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IN LIQUID FORM

For use at home and with children, millions ask for genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in its original liquid form.

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**"IT'S A FACT—  
For less than 1/6  
of a cent  
I washed beautifully  
with  
PRINCESS:**

1 pair of chamols gloves  
Crocheted cotton lace front and cuffs  
2 pairs of silk hose."

#### FACT No. 2

Because Princess is all pure soap it goes farther. That's why it's economical for dishes. It gives lots of suds quickly too.



MORE  
ECONOMICAL

#### FACT No. 3

"And do you know, it's been proved by test, I save up to 6c on a package of Princess, compared to the same quantity of other fine laundry soap flakes or granules."

"SO I GET MORE  
SOAP AND SUDS  
FOR MY MONEY"



**GUARANTEE:**  
Princess Flakes  
guarantees you  
complete satisfaction or your  
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MADE BY THE MAKERS  
OF THE NEW  
IMPROVED PALMOLIVE

PRINCESS FLAKES ACTUALLY GIVES  
YOUR HANDS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

sure what nationality of peasant, but the costume was lavish and dramatic so that didn't matter—to attend to the hats and coats.

When Marta arrived, Sue—in black velvet hostess pyjamas—was rearranging the checkroom girl's costume. "Oh, here you are, Miss Ross! Well, how do you like it?"

Marta could not answer at once. She stood in the doorway staring. She was wearing her polo coat and mauled-looking sports hat and carried a bundle. In it were the bandanna she expected to wear, a pair of old white pumps which she had dyed red, beads, cold cream, some suntan face powder.

"Why it—it's wonderful, but—"

"You see," Sue said earnestly, "what I've been striving for is a real gypsy atmosphere—you know, Bohemian and unconventional. What do you think? Have I got it?"

"Why, I—yes, I think you have. Only I didn't realize it was going to be—well, such a real party."

Sue laughed. "I know—I didn't know it myself when we first talked about it, but then I saw what an opportunity it was and it just grew and grew. I really don't believe anything quite like it has ever been done before—in a private home, I mean."

"No, I—I shouldn't think it had," Marta said, and wet her lips. "Are many people coming?"

"Well, I sent out fifty cards," Sue said. "Ordinarily, on such short notice, I don't suppose more than half of them would come but that Princess Carmenita thing will bring them tonight, all right." She gave Marta no time to comment on this, but hustled her upstairs. "I'm dying to have you see your costume. I do hope it fits—it's your size—"

The costume lay on the bed in Sue's room, the full skirt spread in a gorgeous fan of scarlet satin threaded with gold and silver; full-sleeved white blouse and gaily embroidered vest.

"And here are the earrings—aren't they marvellous? And the tambourine—do you know how to use it?"

"Not—very well, I'm afraid."

"Well, you know, you just bang it against your knees and elbows, and then it'll be ideal to collect your money in."

Marta started. "Collect money! I wouldn't think of doing such a thing."

"But you'll have to," Sue said. "I mean, it won't look authentic unless you let them cross your palm with silver." Marta turned away, began taking off her hat and coat, and Sue said, "Now I'll tell you what I've planned. I thought you and Hal Purdy could stay up here until nearly everybody comes, and then you can just saunter down and kind of wander around among the tables—you know the way they really do in some of those funny European restaurants—and ask people if you can tell their fortunes. Purdy can play 'The Gypsy Trail'—you couldn't do a little dance, I suppose?"

"No," Marta said thickly, "I couldn't."

"Just kind of whirl around a little?" Sue urged. "It would be so effective, wouldn't it? Well, anyway—"

Marta interrupted. "I've been worrying a little about Mr.—the man—"

"Dave?"

"You don't think when he sees me he'll make a fuss—give me away?"

"Heavens, Dave wouldn't do that," Sue assured her. "He wouldn't spoil my party—he heard me say I'd like to have you for one of my parties, you remember." She bobbed up. "Well, I've got to run. I think you'll find everything you need. If you don't, just shout—and you'd better hurry a little."

But it was impossible for Marta to hurry. It took her minutes to unfasten and slip off her dress, her fingers were so stiff and inept. Then she sat down on the edge of Sue's bed in her slip, a piteous, shaking figure, her slim bare arms pricked with the gooseflesh of her fear. Fifty people! "You'll just wander around—they'll want to cross your palm with silver—couldn't you do a little dance?" Well, Robbie had been right. "She's just using you to hang a party on," Robbie had said. Fifty people and a tambourine—

Marta got up and reached for her dress. She couldn't go through with it. She had never agreed to a thing like this. That her simple desire to right the wrong she had done should have been used to exploit her, turn her into something no better than a night club entertainer, was unfair. She drew the dress angrily over her head—and then, suddenly, her conscience prodded her, and she remembered Dave, saw again his ravaged face, heard his furious voice. She looked bleakly at her reflection in the long glass of Sue's dressing table and as she looked she saw the chin lift, the big eyes narrow.

The next moment she was dragging off her dress again, hunting in the bundle for her cold cream and suntan powder and mascara. What were fifty people? What was a tambourine—she sat down at the dressing table and smeared her face with cream. Then the powder, smooth and thick; then the mascara, black and glistening on her long lashes. Lip rouge made a deep scarlet heart of her mouth. After all, hadn't she longed to be an actress? Hadn't she played Rosalind in college? And for two thousand—not a meagre fifty!

Her fingers were no longer inept, now. They moved, swift and deft, about their tasks. Knotting the bandanna around her head, they stopped. A thin thread of melody came trickling in from somewhere beyond the closed door. A nostalgic, plaintive air. With her head on one side, her lips lifted a little, Marta listened, nodded. "The Gypsy Trail."

*"The white moth to the closing vine,  
the bee to the opening clover,  
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy  
blood, ever the wide world  
over—"*

TEN MINUTES later, Marta opened the bedroom door and stepped timidly into the hall. The great brass loops in her ears were cold against her hot cheeks, the full scarlet skirt flared above the scarlet slippers; row on row of beads—red and green and gold—circled her slender neck and hung in a riot of color over the embroidered vest. The tambourine was in her hand. She stood beside the banister that circled the stairwell, lips parted, listening fearfully to the increasing commotion from the lower floor—bells ringing,

**JOHN SAYS HER HANDS  
ARE SMOOTH BUT  
SMELLY**



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And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning  
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 3 Yardley House, Toronto, Canada. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25c. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Don't squeeze blackheads—dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store and rub gently with wet, hot cloth over the blackheads. They simply dissolve and disappear by this safe and sure method. Have a Hollywood complexion.



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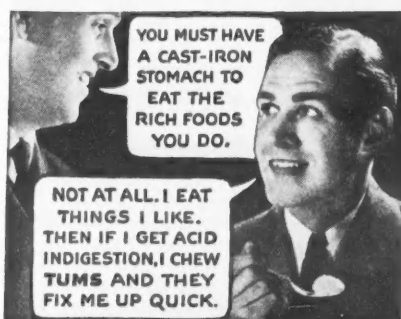
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Good health is your best cosmetic and a pure blood stream is the nearest approach to the fountain of youth!

### Is Your Skin

### Sallow, Pimply, Blotched

You can't cover it up—you must remove the underlying cause—body poisons not completely eliminated—sluggish liver and impoverished blood. You need Beecham's Pills.

**Good Health Can Be Yours** by the help of Beecham's Pills. This purely vegetable remedy ensures that internal cleanliness and harmony which is the true secret of youthfulness and vitality, sound digestion, steady nerves.

**BEECHAM'S LIVER-BILE PILLS & LAXATIVE PILLS**

ing, held out his hand. The guests had left their tables and were standing in groups watching. Someone said, "Hush!" as Marta took the "gentleman's" hand. She regarded it through narrowed lids and then she said dreamily, "I see a great place full of shouting people. I hear the thud of horses' feet—"

"Darling! Listen to her!"

Marta's shoulders lifted and fell. "The horses are swift and strong," she said, "but the gentleman must beware lest they trample on that which he loves most."

She dropped his hand and moved away to a chorus of long-drawn-out "Ahs," for everyone knew that Harvey Seaman's devotion to his stables was in danger of losing him his wife.

THE FIRST taste of power, that first success—success, thanks to Hal—banished Marta's fears, filled her cheeks with color and her eyes with light. And after that the rest was easy. She wove an undulant course among the tables remembering Hal's "Think of a cat snaking through the jungle," utilizing every hint he had dropped about the guests. To the "black-haired dame in the funny hat" who was going to "get into trouble if she didn't lay off another woman's husband," Marta said, "The lady does wrong to look abroad for happiness. True happiness lies beneath her own roof." And to a petite young woman in sables whose extravagance, Hal had said, was driving her husband to the wall, Marta intoned, "Beauty bought at too great a cost will not endure." Sometimes she had to guess and then she fell back on the traditional resort of the roadside gypsy, predicted great good fortune, a journey here, an unlooked-for surprise there. But she had established her success; it didn't matter what she said, now. Their applause and approval came all the same, silver and bills rained into the tambourine.

And all the time she was drawing nearer to the table where Dave and Ellen and Paul Davis sat watching. Not one word had she forgotten of Hal's summary of the handsome tenor; he was a penniless fortune hunter and he was trying to steal Ellen away from Dave because he wanted her money, and that was exactly what she was going to tell him! She drew closer, her heart thumping. Could she be sure Dave would not give her away? Sue had said he would not—"He wouldn't spoil my party—"

Ellen's eyes were excited, her cheeks bright. "She really is uncanny, isn't she? Did you hear what she said to Nan Shaffer?"

"They're all fakes, of course," Paul said. "But she's a beauty, isn't she? What a Carmen she'd make if she could sing."

Dave sat silent, his eyes fixed, steady and intent, on that slender, vivid figure.

"Tell the gentleman's fortune? Would the lady see her future—"

"Well, if it isn't our old friend, Esmeralda," Dave said gently.

She flashed him a quick, imploring look, but he was smiling at her without bitterness or malice, a friendly, half-teasing grin. Her own lips curled in grateful response and she looked away.

+ Continued on page 71



## Walked till Her Feet Burned

*—then "shagged" like any co-ed*

The Collegiate Shag—Snappy footwork does this one!

**SATURDAY'S MARKETING** is hard on your feet. By the time you get home, they throb and burn from too much walking!

Long standing or walking puts a strain on your foot muscles and ligaments. Toxic waste matter settles in the muscle fibers—causes pain and swelling. At the same time, the return of the blood from the foot slows up. Do you wonder your poor feet swell and burn!

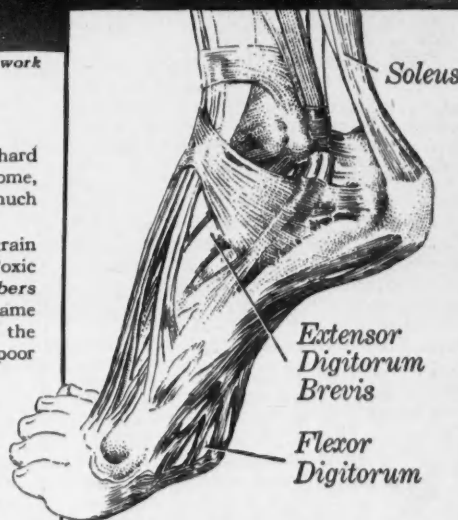
**THERE'S A QUICK WAY** to overcome this. Absorbine Jr. increases the blood flow through the deeper blood vessels. The blood carries off the toxic waste matter—brings fuel for new energy to the feet.

And the burning is relieved! As you dance that night you won't even remember how tired your feet were!

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Absorbine Jr. is easy to use. No soaking your feet. In just a few seconds you rub it all over your feet—especially into the soles and around the ankles. Cooling. Does not sting.

**Bruises, Bumps, Sprains, Wrenches—** Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion by speeding the blood through the injured part. Protects against surface infection. Ideal for children. Thrifty to use. At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle.



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Italian Balm prevents chapping. For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been

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Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY bottle FREE and postpaid.

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trouble if she don't lay off another woman's husband, you can't go wrong." He pointed. "And lamp the thin guy shaking hands with Mrs. Price. That's Harvey Seaman, the horse man. His mare, Steady-on, just lost him forty grand. They say his wife's told him he'll have to choose between her and his horses."

His voice ran on, a steady monotone in her ear as they stood there together peering over the banisters. The bell was ringing almost constantly now; the little hat-check girl was kept busy tripping back and forth with hats and coats. The guests came singly, in pairs, in groups—befurred women with small, fluted heads and impeccable make-up; men who looked as if they knew headwaiters' names and proper vintages. They all laughed and exclaimed and told Sue they'd never seen anything so enchanting.

"That blonde girl in black is Charlie Minor's daughter—the banker, you know. She's worth ten or twelve million in her own right. The dark fella with her is a tenor. Just landed a contract with the Met—"

"I know," Marta said, breathless. "Paul Davis? What's he interested in?"

"Himself. He's playing ball with this crowd in the hope of turning up an angel."

"What's an angel?"

"A milch cow. These career boys need money—and plenty of it—to build 'em up. This one's going to marry it, if he can—and the tall blond guy there is engaged to the Minor girl. He's—"

"Yes, I know him—"

He was wearing a dark suit and his crisp, ruddy hair shone gold under the hall light. He looked spick-and-span and very handsome, standing talking, laughing with Sue, but his eyes shifted restlessly from face to face.

"Come on," Hal Purdy said. "The missus is giving us the high sign."

Marta's hand went to her throat. "I can't—I can't do it!"

He finished knotting the bandanna around his red head, then he grinned and patted her hand. "Sure you can do it. What you scared of? You'll be a riot—come on!" She followed him to the top of the stairs and there he stopped and studied her judiciously. "That's no way to hold a tambourine—look, prop it against your hip like that—stick your elbow out—that's the idea. And you want to kind of swing your hips when you walk, this way—" and he demonstrated while Marta pressed her hand hard against her mouth to keep back her hysterical laughter. "Think of a cat snaking through the jungle," he said. "And roll those big lamps of yours—you know, hot and sultry. Now, let's see you try it."

DOWNSTAIRS, Dave managed to catch Sue on the fly and draw her into the deserted dining room. "Where's your princess?"

"She'll be down in a minute. Wait till you see her, you'll be surprised."

He shook his head. "I might have known if I told you that girl could tell fortunes, you'd hang a party on her."

"But I didn't, darling, it was really her idea—oh, not all this—" and she swung her arm toward the pseudo

café, "but the fortunetelling part of it. She's going to tell your fortunes, you know."

He said, "Not my fortune, darling."

"Yours and El's most of all, Dave, you've got to let her do that."

"Not I, my lambkin."

He started away but she caught his arm. "Dave—I wasn't going to tell you, but that's really why she's doing it. Oh, it's the most utterly naive thing you ever heard in your life, but she thinks that something she told you and El that time caused trouble between you and that the best way to straighten things out is to tell you something else today—administer a kind of antidote." She laughed and shook her head and told him incredulously, "She actually believes it all—you never saw anyone so much in earnest and the least you can do is humor her."

He continued to stare down at her pretty, laughing face and presently, still unsmiling, he shook his head slowly. "Did she tell you all that?"

"My dear, of course. She told me her conscience would never give her any peace until she'd made things all right with you and El. Did you ever hear anything so amusing in your life?"

He said slowly, "Yes, I think maybe I have. You sort of forget there are still people in the world with consciences, don't you?"

Sue was moving restively toward the door. "Well, anyway you will let her tell your fortunes, won't you, darling? She'll never forgive me, if you don't."

"Forgive you for what?"

"For springing this mob on her; but it was such a marvellous opportunity—I do hope she hasn't got stage-fright—"

She was gone and presently Dave followed. He made his way between the little tables where the guests sat playing backgammon and checkers for all the world like an authentic café, to his own table where Ellen sat with Paul Davis. "Hello, darling," Ellen said. "Where have you been?"

"What? Oh, around."

Ellen was in black, which became her ivory skin and golden hair well. Paul Davis had just told her so and her blue eyes dwelt on him luminously. But she turned suddenly and clutched Dave's arm, "Dave, look! That gypsy—why, she's the same one who told our fortunes, that day. How on earth—look, Paul, we met that gypsy on the road this fall—"

It was not necessary to tell Paul to look. Both Paul and Dave were already looking; the hum and buzz at the tables was shot through with little explosions of approval and surprise. "Look, the gypsy!"—"Isn't she gorgeous!"—"What fun!" She had reached the foot of the stairs before they discovered her and there she stood for a moment, as though frozen to the spot, until Hal Purdy propped himself against the newel post and drew a lazy trickle of melody from his accordion. Then suddenly she moved forward, the tambourine balanced on her hip, her body swaying a little, scarlet skirt swinging against her slender ankles, eyes aslant.

At the nearest table she stopped, said in a husky, wheedling voice, "Tell the lady's fortune—read the gentleman's future?"

It was the "gentleman" who, laugh-





*"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body"*



1. But Mary... I tell you I'm tired of pampering the child. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else...



2. Oh no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because you take it yourself. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



3. Oh, I see! Yes, Doctor... Uh-huh... WHAT! Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, Doctor.



4. There, smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides"... and could do more harm than good.



5. He told me to give him a laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's SAFE, too. It has no harsh drugs and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.



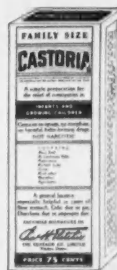
6. Will you look at the child just lap up that Castoria. He's licking the spoon! Thank heavens we won't have any more fights over a laxative in this family!

**To be on the SAFE Side...**

... don't give your child a laxative that you would use yourself. For, while it may be mild enough for you, it can be too strong for a child's delicate "insides".

Give your child Castoria—the laxative made ONLY for children. It is mild—yet thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel. Never gripes.

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THE Modern Mother knows how important it is to use the proper medication at the proper time. That's why she uses specialized medication for different stages and types of colds—medication that's specially designed to attack the distressing symptoms right where they attack you—when they attack you.



At the first warning sneeze, snuffle, or irritation in the nose—quick!—put a few drops of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL up each nostril.

VA-TRO-NOL is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. Used in time, it helps to prevent many colds—or to throw off head colds in their early stages.

**Clears Stuffed-Up Heads.** Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and helps to keep the sinuses open. It lets you breathe again. And Va-tro-nol is so easy to use—at home or at work. Keep it handy—use it early.



If first signs have been neglected—or a cold strikes without warning—use Vicks VAPORUB, the safe, external treatment. No "dosing"—no risk of stomach upsets. Best of all, no long waiting for relief to begin. For VAPORUB

attacks the distressing symptoms direct—right where you feel them.

Simply massage VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. Almost before you finish rubbing, it goes to work direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the warmth of the body, are carried direct to the irritated air passages with every breath.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion. And long after restful sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

### Proved in Clinical Tests Among 17,353 People

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been doubly proved for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by one of the largest clinical tests ever made on colds. For details see folder—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds"—which comes in each Vicks package.

## VICKS

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| <b>VA-TRO-NOL</b><br>Used at the first warning sneeze or snuffle<br>Helps PREVENT many colds | <b>VAPORUB</b><br>Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back<br>Helps END a cold sooner |
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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

## THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

### PLAYTIME FOR THE CHILD— MAKE IT SAFE

NOTHING SHORT of keeping a child wrapped in cotton batting would be sufficient to prevent the cuts, scratches, bruises and even the broken collar-bones, arms and legs which are an inevitable portion of child life. On the other hand, merely wise precautions will greatly reduce the number of child accidents which occur every year.

Accidents are more deadly to children than any disease. In 1930, there were about 25,000 deaths of North America's children under fifteen years of age. Less than half this number of fatalities were due to measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined.

Louis Resnick, of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, brings the subject much closer to the average parent than does any enumeration of figures. He says: "Have you ever seen a child with one eye closed forever from the effect of a sharp stick, a little boy with half his face shot away, a little girl whose lacy dress had caught fire? Have you heard the cry of this little girl, or seen the child on your knee in the morning and seen it dead from an accident in the afternoon?" Such happenings are very common. The sight of them is more eloquent than figures.

Firecrackers, air guns, pop guns, chemical and electrical toys kill or destroy the sight of thousands every year.

The "motor car massacre" annually accounts for the deaths of more than 3,000 children under fifteen years. The reason is too fast driving, reckless, drunken drivers and the lack of care exercised by parents, many of whom,



half the time, are unaware of where their children are. For the one who is killed outright, how many are crippled for life?

How may this "massacre" be reduced?

The mother must do her share. Small children can and must be taught not to play in the streets. The effective punishment is not a spanking but a temporary loss of the privilege of outdoor play. Little children may be taught, both in and out of school, to look both left and right before crossing the street. They should be taught to obey the traffic lights, even if their seniors disobey these warnings.

The foregoing are a very few of the precautions that would materially cut down the accidents of childhood. The playtime of the child should be made safe.

### YOUR QUESTION BOX

**Question**—My nine-months-old baby boy weighs 20 lb. and has fine straight limbs but no teeth. He is fed boiled milk, cereals and has had cod-liver oil since he was six weeks old. He does not creep yet. What can I do to promote the growth of teeth?—Mrs. R. B., Vernon, B.C.

**Answer**—Early growth of teeth depends on the feeding of the mother before the birth of the baby. It will be promoted by steady use of cod-liver oil. If the local milk is not pasteurized, be sure to boil or pasteurize it at home using a double boiler. Heat to 145 deg. Fahr. and hold at this temperature for 30 minutes. Cool to 40 or 50 degrees and hold at this temperature until used. Out-of-door air will promote sleep. I send formula for feeding.

**Question**—Please send me directions for feeding a year-old boy who at eleven months weighed 25 lb. 4 oz.—Mrs. R. J. W. Fairlight, Sask.

**Answer**—Your boy weighs well. You must have given him good care. Directions sent herewith.

**Question**—It is very cold here and when I let my little girl out to play she gets very cold and her feet are like ice. Is this right? She has cod-liver oil and weighs 36 lb. She is 41 inches in height. Are these normal?—Mrs. H. J. T., Golden, B.C.

**Answer**—You do not give the age of your child, but 36 lb. is about normal for a girl of four and a half, and a height of 41 inches for five and a half. Don't allow her to suffer from cold. Try adding extra wool stockings.

**Question**—My little girl, four and a half years old, has had gas on her stomach for the last month. Magnesia does not seem to help. She has cramps and soreness of the front passage. Please advise.—Mrs. R. McB., Toronto.

Continued on page 52



other large glass-fronted cupboard full of dolls—one to represent each nation—and just by the present night-nursery door stands an immense and fascinating doll's house, bearing the interesting inscription: "Designed, prepared and presented by Queen Mary to her granddaughter Elizabeth, 1930."

From their schoolroom window, the Princesses watched the advancing preparations for their father's Coronation.

IN NOVEMBER, 1936, Princess Elizabeth told me that she was going to attend the Coronation—little knowing whose Coronation it was going to be. "And I am to wear robes," she said, with wan pride, adding, "but Margaret is not." But when she became daughter instead of niece to the reigning King, Princess Margaret was also to wear robes.

"Oh, but I must have a train!" she indignantly exclaimed when she heard her mother order the necessary extra tiny length of velvet and ermine for her younger daughter, and add the words, "But of course she need not have a train."

The first time they tried on their tiny coronets, Princess Margaret thought it a great joke, a particularly exhilarating kind of dressing-up.

"I put on my coronet and walked and walked about, just like Johnny Walker!" she told me, and I heard it was not long before her tilted coronet was perched upon her nose instead of on her head.

Trying on their Coronation robes has not been the only dressing-up since the Princesses moved into Buckingham Palace. The other day they attended a children's fancy dress party, both enchantingly dressed as Italian angels, in flowing silver dresses, silver wings, and silver haloes.

"I am not sure that you look *wholly* angelic, Margaret," Queen Elizabeth remarked, smilingly surveying the impish countenance of her younger daughter as they drove to the party.

"Do I look a holy terror?" flashed back the ready-witted angel, without one second's hesitation.

It is well known how beautifully the King's daughters acquitted themselves at his Coronation, and how the presence in the great Abbey of the two enchanting, diminutive figures added a welcome touch of pathos and humor to the almost overwhelming beauty of pageantry and symbolism.

Both walked up the aisle in the most approved manner, keeping in step, holding their heads erect, and, when they came to the steps, daintily raising their long skirts just like two children about to paddle.

Both sat through the very long service quite as quietly as could be wished, and, occasionally exhorting her to keep quite still or read the order of the service, Princess Elizabeth, as usual, kept an ever-vigilant and protective eye on her young sister. Princess Margaret profited by her example, watching her sister with an anxious "follow-my-leader" look, particularly when the crucial moment came for placing on the two little golden heads the lovely golden crowns.

The difference in the expression on the faces of the two sisters as spell-bound they watched the glorious

ceremony was very characteristic. Princess Margaret looked as blithely excited as any child attending her first circus; while Princess Elizabeth watched her father with evident anxiety, as though fully aware of the magnitude of that which he was undertaking. From first to last her young face looked deeply awestruck by a sense of both the traditions of the past and the obligations of the future.

Thus, tiptoe with expectancy on the bright threshold of their lives, we leave our little Princesses, confidently relying on them to be the solace of their parents' arduous days, and to keep their Palace, for all its sentries, huge size and vast staff, as genuine a home as any cottage in the country.

Under the loving vigilance of the guardian-angel of their childhood, Queen Elizabeth, may their hearts and their minds long remain as bright as their golden hair and their blue eyes.

The more those close to her observe Princess Elizabeth, the more they are struck by her pronounced unselfishness, her consideration for others and her quiet, natural, unobtrusive dignity.

In a world of delight shot through with duty, we see this dedicated child preparing herself for her destiny with precisely the right blend of awe and courage; and—dancing at her side—a delicious little will-of-the-wisp of a younger sister, to keep life shining around her and hold over-seriousness at bay. Alike in the coloring of their hair, eyes and complexion, and each showing the results of their admirable upbringing, the two sisters are yet delightfully dissimilar.

Princess Margaret, I think, resembles her mother more in appearance and less in nature.

One is loath to analyze, but each time I see the King's daughters I find myself reminded of the two lines of poetry in which Wordsworth defines two contrasting vocations of Womanhood (in his poem they are different facets of the same woman).

One line is:

"To warn, to comfort and command."

The other:

"To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

But, since labels are so misleadingly limiting, I hasten to add that to credit Princess Elizabeth with every qualification "to warn, to comfort and command," is by no means to question her capacity "to haunt, to startle or waylay."

Equally, to pronounce the Princess Margaret:

"A dancing shape, an image gay,

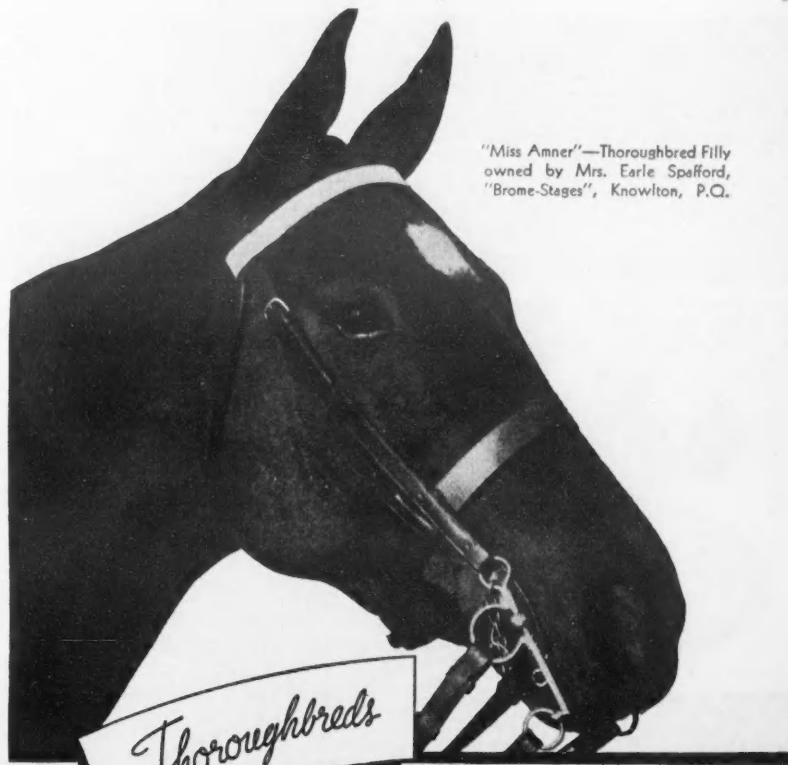
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

is not to imply her unfitted to be a comforter. No, indeed! Already the mere sight of her is a consolation for the sterner aspects of life. As a soldier once said of her mother, "Her smile is a refreshment."

"She is only a bud," remarked Princess Elizabeth of her baby sister. And in truth both these "White Roses of York" (as the Princesses used to be called) are still but little more than buds.

But I think it is with high hopes that England may await the full flowering of the two fair roses she has in her keeping.

Of each of them, in the fullness of time, may it justly be said: "The King's daughter is all glorious within."



"Miss Amner"—Thoroughbred Filly owned by Mrs. Earle Spafford, "Brome-Stages", Knowlton, P.Q.



"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



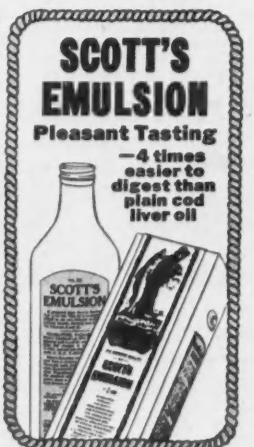
LA CROSS, of course, darling —

• At last — nail polishes men like to see! Because La Cross costume colors are made to harmonize with your ensembles, so they never look blatant or jarring. And because La Cross polishes are so fine that they won't chip or peel off untidily!

Ask your manicurist to apply *Vineyard*, a deep red sensation with black dresses. Take home several other shades. They're easy to apply yourself over Stazon, the new La Cross polish base. Fifty cents each bottle. La Cross, Toronto, Ont.

CREME NAIL POLISH *La Cross*





## The Baby Clinic

Continued from page 50

**Answer**—You do not say anything about the child's feeding. There is something wrong about it. Telephone the Parliament Buildings, AD. 1211 and ask the Health Department to send you a baby book. In this book you will find directions for the feeding of children at different ages. You might get a dozen Infant Corrective tablets at the druggist's. Give one of these three times a day for a few days.

**Question**—My baby boy, three months old Dec. 13, is fed on a mixture of milk, water and dextro-maltose with cod-liver oil and two teaspoonfuls of orange juice daily. He has a lot of gas and vomits after feeding. Please send formula.—Mrs. J. M. F., Merigomish, N.S.

**Answer**—The formula is not right and you are giving too much orange juice. The plan of feeding I send will make matters right.

## The King's Daughters

Continued from page 19

fiend, with the possible exception of some very enterprising airman. And then there is the large lake with boats and, if ever we have a proper winter again, they will be able to learn to skate in their own garden. (It was while skating on this very lake that their great-great-grandfather, Prince Albert, once fell through the ice.)

No wet weather need ever hinder them from being thoroughly well exercised; for in Buckingham Palace there are literally miles of red-carpeted passages down which the children can tear to their hearts' content, and the elder sister can run quite out of sight of the younger.

It is a very long time since the walls of this great Palace resounded to the ring of children's laughter and the scamper of their feet. The sons and daughters of Queen Victoria were the last children who were brought up under its roof.

I should imagine it will be some months before this latest generation of the Royal Family really learn their way about their vast home or find time to examine half its contents. Among other unusual features, it has its own post office, and the newcomers found it very amusing to meet a real live postman indoors, and to learn that he delivered their letters at the doors of their very own rooms.

The schoolroom at present in use is the room that Princess Elizabeth occupied as her night nursery when, during the second year of her babyhood, she spent some months with her grandparents while her father and mother were away in Australia. The interminable passage outside this room begins to look like home. The children's two cabinets of playthings, already described at 145, Piccadilly, have been installed, and there is an-



If  
You've  
a  
BABY

Happy, smiling health is baby's most cherished possession. Keep the little system regular and avoid complications at teething time by giving Steedman's Powders. This famous English remedy is a safe and gentle laxative for infants and children from teething time to 14 years of age.

FREE

Mother praises Steedman's—  
"Never any trouble with baby's teething, thanks to Steedman's Powders."

Sample and Booklet

"Hints to Mothers."  
Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal. 69

Give **STEEDMAN'S**  
From Teething to Teens **POWDERS**  
Look for the double EE symbol on each package.

**TOMATO  
JUICE**  
is MOST



Delicious when you  
Add a few drops  
of

**Lea & Perrins**  
**SAUCE**  
THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH.

**STOP  
BABY'S COLD**  
**BEFORE IT GETS WORSE**

A FIREMAN will tell you big fires are little fires when they start. That's why they always hurry to put them out. Don't let your baby's little cold develop into a "big cold" or something worse. Be in a hurry to check it. Let Mrs. Geo. McBride of Scarborough tell you how. "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold this spring, so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she seemed to throw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the cause of baby's trouble. Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, irritability, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given in each package.

Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. Your money back if you are not satisfied. 25 cents.

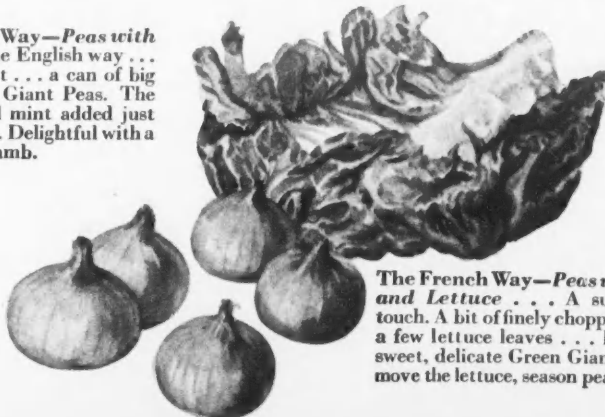


# Three Classic Ways To Serve Peas

EACH A MASTERPIECE WITH GREEN GIANT PEAS



**The English Way—Peas with Mint . . .** The English way . . . a sprig of mint . . . a can of big tender Green Giant Peas. The finely chopped mint added just before serving. Delightful with a fine roast of lamb.



**The French Way—Peas with Onion and Lettuce . . .** A subtle Gallic touch. A bit of finely chopped onion . . . a few lettuce leaves . . . heated with sweet, delicate Green Giant Peas. Remove the lettuce, season peas and serve.



**The Canadian Way—Peas in Butter . . .** Think of tender baked ham . . . or crusty-brown fried chicken . . . and you think of garden-fresh peas. Delicately seasoned . . . and bathed in melted butter. Nothing finer . . . if the peas are fine. Perfect for Green Giant Brand Peas.

It's a tender green world with peas as the basis of recipes. Over the centuries chefs have found that peas combined with green things . . . lettuce—parsley—mint—leeks are delicacies of the first order.

But you must start with fine peas. Peas with a glorious flavor of their own. Green Giant Brand Peas . . . the peas that are really different—in size, in their unique oval shape, in secret-variety flavor.

Green Giant Brand Peas are a surprise in the world of peas—a sport of a fine old English strain—that grow to great size while still very young. They're gathered dewy-fresh, and canned before their delicate young flavor can deteriorate or their sugar turn to starch. You won't find anything like them anywhere—except in Green Giant cans. At your grocer's.



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The Green Giant Family of Quality Products  
Grown and Packed in Canada

Green Giant Peas • Del Maiz Niblets Corn • Niblet-Ears Corn • Del Maiz Cream Style Corn • Green Giant Asparagus • Green Giant Tomatoes • Green Giant Tomato Juice • Green Giant Golden Wax Beans

## GREEN GIANT PEAS

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ALSO PACKERS OF GERBER'S STRAINED VEGETABLES—GROWN AND PACKED IN CANADA



# *Chatelaine's* HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME  
MANAGEMENT—Conducted  
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



Blancmange dressed up  
with red cherries makes  
a gala dessert.

Photograph by Milne Studios, Ltd.

## Desserts With a Delicate Air

*Old fashioned dishes take kindly  
to modern variations*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

**B**ELIEVE it or not, there is still a lot of sentiment in the world. Listen to any man over forty rave about the old cookie jar, and grow positively eloquent about those bygone days when puddings were blancmange and pies were homemade by the baker's dozen.

You're lucky if that fondly retrospective mood takes so mild a form and doesn't dwell on the Saturday bath night idea. Foster it—if you want to get on with him—by tickling his palate with some well-remembered dishes of familiar old-time flavor.

Now you have to bear in mind that what's one man's meat is another man's bugbear. Cornstarch puddings don't always evoke tender reminiscences, though discreet enquiries reveal the popularity of their smooth mellowness; provided they are both smooth and mellow, not tasteless, gluey and unyielding to a spoon. Modern touches, it seems, are quite in order. They don't have to be served plain, invariably, and jam and jelly are not the only accompaniments.

Any smart woman can take a basic recipe for cornstarch mold and please her family with it in a dozen or more different ways. But even with so simple a formula, you can't afford to be hit and miss in your methods; that delicate,

quivery and appetizing dessert you are after is the result of proper proportions, correct blending and thorough cooking. Then you have something—a pudding which is economical, nutritious and suitable for all the family at any season. A good chance to get milk in the children's meals, by the way. Furthermore, it has the virtue of advance preparation, and it's no trick to unmold and decorate it for serving.

To get back to the recipe:

- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 4½ to 6 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Scald 2½ cupfuls of the milk. Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt together and moisten with the remaining half cupful of milk. Add gradually to the hot liquid, stirring constantly until thickened, then cook in a double boiler for twenty-five minutes, giving it an occasional stir. Add the flavoring and pour into a mold—or several small ones—which has been rinsed in cold water to prevent sticking. Serve with cream, sauce or fruit—fresh, canned or stewed. Six servings. + Continued on page 60



# Lunching Downtown



## How to choose a mid-day meal for a balanced diet

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT'S NOON and Main Street is crowded with businessmen and women on their way to lunch. They eat downtown, thousands of them from offices, shops, factories or wherever their work may be. And now they're hurrying along, spurred by appetites as keen as the north wind in winter and the knowledge that they haven't all afternoon to dawdle over a meal.

Not everyone will make the best of all choices when they sit down at a restaurant table. There's the desk man who is heavy on meat, potatoes and a piece of pie, the hard-working young woman who half starves herself to keep or get like a beanpole, the sandwich, sundae and cup of coffee girls and the starched boys who go in for macaroni, white bread and doughnuts.

Not that all these dishes aren't perfectly good in their proper place; the fault is in the ill-balanced combination which makes a lopsided or inappropriate menu. It can't be said, either, that one type of meal is suitable to all, for you have to take into account the amount of activity your job demands. A bank clerk doesn't need as much as a bricklayer to keep him going and the manicurist can do with less than the girl who rushes about waiting on customers in a store. Another consideration is the relationship of the midday lunch to the other meals of the day. If you got up late this morning and breakfast was of the scrappiest (not that we condone such "goings on") the noon meal should be nourishing enough to make up for the earlier insufficiency. Again, when it's your main meal to be followed by supper at six or thereabouts, it should provide its full share of the day's calories, proteins, minerals and vitamins, without putting you to sleep in the afternoon.

FOR MOST of the multitude who eat downtown, lunch comes midway between a reasonable breakfast and a hearty dinner. Fortunately, more people are realizing its importance in the dietary scheme of things—a change that's all to the good from the standpoint of personal health and business efficiency.

The modern trend is in favor of a light, simple lunch with cooked vegetables and salads of all kinds more

popular than they used to be. More restaurant patrons are putting milk in their menus, either in the form of cream soups, puddings or beverage. There is a readier sale for fish than formerly and not limited any more to Fridays and fast days, either. And pie doesn't have it all its own way when it comes to dessert; fruit, jelly, ice cream and lighter versions share the spotlight nowadays.

To purchase inexpensive but appetizing, wholesome and satisfying meals, first select an establishment with a high standard of cleanliness and good cooking, which offers a range of suitable dishes at prices you can afford. Then choose a menu for yourself in accordance with your tastes and dietary requirements. You don't have to be a faddist or a worrier about what you eat, but neither should you consider your whims to the exclusion of any thought for "balance" and proper nutrition. If you are confronted with a tempting array in a cafeteria or sit down with an à la carte menu, you won't be so confused by the extent and variety if you have in mind the type of meal to order, not necessarily any specific dishes. An office worker whose occupation is chiefly of a sedentary nature, would find a cream soup, mixed vegetable salad, rolls and a fruit whip sufficiently nourishing without being at all heavy. It might be a creamed dish with a fruit salad to follow, for a light two-course luncheon. A fruit cocktail, liver and bacon or

broiled fish with potatoes and spinach for the main course, and ice cream for dessert is one good choice when supper is the evening meal.

A table d'hôte meal can nearly always be adjusted to suit your particular tastes if you take advantage of the choices to select wisely. Look through the whole menu first of all, then if the main course seems very substantial, order the consommé instead of the thicker, richer soup. Do you want to go easy on the starched foods for the sake of your figure? And you're going to have potatoes tonight? Then ask for another vegetable here, unless, of course, substitutions are not allowed. Better decide on the lighter dessert, but if you just must have that dumpling, ease up on the preceding courses by omitting the rolls or bread.

MOST RESTAURANTS, hotels, tea rooms, dining cars and cafeterias cater to people of discriminating judgment to please those patrons who are interested in eating both wisely and well. Many of them have trained women in charge, who understand not only the preparation and service of food but the aesthetic and dietary values. These food supervisors who manage restaurants where one is always sure of an excellent meal, stress perfection of detail in grouping foods of harmonizing flavors. + Continued on page 70



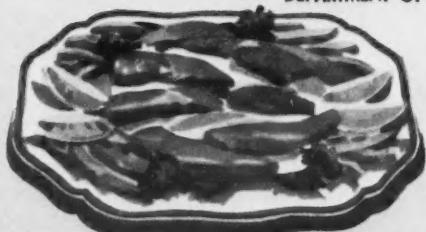




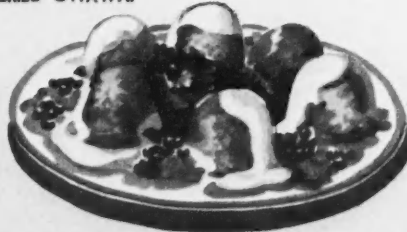
## SERVE **FISH** OFTEN

**Y**OUR CHILDREN will love it. So tempting, so appetizing. It is good for them, too . . . contains so much nourishment . . . so many elements that build health and strength. There is no better food for them . . . none better for grown-ups, either. Fish is the great source of vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin that makes sturdy bodies, sound bones, good teeth. Give the whole family this health-building food . . . serve fish often . . . it is easy to prepare in many varied and delicious ways. Over sixty kinds of Canadian Sea Fish, Fresh Water Fish, and Shellfish can be served in a wonderful variety of wholesome, economical and flavoursome dishes. Send for the FREE Recipe Booklet.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES OTTAWA.



**Pan Broiled Fillets à la Meunière**  
2 lbs. Canadian fillets, 4 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon finely-minced parsley, juice of one lemon. Roll fillets in salted flour. Heat some oil in a frying pan and fry fillets until cooked a nice brown on each side. Remove to a hot platter. Melt the butter, add the lemon juice and parsley and when very hot pour over the fillets and serve at once.



**Fish Balls**  
1 cup of Canadian Fish, 2 cups diced potatoes, cooking fat, 1 teaspoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, well beaten. Boil fish and potatoes together until potatoes are done; any Canadian Fish may be used. Drain off water, mash fish and potatoes, add butter, salt and pepper, and beat light with a fork. Let cool a little, then add egg. Shape into balls, drop into a frying basket, fry one minute in deep fat (390° F.), and drain on paper.

### Baked Fish Platter

Select an oily-meated variety of fish and cut a piece of the required size. Clean and scale the fish; cut off the fins with a pair of scissors and rub the inside with salt. Fill the cavity with stuffing or not, as desired, and secure the fish with string or skewers. Brush the entire surface with cooking oil and place in a well-oiled baking pan. Bake in a very hot oven for 10 minutes or until the fish begins to brown, then reduce the heat and bake until tender. Allow about 10 minutes to the pound up to four pounds, then five minutes for each additional pound. Lift carefully from the baking pan, using a pancake turner, remove the strings or skewers and place on a heated platter. Garnish with leaves of crisp lettuce, tomato sections and sprigs of fresh parsley.

*Ladies*

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FREE BOOKLET

Department of Fisheries,  
Ottawa.

Please send me your free 52-page Booklet, "Any Day a Fish Day", containing 100 delightful and economical Fish Recipes. 102

Name.....

Address.....NMS

**A N Y D A Y A F I S H D A Y**

It drives away that "fagged out" feeling

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

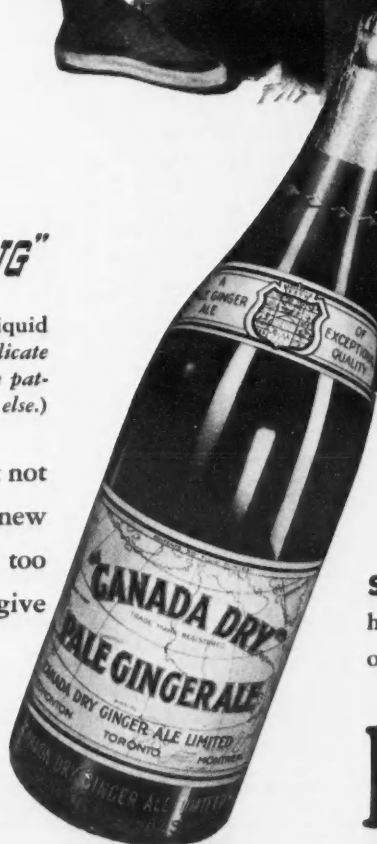


SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY  
PICKS YOU UP  
SOOTHES AND REFRESHES  
INWARDLY  
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In a word... "IT'S GINGERVATING"

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process the one process that captures all the elusive flavour, the delicate aroma, the wholesome stimulating qualities of pure, natural ginger. (The patented Lloyd Process is owned by Canada Dry and cannot be used by anyone else.)

Try a glass of Canada Dry as a quick pick-up...you'll find it not only *tastes* refreshing, it also refreshes inwardly, gives you new pep. You'll enjoy its delicate mellow flavour that's neither too sweet nor too dry. And to make a hit with the children, give them all they want...it's good for them.



Save Money by getting Canada Dry in the handy home cartons containing four large family size bottles or six regular 12-oz. bottles.

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"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"



## Twenty-eight Menus for February

### Meals of the Month



|  |   |  |  |  |  |
|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| <b>1 BREAKFAST</b><br>Sliced Bananas<br>Soft-cooked Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Jelly Tea       | <b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b><br>Bean Soup<br>Biscuits<br>Lettuce with Dressing<br>Canned Black Currants<br>Tea Cocoa         | <b>DINNER</b><br>Dressed Spareribs<br>Apple Sauce<br>Mashed Potatoes Cabbage<br>Gingerbread Cup Cakes<br>Lemon Sauce<br>Coffee Tea | <b>15 BREAKFAST</b><br>Half Grapefruit<br>Soft-cooked Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Jelly Tea                             | <b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b><br>Cold Sliced Meat Loaf<br>Pan-fried Potatoes<br>Banana Nut Salad<br>Tea Cocoa      | <b>DINNER</b><br>Lamb Stew<br>Dumplings<br>Green Beans Creamed Celery<br>Baked Coconut Custard<br>Coffee Tea                                 |
| <b>2</b><br>Tomato Juice<br>Cereal<br>Muffins Coffee Honey Tea                           | Baked Onions<br>Stuffed with Canned Pork<br>and Beans<br>Brown Bread<br>Orange, Pineapple and Grape<br>Salad<br>Tea Cocoa | Roast of Veal<br>Browned Potatoes<br>Buttered Carrots<br>Steamed Fruit Rolyoly<br>with Cream<br>Coffee Tea                         | <b>16</b><br>Pineapple Juice<br>Bacon<br>Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea  | Bean Soup<br>Cabbage and Peanut Salad<br>Hot Biscuits<br>Tea Cocoa   | Fried Smelts<br>Potato Chips<br>Scalloped Tomatoes<br>Grape Juice Tapioca<br>with Cream<br>Coffee Tea  |
| <b>3</b><br>Prunes with Lemon<br>French Toast<br>Syrup<br>Coffee Tea                     | Bacon<br>Baked Potatoes<br>Pickles<br>Molded Cherry Jelly<br>Custard Sauce<br>Tea Cocoa                                   | Celery Soup<br>Cold Roast Veal<br>Potato au Gratin Peas<br>Apple Pie<br>Coffee Tea   | <b>17</b><br>Cereal with Chopped Dates<br>Bran Muffins<br>Coffee Jam Tea   | Creamed Chipped Beef<br>on Toast<br>Apple Compote Plain Cake<br>Tea Cocoa                                      | Dressed Pork Tenderloin<br>Baked Sweet Potatoes<br>Boiled Shredded Cabbage<br>Ice Cream with Chopped Nuts<br>Coffee Tea                      |
| <b>4</b><br>Orange Halves<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea                        | Baked Carrot Loaf<br>Green Pea Sauce<br>Hot Biscuits<br>Jam Turnovers<br>Tea Cocoa  | Oven-steamed Fillets<br>Savory Tomato Sauce<br>French-fried Potatoes<br>Brussels Sprouts<br>Baked Prune Soufflé<br>Coffee Tea      | <b>18</b><br>Orange Juice<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jelly Tea  | Onion Soup<br>Canned Pilchard on Lettuce<br>with Lemon<br>Vanilla Rennet Custard<br>Tea Cocoa                  | Tomato Cocktail<br>Spinach Ring with Creamed<br>Mushrooms<br>Potato Cakes Harvard Beets<br>Steamed Fruit Pudding<br>Hard Sauce<br>Coffee Tea |
| <b>5</b><br>Cereal with Figs<br>Bacon<br>Coffee Toast Tea                                | Fish Cakes<br>Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad<br>French Dressing<br>Apple Sauce Cookies<br>Tea Cocoa                         | Swiss Steak<br>Buttered Noodles, Spinach<br>Tapioca Cream<br>Coffee Tea  | <b>19</b><br>Stewed Prunes with Lemon<br>Scrambled Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Jam Tea                                  | Sliced Fresh Bologna<br>Mustard<br>Fried Potatoes<br>Canned Pineapple<br>Spice Cake<br>Tea Cocoa               | Stewed Chicken with<br>Dumplings<br>Turnips Cherry Jelly Whip<br>Coffee Peas Tea   |
| <b>6 (Sunday)</b><br>Grapefruit<br>Cereal<br>Scrambled Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Jelly Tea    | Peppercot Soup<br>Crackers<br>Toasted Sardine Sandwiches<br>Ice Cream Macaroons<br>Tea Cocoa                              | Roast Stuffed Chicken<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Glazed Parsnips<br>Fresh Fruit Cup<br>Chocolate Cake<br>Coffee Tea                     | <b>20 (Sunday)</b><br>Diced Orange and Grapefruit<br>Cereal<br>Grilled Smoked Fish<br>Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea | Asparagus with Cheese Sauce<br>on Toast<br>Celery Curls<br>Jellied Prunes (from Saturday)<br>Cake<br>Tea Cocoa | Rolled Roast of Beef<br>Yorkshire Pudding<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Creamed Onions<br>Chilled Lemon Pudding<br>Coffee Tea                        |
| <b>7</b><br>Orange Juice<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jam Tea                               | Individual Chicken and<br>Celery Shortcake<br>Mixed Pickles<br>Baked Apples<br>Tea Cocoa                                  | Pork Chops<br>Pan-fried Potatoes<br>Scalloped Tomatoes<br>Spanish Cream<br>Coffee Cake Tea   | <b>21</b><br>Tomato Juice<br>Milk Toast<br>Rolls Coffee Jam Tea  | Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches<br>Sweet Pickles<br>Apple, Celery and Raisin Salad<br>Tea Cocoa                      | Curried Kidneys<br>Steamed Rice<br>Buttered Carrots<br>Johnny Cake Syrup<br>Coffee Tea   |
| <b>8</b><br>Grapes<br>Bread and Milk<br>Fresh Scones Marmalade<br>Coffee Tea             | Macaroni and Cheese<br>Crusty Brown Rolls<br>Fresh Fruit Cup<br>Small Cakes<br>Tea Cocoa                                  | Pot Roast of Beef<br>Horseradish<br>Boiled Potatoes<br>Mashed Turnips<br>Baked Lemon Pudding<br>Coffee Tea                         | <b>22</b><br>Sliced Bananas<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jelly Tea  | Meat and Rice Croquettes<br>Mushroom or Tomato Sauce<br>Brown Rolls<br>Fruit Trifle<br>Tea Cocoa               | Hot Baked Cottage Roll<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Braised Celery<br>Peach Shortcake<br>Coffee Tea   |
| <b>9</b><br>Sliced Bananas<br>Cereal<br>Soft-cooked Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Tea             | Fried Oysters and Bacon<br>Cole Slaw<br>Canned Peaches Jelly Roll<br>Tea Cocoa  | Vegetable Soup<br>Cold Sliced Pot Roast<br>Baked Potatoes Corn<br>Bread Pudding with Raisins<br>Coffee Tea                         | <b>23</b><br>Orange Halves<br>French Toast<br>Coffee Syrup Tea   | Scrambled Eggs on Toast<br>Lettuce Salad<br>Tapioca Cooked in Peach Juice<br>Tea Cocoa                         | Cream of Asparagus Soup<br>Cold Sliced Cottage Roll<br>Browned Potato Cakes<br>Buttered Parsnips<br>Date Pie<br>Coffee Tea                   |
| <b>10</b><br>Tomato Juice<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jam Tea                              | Individual Meat Pies<br>Brown Gravy<br>Apple, Celery and Date Salad<br>Buttered Nut Bread<br>Tea Cocoa                    | Liver and Onions<br>Creamed Potatoes<br>Buttered Beets<br>Cranberry Shortcake<br>Coffee Tea  | <b>24</b><br>Apple Sauce<br>Cereal<br>Muffins Coffee Marmalade Tea   | Savory Spaghetti with Diced<br>Cottage Roll<br>Cole Slaw<br>Jam Turnovers<br>Tea Cocoa                         | Grilled Wing Steaks<br>Creamed Potatoes Corn<br>Molded Chocolate Pudding<br>Coffee Tea   |
| <b>11</b><br>Stewed Apricots<br>French Toast<br>Syrup<br>Coffee Tea                      | Creamed Eggs on Toast<br>with Chopped Parsley<br>Bran Muffins Honey<br>Tea Cocoa  | Breaded Fish Steaks<br>Tartare Sauce<br>Savory Rice Peas<br>Diced Oranges and Bananas<br>in Lemon Jelly<br>Coffee Tea              | <b>25</b><br>Lemon and Orange Juice<br>Cereal<br>Poached Eggs<br>Coffee Toast Tea                                | Pea Soup<br>Potato-Celery Salad<br>Sliced Egg Garnish<br>Bananas and Cream<br>Cookies<br>Tea Cocoa             | Fried Oysters<br>Tartare Sauce<br>Parsley Potatoes<br>Green Beans<br>Apricot Upside-Down Cake<br>Coffee Tea                                  |
| <b>12</b><br>Apples<br>Cereal<br>Toasted Muffins<br>(from Friday)<br>Jelly<br>Coffee Tea | Cream of Tomato Soup<br>Biscuits<br>Cheese Sandwiches<br>Apricots (from Saturday)<br>Cookies<br>Tea Cocoa                 | Grilled Fresh Ham Slice<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Boiled Cabbage<br>Caramel Cornstarch Pudding<br>with Chopped Nuts<br>Coffee Tea      | <b>26</b><br>Half Grapefruit<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jam Tea   | Sausages<br>Chili Sauce<br>Creamed Potatoes<br>Stewed Apricots<br>Tea Cocoa                                    | Meat Pie with Biscuit Crust<br>Carrots Spinach<br>Coffee Sago Custard Tea  |
| <b>13 (Sunday)</b><br>Cranberry Juice<br>Bacon and Eggs<br>Toast Coffee Conserve Tea     | Assorted Cold Meats<br>Pickles Relish<br>Potato Salad<br>Thin Bread and Butter<br>Maple Bavarian Cream<br>Tea Cocoa       | Broiled Steak<br>Tomato Cataup<br>Scalloped Potatoes<br>Buttered Carrots<br>Hot Mince Pie<br>Coffee Tea                            | <b>27 (Sunday)</b><br>Chilled Grape Juice<br>Waffles<br>Bacon Coffee Marmalade Tea                               | Salmon à la King on Toast<br>Points<br>Jellied Fruit Salad<br>Nut Bread<br>Tea Cocoa                           | Roast Duck<br>Orange Garnish<br>Mashed Potatoes<br>Cauliflower<br>Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce<br>Coffee Tea                                 |
| <b>14</b><br>Orange Halves<br>Cereal<br>Toast Coffee Jam Tea                             | Creamed Salmon on Toast<br>Shredded Lettuce Salad<br>Canned Cherries<br>Tea Cocoa   | Hot Meat Loaf<br>Baked Potatoes<br>Buttered Onions<br>Apple Betty<br>Brown Sugar Sauce<br>Coffee Tea                               | <b>28</b><br>Sliced Oranges<br>Cereal<br>Scones Coffee Honey Tea   | Baked Stuffed Potatoes<br>with Left-over Duck<br>Canned Plums<br>Nut Bread or Cookies<br>Tea Cocoa             | Stewed Spareribs<br>Riced Potatoes<br>Buttered Beets<br>Baked Apples with<br>Marshmallows<br>Coffee Tea                                      |

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

## Could You Be a Hollywood Wife?

Continued from page 11

feminine attention than is the star himself. Jimmy Cagney, for example, is scared to death of women fans. He has never forgotten an evening at the Cocoanut Grove when an unknown blond breezed up to his table and plopped herself down in his lap. He tried to get rid of her in a gentlemanly way, but that didn't work, and his manager, who was in the Cagney party, finally had to remove the girl forcibly. Mrs. Cagney laughed heartily over the incident, but Jimmy couldn't see anything funny about it. Now, whenever he goes to a nightclub or restaurant, he usually takes Harvey Perry, his trainer, with him to run interference.

SOMETIMES a movie wife has even been known to fix things for girls who are dying to meet their movie idol. Mrs. Basil Rathbone is this type of broad-minded wife. When Basil was doing a Broadway play between pictures, he was followed home from the theatre one day by a taxi carrying two young college girls. He managed to get into the house before they caught up with him. But the girls were persistent, and a few hours later a letter from them came by special messenger. They expressed their great admiration for the star and begged for an opportunity to meet him personally. "We will telephone tomorrow morning at eleven for an answer," the letter concluded, "and please don't say no because we have made up our minds not to return to school until we have talked to you."

The following morning, on the stroke of eleven, the Rathbone telephone rang. Mrs. Rathbone answered. "This is Mr. Rathbone's secretary," she informed the breathless voice at the other end of the wire.

"I am one of the girls who sent the letter by special messenger," the voice stammered. "Did Mr. Rathbone leave a message for me?"

The pseudo-secretary told the girl that Mr. Rathbone would be glad to see her and her friend in his dressing room at the theatre, after the show.

When the girls arrived backstage, Mrs. Rathbone, still pretending to be the secretary, ushered them into her husband's dressing room and closed the door. In the course of their conversation with Basil, one of the girls said:

"Your secretary's very charming, isn't she?"

Basil laughingly informed them that his secretary was his wife. The girls suddenly became very nervous and ill at ease.

"I guess we'd better go," one of them said. "Your wife probably doesn't like our being here."

Basil assured them that she didn't mind, and that his seeing them had been her idea. As proof, he called Mrs. Rathbone in and introduced them to her. When the girls were convinced that their idol's wife really didn't object to their being there, one of them turned to Basil and said:

"Do you know what would give me the thrill of my life? If you'd let me walk out through the alley with you when you go to your car, as though we were good friends. There are several girls from our school outside, waiting to

see you come out. I'd give anything to see the surprised looks on their faces when they recognize me."

A few minutes later, Mr. Rathbone came out of the stage door, a starry-eyed college girl on either arm, and walked through the alley to his car. As he said good-bye to them, he bowed gallantly and kissed their hands. It is unlikely that anyone noticed the smartly gowned woman who followed, or heard her say, "I'll walk down to the corner. You can pick me up there." For Mrs. Rathbone was much too understanding to spoil the girls' thrill by allowing their college friends to know that the wife was following them.

You see the wise Hollywood wife realizes that the majority of women who worship at a movie star's shrine are not actually in love with him as a person. It is, rather, that seen in the rose-colored glow of the neatly tailored romances in which he appears on the screen, he becomes, to them, a figure on which to hang their frustrated dreams.

WHILE MUTUAL trust is essential to any successful marriage, the woman who is married to a movie star certainly needs a larger quota of this ingredient than does the average wife. Here's why.

When a movie wife says good-bye to her husband in the morning, she does so with the knowledge that his business day will be spent in an atmosphere peopled with alluringly beautiful girls, some of them wearing costumes of postage-stamp proportions. She knows, too, that he may spend hours holding such pulse - quickening damsels as Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young in his arms. Any wife whose temperature skyrockets whenever she allows herself to think about the good-looking young secretary in her husband's office, will not need to be furnished with a blueprint in order to appreciate that under such circumstances it might be difficult to synchronize common sense and imagination.

Incredible as it may seem to you, however, this phase causes the average movie wife the least concern. Perhaps one reason is that she may be aware that her husband is doing a much better job of acting than he is given credit for when he makes love to certain women stars. She may know, too, that he resents all the clever little tricks the actress indulges in, to steal scenes out from under his nose; also that he gets pretty burned up over the fact that, in a love scene close-up, she insists upon being shot through gauze so that some defect of line or feature will be camouflaged. The effect of the soft lighting, plus the layers of gauze hung over the camera, is to make the feminine star look lily-fair, but it often makes him, to use his words, "look like hell."

Another reason why a Hollywood wife is seldom disturbed about movie love scenes is that she knows they are never as intimate as they seem when they are shown on the screen. As a matter of fact, the participants work in a space a few feet square, in the glare

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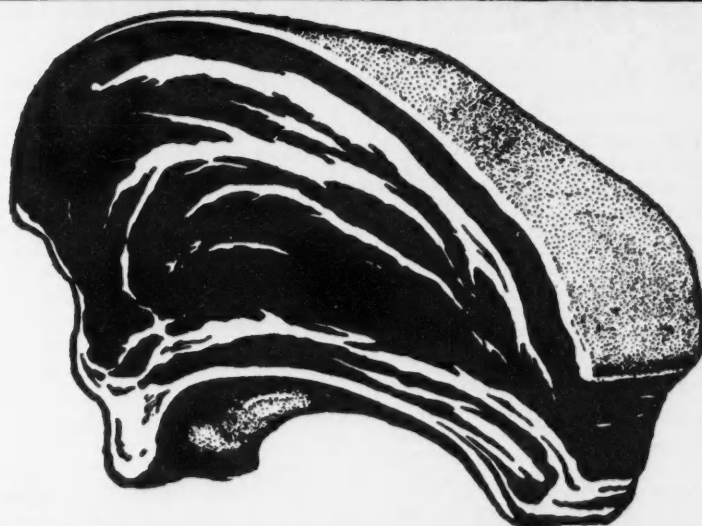


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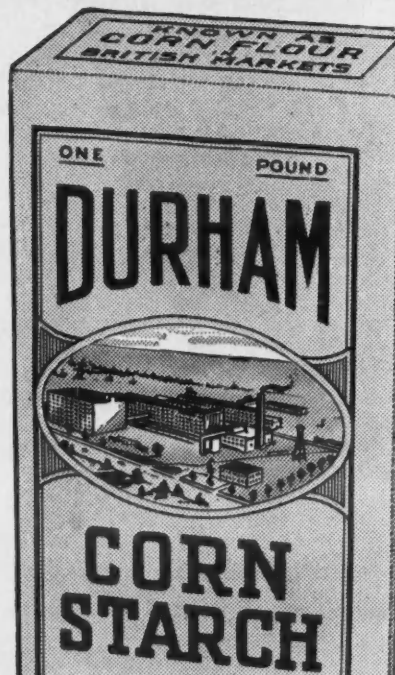
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## Desserts With a Delicate Air

Continued from page 54

### Variations:

Use three and a half instead of four  
and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch,  
and add one slightly beaten egg yolk  
just two or three minutes before  
removing the pudding from the stove.  
First of all, blend the beaten yolk with  
a little of the hot mixture, then com-  
bine with the rest in the double boiler  
and stir slowly all the time the egg is  
cooking.

Fold two stiffly beaten egg whites  
into either of the foregoing puddings  
after they are finished cooking and  
cooled somewhat.

A chocolate mold is made by blend-  
ing one-third to one-half cupful of cocoa  
with the cornstarch, sugar, salt and  
cold milk or by adding one and a half  
to two squares of unsweetened choco-  
late, melted and blended with the  
mixture as it begins to thicken. You  
can increase the sugar, if you like.

For caramel pudding, put an extra  
quarter cupful of sugar in a saucepan,  
and when it melts and turns a golden  
brown color, add slowly to the scalded  
milk. Stir until thoroughly dissolved.  
Then go ahead according to the  
standard recipe.

Substitute one-half cupful of strong  
coffee for one-half cupful of milk in the  
recipe.

Add nuts—one-half cupful to this  
much pudding.

Add grape-nuts or crushed, dried  
macaroons—about one-half cupful.

Add cocoanut—one half to three  
quarters of a cupful.

Add three-quarters to one cupful of  
chopped, cooked and drained, dried  
fruit such as dates, prunes, raisins, etc.

Substitute canned fruit juice for half  
the milk. Sweeten to taste and add a  
dash of lemon juice. If you want to do  
it up brown, add diced fruit—sliced  
peaches, bananas, shredded pineapple,  
orange sections or some other choice.

Use different flavorings—vanilla,  
almond, maple, pistachio and so on.

Try different food colorings for a  
change of scene. Just enough to tint a  
delicate shade.

A VERSATILE, prepared dessert  
powder that is packaged in four popu-  
lar flavors — butterscotch, caramel,  
chocolate and vanilla—simplifies still  
further the making of wholesome and  
appetizing desserts of this general type.  
They offer a chance for a change in  
themselves and are capable of a great  
many variations. Best of all, they  
require only a few minutes and even  
the most inexperienced cook is sure of  
success. This recipe is adapted from  
directions on the container:

- 1 Package of prepared dessert  
powder
- 1 Pint of milk

Empty the contents of the package  
into a bowl and blend to a smooth  
consistency with one-third cupful of  
cold milk. Add the flavor to the  
remainder of the pint and heat in a  
double boiler. Add the paste gradually  
and cook, stirring constantly until the  
mixture thickens, then occasionally,  
for three or four minutes longer, when  
the pudding is done. Pour into a mold,  
a serving bowl, or individual comports

and cover while cooling. This amount  
makes four to five servings.

### Variations:

Add three-quarters cupful of sweet-  
ened, fresh fruit, or drained canned  
fruit.

Fold one or two stiffly beaten egg  
whites into the pudding when luke-  
warm.

Cover the bottom of the mold with  
fresh, soft marshmallows, then pour  
the hot pudding over them. Chill well  
and serve unmolded.

Chopped nuts, cocoanut, macaroon  
crumbs or chopped, dried fruit may  
be added.

Add one or two stiffly beaten egg  
yolks, first mixing a little of the hot  
mixture with them, then combining  
with the remainder and cooking a  
minute or so longer. Pour into molds  
or into a baked pie shell or a crumb  
pastry shell. It's good for tart fillings,  
too.

Tint the vanilla-flavored pudding  
any desired color. Leave the others  
their own rich shades.

...

### Grapefruit Bavarian Cream

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of corn-  
starch
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Can of grapefruit (No. 2)
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Dissolve cornstarch in the cold water,  
heat one cupful of grapefruit juice  
to boiling, add the dissolved cornstarch  
and cook, stirring constantly until  
thick and smooth. Continue cooking  
over hot water for fifteen or twenty  
minutes, until there is no taste of  
uncooked starch. Cut the grapefruit  
into small pieces, add the sugar and  
bring to boiling point. Combine with  
the cooked mixture, chill and fold in  
the cream which has been whipped  
until stiff. Turn into molds or pile in  
sherbet glasses. Six servings.

### Maple Fruit Blancmange

- ½ Cupful of seedless raisins
- 1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of corn-  
starch
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- Pinch of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of maple  
flavoring
- ½ Cupful of broken walnuts  
or pecans

Add the raisins to the boiling water  
and cook slowly for ten minutes. Add  
the sugar and stir until dissolved. Mix  
the cornstarch with the cold water,  
add to the hot mixture and cook,  
stirring constantly until thick and  
smooth. Place over hot water and  
continue cooking for fifteen minutes or  
until there is no taste of uncooked  
starch. Add the maple flavoring and  
the chopped nuts. Turn into molds or  
serving dishes and chill. Serve with  
plain or whipped cream. Six servings.

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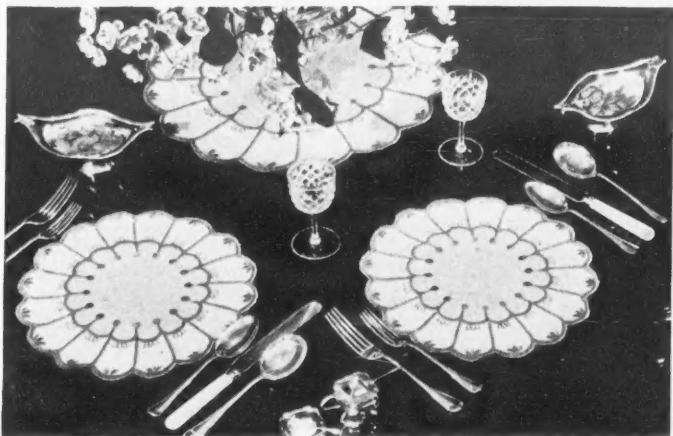
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## Handicraft Highlights

By MARIE LE CERF



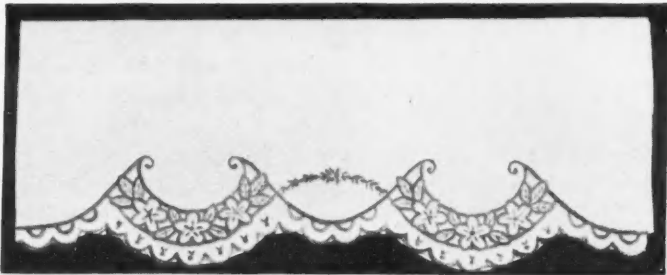
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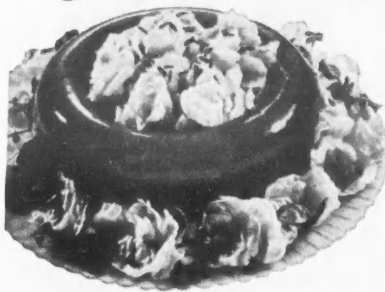
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## Try This MAN-PLEASER Salad



### TOMATO SALAD RING

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1 envelope \*Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water  
2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes or tomato juice  
1/2 bay-leaf (if desired)  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Stalk celery  
A little Cayenne or pepper  
1 tablespoon mild vinegar or lemon juice

1 tablespoon onion juice

Mix tomatoes, bay-leaf, salt, celery and pepper and boil 10 minutes. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top. Let soak 5 minutes. Add to hot mixture; stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into ring mold that has been rinsed in cold water; chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill with potato salad or cole slaw.

\* Use pure unsweetened gelatine. Gelatine dessert powders won't do.

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#### One Egg Cake

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder (if you use another baking powder, increase quantity as recommended by maker); ¼ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter; 1 cup sugar; 1 egg unbeaten; ¾ cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, sift three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together well. Add egg and beat. Add flour, alternately with milk, a little at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two 8-inch greased pans in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes.

54B

# SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

\*Write for free recipe folder to General Foods Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

of powerful lights. They are surrounded by numerous hard-boiled workmen who focus their eyes on the couple's every move, and frequently make disconcerting comments.

Naturally, the woman who marries an actor knows that love scenes will be a part of his job. And if she has ever sat in on a story conference or rehearsal, she knows that a screen love scene is constructed with one idea in mind: To give you a thrill. People go to motion pictures to escape reality; to live, for a couple of hours at least, a life that is in contrast to their own daily existence, and to derive therefrom a certain vicarious thrill. If the two people playing the scene let their emotions run amok and feel the scene too deeply themselves, then they get the thrill, and the audience gets cheated. In other words, the trick is to look hot but keep cool. However, with the director demanding realism, the keeping-cool part isn't always easy. Emotion, as any psychologist will tell you, is highly inflammable material. Even though it may be of the synthetic variety, sometimes it gets out of control, and the actor and the actress playing the love scene are caught in the blaze.

When this occurs, the discerning wife usually recognizes the signs. The husband may start showering her with lavish gifts which have the earmarks of conscience gifts. The actress's too, too charming manner when they meet, the way she calls the wife "Darling," may be the eye-opener. Or it may be the unmistakable whispers that follow her when she goes to the Vendome or the Brown Derby for lunch. But if the wife is not equipped with a sixth sense, and all these things escape her, there will be newspaper columnists and radio commentators to tip her off, to say nothing of several well-meaning friends who will feel it their duty to relay the gossip that is going the rounds.

HOLLYWOOD wives have various ways of coping with situations like this. The wife of one of the screen's most romantic lovers, upon learning that her husband was lunching daily with the glamorous star with whom he was making a picture, started going to the studio for lunch herself. She was accompanied by an attractive man who knew what she was up to, and somehow they always managed to have a table near the one at which the husband and the star were seated. Invariably, the wife and her escort stopped at the husband's table for a friendly little chat with him and the actress. The wife was clever enough to make it look very casual and unplanned, but the husband caught on quickly, and his luncheon engagements with the glamorous star soon ceased.

Perhaps one of the most trying things that a movie wife has to cope with is the fact that wherever she goes, she is almost certain to be overshadowed by the screen beauties whose business it is to be glamorous and fascinating. Comparison is inevitable. If the wife is just an ordinary person who has never won any particular fame or glory herself, she is very likely to be shunted to one side. When she looks for her place card at a big Hollywood dinner party, she will usually find it sandwiched in between those of Mr.

Jones, a husband of no importance, and Henry Doakes, the rotund character actor, while her husband moves up to the head of the table, next to the beautiful Miss Gloria Twinkletoes.

If the party is an important one, candid cameramen will be present to take pictures for the movie magazines. But do they photograph the star and his wife together? Not if they can help it, they don't. The star is photographed with one of the most important screen beauties, while friend wife sits on the side lines.

One day recently I was having lunch at the Assistance League. At the next table sat a middle-aged star, who has always had a great appeal for women, and his very charming, middle-aged wife. A news cameraman was taking pictures of a group of lovely young things who were the honor guests of the day. As soon as he spied the star, he rushed over to ask if he would pose with the girls. The star consented, and a few moments later the wife had the doubtful pleasure of seeing the girls with their arms playfully draped about her husband while he gazed soulfully into their eyes. Later, I asked her if things like that bothered her.

"Not any more," she said. "There was a time when I got a little bit hurt about being so completely disregarded, but now I can see the amusing side of it."

Elinor Glyn once said that in her opinion all actors should be single. Picture producers would doubtless be glad if this could be made a rule. If they had their way, there would be no publicity whatever concerning an actor and his wife. When an actor is being given a romantic build-up, studio publicity departments are instructed to do everything in their power to keep him "single" in the eyes of his public.

The reason is obvious. The studio regards a star as a commercial product, and while in private life, with no scenario writer to guide him, he may be only a Grade B Romeo, in the eyes of his public his romantic aura must be kept intact. Though it is true that the more diplomatic wives can be depended upon not to talk out of turn, the less experienced ones, particularly those who have had no picture training themselves, might thoughtlessly reveal such unromantic facts as (a) that he wears BVD's instead of the latest thing in shorts, (b) that he snores in his sleep, or (c) that he has a weakness for garlic and green onions.

There are a few husbands, like Pat O'Brien for example, who insist upon giving their wives top billing. When the O'Briens go to opening nights, to the fights, or to a night club, and are caught in a net of autograph hounds, Pat always says: "You'd better get Mrs. O'Brien's autograph, too. She's the most important member of our family."

Bing Crosby is another who makes no effort to throw a smoke screen about his happy family life. He will pose with a twin in each arm, and his wife and eldest son by his side.

However, now that you know what she has to contend with, could you—or would you—be a Hollywood wife? On second thought, don't you think you would have much more peace of mind if you just kept on with John instead of turning him in on a Clark Gable model? \*

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2 cups sifted flour; 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder\*; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons shortening; ¾ cup milk. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on floured board, knead 30 seconds, roll ½ inch thick, cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on baking sheet in hot oven (450°) 12 to 15 minutes.

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EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.  
Editor



Modern heating equipment has made possible attractive playrooms in the basement. Photograph courtesy of "Ten-Test."

An interesting treatment of a small house in which every inch of space is used. Excellent results are achieved on the roof with asphalt shingles. Architects, Perry, Luke and Little, Montreal. Photo courtesy The Barrett Co. Ltd.

## THE SMALL HOUSE IS MODERNIZED . .

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

MODERN HOUSES are expressing the changes which have taken place in our mode of living and general outlook. This is particularly true of the small modern home, which has been almost completely revolutionized from the small house of ten years ago.

Livability and use are the most important notes today. The design is the essence of simplicity, and the materials used so effectively are the result of the scientific research which has taken place during the past decade and more.

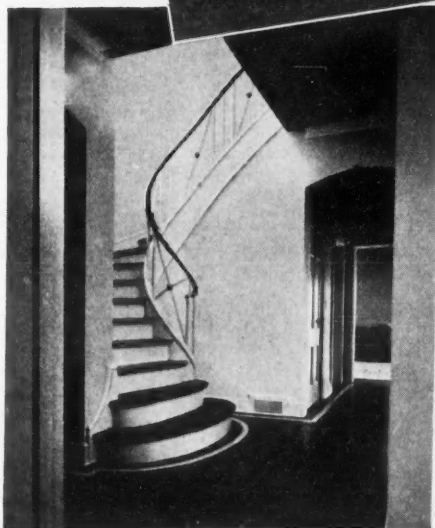
All unnecessary labor has been eliminated. Fussy living rooms with high ceilings, and musty dining rooms are definitely "out." The long walk from the bedroom to the bathroom is no more, and the family's comfort is no longer sacrificed to allow for a sacrosanct bedroom for visitors. The dark and damp laundry has vanished; so has father's "dugout" in the furnace room. Windows are planned to look onto gardens rather than streets, and the house is plotted on the lot, to obtain the most sunlight. With the advent of "stripped architecture" as the modern trend is called, every inch of space is used, and the small home is fitted with conveniences unheard of a decade ago.

Although we in Canada have been a little hesitant in keeping pace with Europe and the U. S. A., nevertheless there are some of these modern well-planned small houses built—and being built—at prices ranging from \$7,500 to \$10,000, in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto. Of course, home-owners' requirements differ, consequently some of these new homes are more replete with modern improvements than others.

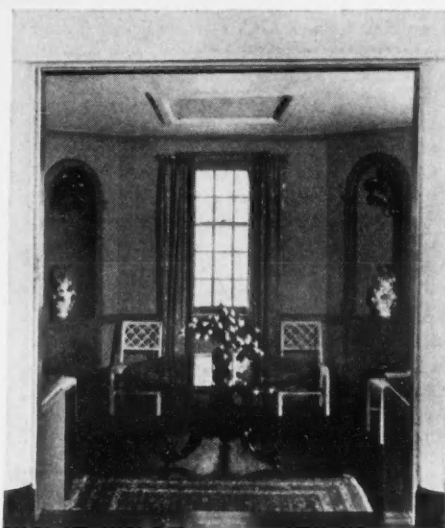
In the small modern home, the front door is not fussy with useless moldings, and is generally of a slab type—simplicity itself. It is approached by attractive steps with, very often, wrought iron balustrading on either side.

UPON ENTERING, the first thing that strikes one is that the staircase has gone circular—very different from the straight, uninteresting, unending flight of stairs common in the '20's. The balustrading is simple, with horizontal rails—no balusters—and the handrail is small, not "knobbly" like those we used to slide down as children.

The living room is arranged with focal points for the various uses—the intimate, ♦ Continued on next page



Staircases have gone circular—very different from the straight flight of stairs usually found in small homes. Bruce H. Wright, Architect.



Most small modern houses have a dining annex—such as this convenient and attractive example. Anthony Adamson, Architect. Photograph by Milne Studio, Limited.



The attic can become a practical and invaluable playroom for the youngsters. Photograph courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg.





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## To Nell of the Red Hair

Continued from page 9

At last she sat up and began to talk about herself. Her name, she said, was Nell. She was a year older than me, her thirteenth birthday coming along in exactly three days. Her mother, who was rich—Nell's father having left a pile of money—had married again, and this stepfather was just like my new maw, picking on Nell whenever he got a chance, worrying her so that she was near crazy. He didn't like the way she spoke or the way she ate her food or the way she walked, and that very morning she had run away.

The three of them, her mother, stepfather, and Nell, were driving in their car to a summer resort in the mountains, and when they had stopped at a place to get gas, Nell had sneaked away. Just about two or three hours before Huck and I found her.

Huck was awfully sympathetic. He licked Nell's hands and he wanted to lick the tears off her face, but she wouldn't let him. And I just sat and stared at her; she was so beautiful.

Way down the road an automobile showed. Nell gave a little cry of fear, and the three of us scrambled into the bushes. Nell was sure that it would be her stepfather, but it wasn't. It was a fat commercial traveller, and when his car was nearly opposite where we were hiding, something went wrong with it and he pulled up to look at the engine.

It was great fun watching him from the bushes, he never thinking anyone was near. It made Nell and me smile, and Huck seemed to enjoy it. At first the fat man whistled and sang, but when he couldn't get the engine to run right he started to swear softly at it. Nell put her hands over her ears when he did that, and I was mad enough to sing out to him and tell him that a little girl was listening. Nell saw what I wanted to do, and she grabbed my hand and held it. Her fingers were softer than anything in the world. I kept on pretending that I was going to call out to the man so that she would keep her grip on my hand, and I was a little sorry when the fat man got his engine going and drove off. That was the first time a girl had held my hand.

Nell told me then that she'd sooner die than go back to her stepfather, and I said that was just how I felt about my new maw, and I said that Huck felt the same way, but he couldn't express himself, being just a dog.

"Jimmy," said Nell, and the way she spoke my name gave me a million little thrills, "Jimmy could I go along with you and Huck? The road frightens me."

When she said that, I thought I'd explode with pride. I got all swelled-up and funny so that I couldn't answer quick. But old Huck seemed to understand. He barked loudly and started to gallop around Nell as if he was trying to tell her that he'd protect her against everyone in the world.

"Jimmy could I go along with you and Huck?" Oh, Nell of the Red Hair, how many times during the years have I heard in fancy your soft voice asking me that question?

THE ROAD wasn't a road any more. It was a path through fairyland. And the hours weren't hours. They were white rabbits hopping and jumping out of a great bag of mystery. And the trees along the road were trees that you see in dreams, running up and up till their branches tickled the sky. And the small birds that were on them became big birds, red and green and yellow, and all singing as loud as they could. And any old cow in the fields became a dragon if I squinted my eyes a little, and farmhouses changed into castles with turrets, and men away off seemed to be wearing golden armor, and the pitchforks they carried turned into shining lances.

That afternoon we came to a little river that was all gold in the sunshine. Nell wanted to wade in it, and we went down the bank and paddled, Huck swimming out into the deep places after sticks that we flung in. It was great fun.

When we heard an automobile coming, we ran in under the bridge and listened to the planks rattling as the car passed over our heads. Once two men in carts met on the bridge and they had a long talk about their wives, not knowing that we were under the bridge and listening to everything they said. One man said he had a very good wife, but the other appeared to have a wife just like my new maw. I whispered that to Nell, and she whispered back to me. Her lips were very close to my ear when she spoke. I just tingled right down to my toes.

When we walked on after paddling, Nell saw a teeny green snake in the road, and she screamed and clutched hold of my arm. I don't care much for snakes but I liked that one. I wouldn't let Huck chase him, and I hoped that we'd find a lot more on the road so that Nell could get frightened and grab hold of my arm.

Just before it got dark Huck and I went up to another house and asked for food. The woman was grumpy and didn't wish to give us any, but I told her about Huck's trick with the bone and she got curious. Huck did his trick so well that she gave us a big hunk of pie and five peaches.

Farther along the road we saw a haystack, and as it was quite dark now we scooped out beds. Huck knew that Nell was more frightened than me. He just curled himself up at her feet, telling her with little friendly growls that he was a real tough dog just like the farmer said, and if anyone came near her while she was sleeping there'd be heaps of trouble. Huck was a real gallant dog, and he liked Nell a lot.

IN THE morning we went back to the road. Nell said the road had waited all the night like a big white horse while we were sleeping, waiting to carry us on. She said that there were lots of enchanted roads that did that, and that fairies waited along these enchanted roads to give food to nice folk who walked along them.

A farmer was putting out milk cans by the side of the road. He didn't look

◆ Continued on page 70



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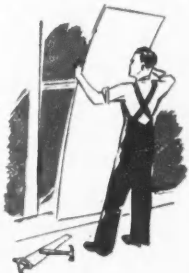
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## THE HOUSE CLINIC

Conducted by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



**Question**—I have heard so much about wall board and laminated boards, now being used in new houses. Can you tell me to what uses these new materials can be applied?

**Answer**—The uses are wide and varied, such as base for plastered walls and ceiling and exterior stucco finish, insulating and soundproofing, forms for concrete basement walls, to give a smooth finish, roof and wall sheathing, wall finish and recreation rooms, partitions and attics, subfloors, base for linoleum and carpets, cupboards, built-in fixtures, and slab doors.

**Question**—My small girl scribbled with crayons on the wallpaper. How can I clean it?

**Answer**—Sponge with carbon tetrachloride—get it at a drugstore. When the time comes to redecorate, use wallpaper of a kind that is washable. It looks like ordinary wallpaper but can be scrubbed, which is a great asset with children around.

**Question**—How much less does it cost to build a home today than it did in the year 1929?

**Answer**—On the cubic foot volume basis about—twenty per cent less.

**Question**—To prevent dampness on my cellar walls, I have been advised

to use cement paint in two coats, first removing the present coat of whitewash. Can this be washed off instead of scraping with a wire brush? The foundation is poured concrete.

**Answer**—First try washing off the whitewash with hot water. If it sticks somewhat, add one cup of ammonia to the gallon of water. If the whitewash adheres too tightly to come off, then it is undoubtedly casein paint. In this case it is not necessary to remove it. The cement paint can go over it.

**Question**—Is the new plastic floor tiling suitable for kitchens?

**Answer**—Yes. The brands resistant to grease and stains are the most suitable. These are readily obtainable in the market for builders' supplies.

**Question**—Is it safe to burn off old paint with a blowtorch in preparing to repaint?

**Answer**—If proper precautions are taken, yes. Do not apply the flame for longer than is necessary to soften the paint. Direct the flame downward; if you turn it up it may go through cracks between the weather boards and set fire to something inside. Keep the flame away from splintered and cracked places; look out for the remains of birds' nests. When you set the blowtorch down, turn the flame away from anything



burnable. Have a bucket of water handy. +



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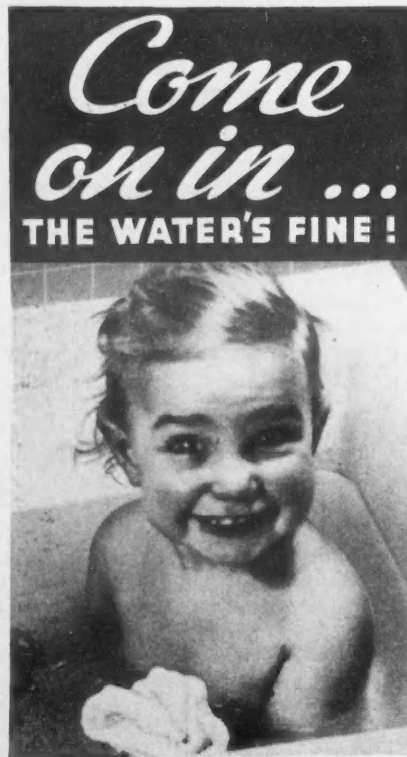
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formal, and recreative. The fireplace is surrounded with mirrored glass, considerably increasing the size of the room. The absence of heavy, coarse trims, baseboards and much-molded doors and ceiling cornices, is very striking and provides a restfulness in its appearance which is most welcome. The lighting, concealed for general use, and spotlighted for reading, music and cards, means no more eyestrain.

The dining room is usually an annex off the living room, fitted with built-in cabinets, and has a communicating hatch door to the kitchen for serving the food. It often overlooks a stone terrace and flower garden, and is a charming setting for small dinners.

Many of these modern houses for small families, have introduced a distinctly new feature on the ground floor—the nursery or bedroom, with bathroom adjoining. This is an untold blessing to the young mother in the saving of endless steps involved in a baby's needs, and in the constant trekking up and down stairs. The bedroom and bathroom can be used for visitors—the privacy provided being much appreciated both by the guest and by the family. A cloakroom fitted with toilet and wash basin in the rear hall is a great convenience for children coming in from play or school, and prevents cluttering up the house.

The bedrooms, too, are infinitely more attractive and convenient in this type of house. The elimination of heavy and cumbersome furniture and the disappearance of the stuffy atmosphere of other years is a definite advance in labor-saving comfort. The built-in cupboards — automatically lighted — fitted with hat stands, shoe racks, drawers for small things and conveniences for hanging clothing in general, have enabled the architect to plan smaller rooms and provide more space for living—with far less dusting to do! Heavy ceiling cornices — the home of cobwebs — heavy

molded baseboards and coarse door and window trims have been consigned to the depths of "has beens." Which means that unnecessary housework has been wiped out. The new beds are simple, with wall shelves at either side to take the odd book or lamp. The walls are painted or papered with designs that are suitable for both well and sick members of the family. Counting the pattern in the design of the wallpaper will no longer be the harassing occupation of the sick parent or child. The lighting is subdued, with spotlights when and where required and the furniture has none of the carving and fripperies of the past — it is symbolical of the age we live in.

THE BATHROOMS have communicating doors to the bedrooms as well as to the hall and are placed in such position as to be most convenient for all members of the family. The plumbing fixtures are in colors to suit the most fastidious. The walls are finished with new synthetic materials, glass, plastics, glass enamel paints and enamelled steel; the floors covered with linoleum, tile or plastics with playful motifs. Mirrors in plenty are to be seen and the lighting fixtures are placed for seeing things.

The hidden water piping is no longer a cause for anxiety. It is made of copper which cannot rust and will last as long as the house.

The same applies to hot water tanks. I do not think that as time goes on we shall see so many iron hot water tanks used as flower boxes, in the front gardens of our poorer neighbors because there "won't be none!"

The 1938 kitchen is streamlined, and half the size of the 1920 model. Twice as convenient, to say nothing of the improvements in floors, walls, ceilings, ventilation, plumbing fixtures, built-in cabinets and lighting.

With the passing of the old open plumbing, cupboards out of reach,

faulty lighting and lack of ventilation, some of the greatest bugbears in a woman's life have gone by the board. Immediately adjacent to the kitchen there is a utility room, used for the heating equipment and laundry. Instead of having to go downstairs into a dark, dingy and damp basement, to do the laundry, it can be done in this room which is well lighted, ventilated and of easy access to the drying yard.

THE BASEMENT, if there is one, is used for recreation. If we could examine the walls and roofs we should find them insulated, which means that the fuel bills of ten years ago are considerably reduced to say nothing of increased comfort during both summer and winter.

The doors and windows are copper weatherstripped and screened. So much for the inside of the home. Outside are to be found copper gutters, flashings and water pipes, which means the cost of maintenance for such things has been wiped out. That is to say for wear and tear.

The roof coverings are colored thick butt asphalt shingles but, for the modern home, they are many and varied. Wood, asphalt and plastic shingles, copper and colored enamel sheet metal, are all in use.

The garage of the 1938 home is a part of the house—the coming and going accomplished without being exposed to the weather. The doors are automatically operated and the garage is heated. What an improvement on the detached garage of ten years ago!

I am sure that with all these intriguing improvements to be found in the 1938 homes you will agree that to build a house today can be one of the most thrilling adventures you could think of. Aladdin's experiences with his fairy lamp are a "wisp of hair" to be compared with the adventure of building, renovating, or remodeling a home today. Why not try it? ♦

## The Romance of New Materials

WHO SAID romance was dead? Some may think so, but the new materials now being used in building are steeped in it. Cleopatra had not the slightest idea that the copper and bronze ornaments she wore were the forerunner of copper piping or plumbing in the modern home. Lloyd George, the Welsh wizard, never dreamed for one moment that the manganese he saw being mined from the mountains in Wales he passed as he went to school, would be used for hot water tanks in "the house moderne." The Japanese, when molding the largest bell in the world, thirteen hundred years ago, used bronze, which we today are using for house plumbing. But the interesting feature is that the people of those days had not realized that perhaps the most valuable characteristic of bronze, brass and copper is that corrosion or rust is impossible, and its length of economic life is practically endless. No wonder moderns are using it.

Many have watched logs racing down the rivers in Canada on their way to be ground up into pulp and eventually laid on our breakfast table as the news of the day. The frontiers-

men, when clearing forests for their homesteads, did not visualize that lumber such as they were burning would some day be used for wall finish in the 1938 home. The men working in the sawmills of those days would have scoffed at the thought that pulverized wood could be so molded and wrought that its uses today extend into almost every phase of construction in a new home.

IN ITS OWN field, the insulation wall board has many exceptional features. The machines used in its making are responsible for its smooth surface, which is truly remarkable, considering the raw materials used. Although it is smooth, there is a unique quality in its texture which makes an appeal to the home builder of discriminating taste, the world over. The "young things" are impressed with the glamorous restaurants, the walls of which are often finished with this new material, and their reaction to such glamor doubtless is partly responsible for its general use in the modern home. But it has other uses besides "glamor." Its application on outer walls reduces the

fuel bill; and by applying it on inside partitions, sound can be considerably lessened and, in consequence, one of the most objectionable bugbears—noise—can be partially eliminated by this means.

There is one more material which should be hooked on to romance and that is glass. Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, mentions it, but no seer of those days could have predicted the "shape of things to come," such as houses with a portion of their very walls made of glass, and interiors in which glass would lend transcendent beauty to living. Yet, here it is. A toughened glass that twists, bends, defies heat and cold. When it does fracture, it crumbles into small, granular particles very much like rock salt. Gleaming expanses of tabletops, wall panels of mirrored glass, vanity tables, fascinating firescreens, ingenious devices for indirect lighting and, last but not least, a heater for the bathroom with electrodes which glow within the shock-proof glass, giving the cheeriness of an open fire. These are all to be found in the use of toughened glass. ♦

# The House of the Month

Costing \$6,500 - including lot and garage



The 1938 modern small house with alternative pitch roof design in the small drawing.

Designed by  
**J. ROXBURGH SMITH**  
of Montreal, and described by  
**EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.**

THIS HOUSE embodies in some measure the developments referred to in my opening article this month and confirms the possibilities of planning for livability and convenience in the modern small house at a cost not exceeding \$6,500.

One great advantage is that it can be placed on a thirty-three-foot lot and lends itself particularly for a home within a city or town.

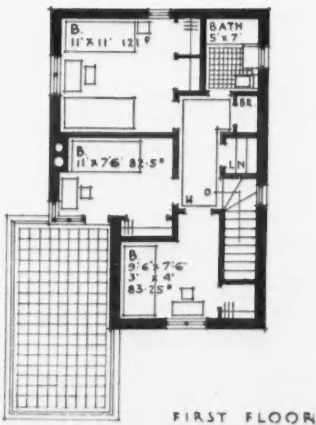
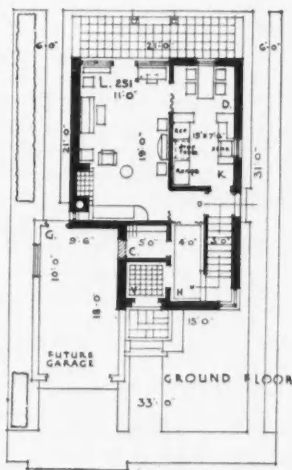
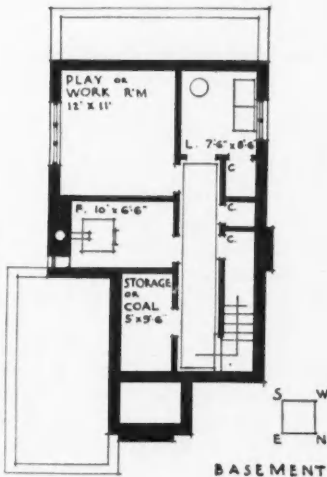
The finished color is an off-white, bringing out the interest in the texture of the material used. This house is finished in stucco, but could be equally well treated by the use of drop-siding, stone or brick. The walls and roof are insulated, and the walls and partitions sound-deadened. There are no draughts from the front door in this house—the vestibule is away from the entrance to the living room.

The garage can be entered from the cloakroom next to the entrance vestibule, but where building regulations do not permit, the entrance could be arranged immediately adjacent to the front entrance door. The sundeck takes the place of the usual verandah.

**Basement**—The easy access to heating equipment and the location of the laundry are a great improvement on the house of ten years ago.

**Ground Floor**—Convenience for family and visitors when entering the house is one of the outstanding features, since there is plenty of space to move around here. The kitchen and service entrance is cleverly cut off from the hall. The kitchen is planned on the "factory system," with breakfast and dining nook separated from it by dwarf built-in fixtures. The living room opens out onto a paved terrace and is planned with the focal points of use both for family and visitors.

**First Floor**—Every inch of space is used in this plan. The bedrooms are fitted with built-in, fully-equipped cupboards and provision is made for linen and storage. The staircase is particularly well lighted and lands on this floor in such a position as to effect a saving in walking to and fro. ♦



1  
GASPS AS FIRE LOG SLIPS FROM HENRY'S GRASP, LITTERING RUG WITH CRUMBED BARK

2  
REMEMBERS GUESTS, DUE ANY MINUTE. RUSHES TO GET HER TRUSTY BISSELL

3  
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4  
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# Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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ONLY WORTHY products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

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Wonderful for windows, mirrors, bath-tubs, sinks, and all household cleaning.



MADE BY THE  
MAKERS OF SNAP  
THE GREAT HAND CLEANER

## POINTERS FOR YOUR HOME

IF YOUR lot includes the crest of a hill, build on the crest and avoid the extra expense of building your home on two levels. The saving effected could be used for landscaping.



Most homes are planned from the woman's point of view, but wherever possible there should be provided a room for the man of the house, which can be used as a study or for hobbies. This makes a house a home.

Avoid weird tricks in design—they generally result in failure.

Concentrate all water piping and waste pipes as much as possible. Such arrangement will reduce initial cost and upkeep.

To restore color to face brick, use muriatic acid in the proportion of one part to twenty parts of water. Apply with a fine brush. After letting the mixture "do its job" for two minutes, flush off with plenty of clean water. If allowed to act for much longer, the mortar will be softened and destroyed.

To clean old and blackened pewter, immerse it completely in a solution of one-third cup of lye in two quarts of water. After three hours the blackening will begin to loosen and can be rubbed off. Wood handles should be kept out of the solution.

To remove paint from tile, windows, bathtubs, etc., use a small piece of cotton dampened with acetone solvent. This can be purchased at any drug-store.

To avoid condensation in the cellar during summer time, cover all masonry, walls, cold water and soil pipes with a material that will prevent air from chilling by contact with them.

Waterproof cement paint will make

a satisfactory job if you wish to paint the outside walls of an old brick house.

Alcohol is one of the most effective mediums for removing brown stains on ivory keys of pianos.

When remodelling old walls, if they are smooth and true and the only defects are cracks and discoloration, quarter-inch wall board can be applied directly over the old finish without removing the trim. If the finish is uneven, use furring strips and 3/8-inch wall board.

The most suitable width of door-opening for a one-car garage is eight feet six inches wide by seven feet six inches high.

If the sleeping porch is cold in winter, apply insulating wool between the studs and rafters and cover the walls and ceiling with wall board. Caulk all windows thoroughly to prevent draughts.

To recondition soiled and chipped rush chairs which have been shellacked—take off the old shellac with alcohol and refinish with a quick-drying varnish.

When paint has once hardened in a brush, the brush cannot be restored to its original usefulness. After a paint job is finished, dunk the brushes two or three times in gasoline which will wash out the paint. Washing in turpentine is also good.

If you have an old-style glass oil-burning lamp, use it for an electric fixture. This can be done at home by inserting an electric socket and bulb.

Fix up the attic as a "sailors' haven" for the boys. Bunks and lockers will do the trick satisfying the cravings of boyish imagination and being a source of interest to their friends. +



## Cupboards for Children

Many women are following this idea and adding built-in shelves to the ordinary bedroom cupboards, in order to take care of the myriads of small items which are a part of every child's equipment. Each cupboard can be designed to harbor the individual needs of the children, and will prove of inestimable benefit to busy mothers. Such a cupboard is an excellent training guide for young children too, in teaching them to put their belongings away themselves. It is a very easy matter to build these shelves in a cupboard which usually has a great deal of waste space in it.

## USED TO WAKE UP WITH A HEADACHE

### Now Fresh and Lively Every Morning

Here is a man who woke up every morning with a dull headache. Then Kruschen transformed his days. Read his letter:—

"I used to wake up in the mornings with a dull headache. A year ago, I started taking Kruschen Salts regularly. To-day, I wake up fresh and lively and can do my day's work without any exertion. I can recommend Kruschen for anyone suffering from headaches and constipation, and for putting new life into you. I intend to continue with Kruschen for the rest of my life."—E. P.

Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons—prevent them from forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts brings quick and lasting relief from headaches.

## WINTER ILLS LARGELY DUE TO WRONG FOOD HABITS

Sickness in the cold months, the prevalence of 'flu and colds, is caused chiefly by lack of resistance, due largely to wrong eating. You feel run-down and seedy because your foods do little to build vigor in your body. Dr. Robt. G. Jackson at eighty defies the rigors of winter, dares sickness and disease, colds, aches or pains, yet he dresses in winter as lightly as others dress in summer. For twenty-four years he has never even "caught a cold". His discovery of Roman Meal, the vitalizing, mineral-rich cereal, brought him from a physical wreck at fifty to the glowing health he now enjoys. You, too, can build health, resistance and vitality by following his methods. Proper eating and hygiene, natural living is nature's way to perfect health. Eat Roman Meal every day, drink Kofy-Sub, the delicious alkaline, iron-rich beverage, at each meal and in a short time the change in your sense of well-being—the improvement in intestinal elimination—will astonish you. Write ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto, for valuable free health literature.

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In Natural Life  
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And when the morning came, the men out of Nell's stories were still marching through my head. And I thought I heard trumpets that they blew at this place called Troy. And I saw banners in the wind, red and yellow, and some blue like the petticoat of the gypsy that had come by our farm. Then Nell and Huck woke up, and we thought about food because we were all hungry.

Huck and I left Nell by the side of the road and walked up to the house of the man who owned the haystack. He was a nice man who didn't ask many questions. He filled a bottle full of milk and gave us some bread and butter, and we started back to Nell.

We were quite close to the road when we saw the car and heard Nell scream. She called my name. "Jimmy!" she cried. "Jimmy!" Then, in a voice that was sort of choked, she shouted: "It's my stepfather! Help, Jimmy! Help!"

Huck was there before me. Plumb mad, Huck was. There were two men, Nell's stepfather and a policeman. That stepfather was carrying Nell to the car, and the policeman was holding the door open.

Huck picked Nell's stepfather. His rush was so fierce that he knocked him down, making him let go of Nell who got to her feet and started to run toward me. Huck and the stepfather were rolling over and over on the ground.

The policeman started after Nell, and I tried to block him. He gave me a clip under the ear that knocked me sideways, then, when I caught hold of him again, he swung his right arm at my head. He had his gun in his hand, and he brought the butt of that gun down on my head. When I came to my senses the car had gone, and the farmer who had given me the milk and bread was bathing my head with water from the brook. My head was aching fit to bust.

"Where's Nell?" I screamed.

"They took the little girl away in the car," said the farmer.

"And Huck?" I gasped.

"Huck?" said the farmer. "Who's Huck?"

"My—my dog!" I blubbered.

"Oh, heck," he growled. "Why—why that darn officer shot him. You see he was mauling up the little girl's stepfather, an' the policeman put a bullet in him. I've laid him out back of the bushes. He looked like a good dog."

THAT'S ALL. When I could walk, I went back along the road thinking I could find out something about Nell's stepfather. She hadn't told me where they lived when they were at home, and I had no way of finding out where they had gone. I met one or two people who had seen a car with a little girl and two men in it, but that was all.

That was five years ago this month. I'm working for the farmer at the place where I lost Nell and Huck. I thought to write this thinking Nell might read it. She might not know how old Huck kept to his agreement about dying to protect her. She liked Huck.

Oh Nell of the Red Hair, if you read this write to me! Address your letter to "Jimmy," care of the editor of this magazine and I'll get it. Please write, Nell! Please! ♦

## This is CHATELAINE PATTERN No. 1602



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## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 49

It was only a flash, the interested gallery of spectators pressing around the table noticed nothing. But it was enough. Marta dipped her head, addressed Paul in a wheedling sing-song. "The gentleman would like to know the secrets of the future?"

Paul laughed. "No, thanks."

Quite unconsciously his eyes were on the largesse in the tambourine as he said it, and Marta told him coaxingly, "The gentleman need pay nothing. No, I will tell the gentleman's fortune for nothing—nothing at all. I will open wide the closed book of his future—free!"

Paul's thin nostrils twitched and Dave drawled, "Why not let her tell yours, El?"

"But she already has, once. You have, don't you remember?"

"Ah, but the stream of life is ever changing, changing," Marta droned and took those two narrow white hands in her own for a second time. White and soft as flower petals, Marta thought and suddenly she wanted to say, "You little fool, can't you see how miserable you're making him! Are you going to let that fortune-hunting stuffed shirt ruin his life!" But she bit back the words, appeared to study those little palms through half-closed lids. Then she said, solemn and low. "It is as I thought. Time has greatly altered the young lady's fortune since last I held these lovely hands."

"Has it? Has it really?"

"New faces, new emotions—trouble, uncertainty—all, all these I find where they were not before. The lady's heart has been troubled, but there is no need. She is loved by a good man—he it was I saw that other time, but I did not see him clearly then. Now I do. A true friend he is, a faithful lover—"

"Darling, how romantic!" a woman's voice said over the fat man's shoulder, and Marta lifted her eyes to Dave's, found them still smiling at her, and looked down again at the little palm.

"It is true," she said with a shrug, "there is another man, also in the lady's life—I see him plainly. He is very handsome and agreeable and speaks charmingly of love. But do not believe him, my lady. This man loves only himself—and gold. Gold he must have for he is poor, this charming gentleman, and it is gold he thinks of when he speaks of love." She nodded her head and the brass earrings danced against her dusky cheeks. "This is not true of your own true love. He has no thought of gain, no need of gold. Be faithful to him, pretty lady. Do not give your heart where only money is desired. Do not throw away your greatest treasure, the greatest treasure desired in life—love."

She dropped Ellen's hands and stood straight. She did not look at Dave again for the attentive gallery had burst into a shrill babble and she turned quickly away and hurried down the hall. Hands reached out for her as she passed the tables, a man clutched her skirt and invited her to sit down. She shook him off, laughing. But she was suddenly tired, the adventure had lost its flavor. ♦ To be continued





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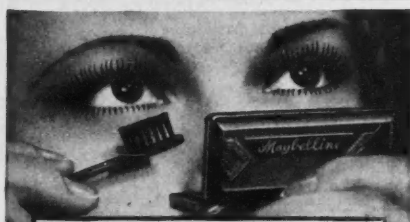


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## To Nell of the Red Hair

Continued from page 64

anything like a fairy, but I thought I'd ask him for some milk. He gave us a big bottle full, and he called to his wife in the house and she brought down a lot of cookies.

"He's a fairy in disguise," said Nell, after we had walked along a bit. "Something or other made him change but some persons might see him as really beautiful."

"I don't believe anyone in the world could think him beautiful," I said.

"I think his wife does," said Nell. "Did you see her watching him when he lifted the heavy cans? She might think him fine and strong and handsome."

That puzzled me a lot, but I thought there was some sense in it. My new maw couldn't see anything good about Huck, when Huck was the handsomest and bravest and most honest dog that ever was.

Nell thought that there was enchantment and magic most everywhere. When she pointed it out, you couldn't see it at first, but after a while it would become quite plain. A nice smooth hill that was just a hill to me was something else to her. She'd say that it was the grave of a giant, and after she showed you where his head was lying and where his feet were buried, you got to believing a giant was really there.

And whenever the road made a quick turn to the right or the left, Nell said it was fear of something that made it turn. Something that the road saw. It was all funny and queer to her, and the way she talked about it gave me all sorts of thrills. I wished that Huck could understand what she was saying. It would have surprised old Huck a lot.

"Now this turning we're coming to," whispered Nell, after we had drank the milk and finished the cookies, "it might have been made this very morning."

"This morning?" I said, gulping.

"Yes," breathed Nell. "Yesterday the road might have been running straight ahead, but this morning it sees something bad there in those bushes and it has swung away from it."

"Something bad?" I muttered, looking hard at the wood, it being rather dark and nasty-looking at the turning.

"Yes," said Nell. "Robbers or something."

Huck barked then, and out of the wood stepped a tramp. Right in front of us. A big fat man with a black beard, and dirty clothes, and a long stick.

"Ho, me little dears!" he said, grinning at Nell and me. "Out so early for a little promenade. Get away, naughty doggie! Would you try to bite dear grandpa?"

Huck had rushed at the fat man's legs but had hopped back out of reach of the big stick.

"Now, me little dears," said the tramp, "I feel certain that you have a small coin or two about you that you'll give to your poor starving grandfather. Cough it up, little ones, an' save trouble."

"We haven't any money," I stammered.

"Now, little boy, don't tell lies," he said. "Stay where you are till I search you."

He dropped the big stick and grabbed hold of Nell as she went to run by him, and that made old Huck as mad as anything. He drove his teeth into the tramp's leg, and I picked up the big stick and started to wallop him on the head with it.

The tramp let go of Nell and got hold of me by the neck. He was kicking like anything trying to shake Huck loose, but Huck had a good grip of his calf and he wouldn't budge although the tramp lifted him clean off his feet. I slipped and fell, and the tramp fell on top of me, and Huck was on top of the tramp. That old Huck was a sticker. The tramp was singing out to me, telling me to call Huck off, but I wouldn't.

"You young devil, I'll choke you!" he screamed, and I think he would have choked me then if it hadn't been for Nell and Huck. Nell had run back and grabbed the big stick and she started to belt the tramp while Huck got a fresh grip.

The tramp let go my throat and caught hold of Huck. I wriggled clear, got to my feet, and caught Nell by the hand. "Let's run!" I cried, and we ran down the road as hard as we could go.

When the tramp was out of sight we

pulled up. Nell had tears in her eyes, and when I thanked her for helping me she started to sob. Huck and I comforted her, and right there the three of us, Nell, Huck and I, gave our word to each other that we would die fighting if anyone touched one of us. We shook hands, Huck sitting up on his tail and giving a paw to Nell and one to me.

THAT DAY was the greatest day in my life. There'll never be another day like that. It was sort of soft and sweet and wistful, and the country seemed to be watching us as we went by on the white road. We cut two sticks, and Nell tied a handkerchief to her stick and made it into a banner. A cute little handkerchief with a small red fox stitched in one corner. And she said we were marching to help people in cities that I never heard of. Cities that were away on the other side of the world.

I'll never have a day as wonderful as that one. When Huck and I went up to farmhouses to get food, my head was so full of the stories that I wanted to tell the farm people about Sinbad and Ulysses and Arthur and Sir Lancelot and all the rest of them. And sometimes I thought I was Sinbad or Ulysses, and once Nell called me Sir Lancelot because I helped her over a little stream, and I nearly went crazy with joy. I've never seen a day half as nice as that, or a quarter as nice. The country was quiet, the road was shady and cool, the people we asked for food gave it to us without kicking up a row, and there was Nell whispering the stories that made my throat dry and gave me chills up and down the spine.

That night I couldn't sleep. I lay awake in my corner of the haystack, and all the stories that Nell had told tramped around within my head. Round and round and round. And I saw the fellows that she had told me about. + Continued on next page

## Lunching Downtown

Continued from page 57

HERE ARE some good points to keep in mind when selecting the day's bill of fare.

1. About a pint of milk a day—as a beverage or as an ingredient in such dishes as soups, sauces, puddings, and so on.

2. At least two generous servings of such vegetables as spinach, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, beets and others of the non-starchy type. Have one of these raw when possible.

3. Fruit at least once daily—preferably raw.

4. At least one serving of meat, fish, fowl, eggs or cheese.

5. Some fat in the form of butter or cream.

6. Round out the day's meals with a choice of starchy vegetables such as potatoes, dried beans and peas, corn; cereals in the form of breads, breakfast cereals, macaroni and desserts.

7. Drink water freely between meals.

8. If you weigh too much, eat less of the starchy group and cut down the amount of rich and fat foods. If you are too thin, eat more of these foods and drink extra milk. +

## Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns on Pages 40 and 42

**No. 2668**—Sizes, 2, 3, 4 and 6. Size 3 requires, Style I, Shorts:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Shirt: 1 yard of 35-inch fabric. Collar and cuffs:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Style II, Skirt:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Blouse:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch fabric. Collar and cuffs:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Ribbon for belt:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch-width ribbon. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 2676**—Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric. Trimming: 8 yards of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bias fold tape. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 2677**—Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39- or 44-inch fabric. Trimming:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 2669**—Sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric. Collar:  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Slide fastener for front: 6-inch length. Transfer design for appliqué included in envelope. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 2682**—Sizes, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust sizes, 30 to 38. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 yards of 39-inch fabric. Collar and cuffs:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 2681**—Sizes, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust, 30 to 38. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric. Contrast:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35- or 39-inch material. Two 4-inch slide fasteners for girdle. Nine-inch fastener for placket. Price, 25 cents.

**No. 2664**—Bust sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 35-inch fabric;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric. Ribbon:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. Drawstrings:  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cord. Slip:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 2718**—Sizes, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust sizes, 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, Blouse: 1 yard of 39-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Skirt:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Overskirt:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Girdle:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 39- or 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.



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NO ORDINARY SOAP  
"B.O."  
Stops "B.O."  
AS LIFEBOUY DOES.  
GIVE ME THE SOAP WITH THE  
EXCLUSIVE PURIFYING INGREDIENT  
EVERY TIME!

Says Marquette Newton, lovely New York model



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"Really fastidious girls appreciate Lifebuoy... There's nothing like it for insuring personal daintiness," says Miss Marquette Newton of New York. "I've learned from experience that no ordinary soap stops body odour as Lifebuoy does."

"And Lifebuoy agrees with my sensitive skin. Ordinary soap often causes it to break out in a rash. But Lifebuoy keeps it soft, smooth, and clear."

MILLIONS have found from personal experience that no ordinary soap stops "B.O." as Lifebuoy does... Isn't that reason enough why more Canadian men, more women, more children use it for the bath than any other soap?

Lifebuoy contains an exclusive purifying ingredient not in any other popular toilet or bath soap! It makes the soap a more efficient cleanser—it increases its mildness! Lifebuoy is over 20% mild-

er than many leading "beauty" and "baby soaps."

Join the millions who have learned they can depend on Lifebuoy... as they can't safely depend on ordinary soap! You'll love the gloriously clean feeling—the smooth freshness it imparts to your skin. Best of all, you'll appreciate the confidence you get from your Lifebuoy bath!... Confidence you're free from "B.O."... Safe from any likelihood of offending.

I would like to get on top of a mountain and tell the whole world about the wonderful New improved Rinso.

Writes Mrs. Dorothy Tracy  
21 Hazel Street, Attleboro, Mass.

and in addition  
Mrs. Tracy  
writes



I ALWAYS KNEW RINSO WAS A MARVELOUS SOAP, BUT THE NEW RINSO IS EVEN BETTER NOW THAN THE OLD. ITS SUDS ARE RICHER AND LONGER-LASTING



AND JUST AS YOU SAY IN YOUR ADVERTISEMENTS I FIND RINSO WASHES CLOTHES AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS



THE NEW RINSO IS AS SAFE AS EVER FOR HANDS—AND AS FOR DISHES, IT CAN'T BE BEAT

The New Improved Rinso gives  
25% more suds than the old!

THE New Rinso flashes into the richest, liveliest suds you ever saw—even in hardest water! Dirt floats out by itself—clothes come snowy-white, without scrubbing or boiling. Colours come bright and gay as new. And clothes washed the gentle Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 25 famous washing machines recommend Rinso for safety, and for whiter, brighter washes. Grand for all cleaning. Easy on the hands. Get the BIG package.



MILLIONS USE RINSO IN TUB, WASHER AND DISHPAN





John Carradine as Abraham Lincoln in "Benefits Forgot."

That attractive newcomer, Joan Fontaine, in "Damsel in Distress."



There have been rumors about Freddie Bartholomew



Canada's Walter Pidgeon is to be the sheriff in "Girl of the Golden West."

**MOST SURPRISING** note of the month is the fact that little Marie Wilson, blond comedienne par excellence, receives a greater amount of fan mail than any of the glamor girls and boys on the First National lot.

That she should surpass in popularity such famous stars as Kay Francis, Dick Powell, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn—to mention but a single quartet of players—betokens a changing of the times. On the screen, she bears a picked-chicken effect, far from the sleek appearance you associate with a motion picture star. While you laugh at her, enjoy her comedy, never for a moment would you believe her following would be so tremendous as to overshadow the most celebrated personages in her studio. Yet, it's true. Such acclaim would indicate that the nation is turning from glamor to humor, and from brilliance to down-to-earth characterizations.

**HAVE YOU** ever wondered how a director casts a picture? Clarence Brown, whose record includes some of the most memorable features ever produced—Garbo's "Conquest" among them—told me his method.

He selects his players by watching them eat in the studio commissary! Extraordinary? Well, rather. Of course, not all his actors are chosen in this fashion, but many a one is.

"When they're eating, they are in repose . . . and I can view them utterly relaxed," Brown explained. "That's why I cast John Carradine as Abraham Lincoln in 'Benefits Forgot.'"

This is one of the most unusual bits of casting ever attempted in Hollywood, and should make screen history. Carradine usually has played villainous roles. His prison sergeant with Warner Baxter in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" is an example of the type of roles he portrays. For him to be chosen for the part of Lincoln, then, is a departure worthy of notice. For he is one of the greatest Lincolns ever glimpsed on the screen.

**WALTER PIDGEON**, whom you'll recall as one of Canada's brilliant sons, is making an enviable comeback on the screen. "I sang my way out of pictures," Walter, now under contract at Metro-Goldwyn, confided as we lunched together. "Producers thought I couldn't do anything but sing, so when musicals went out of vogue several years ago, so did I, in so far as studios were concerned."

But that was back awhile. After several seasons on the Eastern stage, Pidgeon returned to Hollywood and straightway began making a name for himself as an actor. His latest appearance is in the role of Sheriff Jack Rance,

in "Girl of the Golden West," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and he performed to perfection in "Man-Proof," in which Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone and Rosalind Russell also played. Walter is going far, now that the studios finally have taken cognizance of his dramatic ability.

**THIS SEEMS** to be the season for younger sisters of stars coming to the fore in their own right. Joan Fontaine, Rosemary Lane and Gloria Blondell are the trio I have in mind; and they're sisters, respectively, of Olivia de Havilland, Lola Lane and Joan Blondell. A curious circumstance is that all resemble their sisters, sometimes quite strikingly, and each is a blonde.

Joan Fontaine, of course, you've seen in such films as Nino Martini's "Music for Madame," and "Damsel in Distress," with Fred Astaire. Rosemary made her screen debut in "Varsity Show," and scored so heavily that First National placed her under contract and cast her for the feminine leading role in "Hollywood Hotel." Following that, she entered "Everybody Was Very Nice." Last, but certainly not least, Gloria Blondell appeared first with Ronald Reagan in "Accidents Will Happen;" then, "Highway Pirates." It is predicted that all have rosy futures. Joan is one of the most serious-minded young actresses I have ever known, and both Rosemary and Gloria likewise are intent upon their careers.

**RUMORS RECENTLY** have been broadcast that Freddie Bartholomew's voice is changing so radically that the studio probably will not use him in another film. If you've heard these reports, discredit them. There's not a shred of truth in them. Metro-Goldwyn probably will cast Freddie next in the film version of Kipling's "Kim." If not this, then he will play in some other picture. Talent such as Freddie's will always be sought.

See you next month! ♦

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"True Confession," the latest crazy film, stars Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard, John Barrymore.



A happy co-starring—Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie."



"The Kid" and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Coogan (Betty Grable).

# Save Time

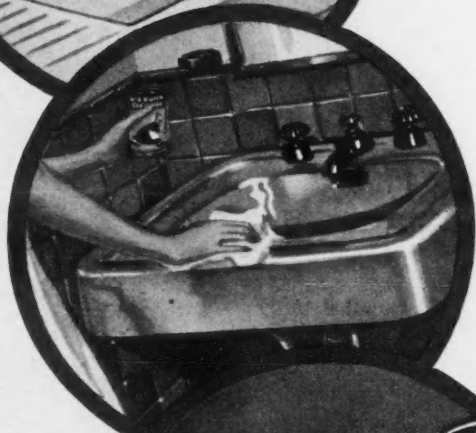
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